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WORLD OUTLOOK

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THE SIX O'CLOCK WHISTLE AROUND THE WORLD

WORLD OUTLOOK

Volume Five

Number One

Contents for January 1919

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Waiting for the Whistle



to Blow in a Brazilian Factory



THOSE long rows of smoking brick ovens stretching as far in both directions as the eye of the camera could see are typical of southwestern Pennsylvania. They are the famous beehive ovens where the volatile elements are burned from soft coal to make coke.

But the beehive oven is being rapidly replaced by the by-

product coke plant which, instead of burning off the tar, gas and ammonia that are stored up in bituminous coal, draws them off for other uses.

One ton of coal under this process yields 15 to 25 pounds of sulphate, from 5 to 14 gallons of tar, and between 9,000 and 10,000 cubic feet of gas.

MOST of the beehive ovens are in the rural districts, where the workers live in towns like this one, built and run by the coke companies. This village, with its officials' houses on the hill, is particularly clean and orderly.

But you don't see any church. In 104 of the 160 towns and villages of the coke region there is no church. In the few places where there are churches they do not minister to the greater part of the population, which is foreign.





An Unpaid War Debt

By J. Lane Miller

BACK of the guns, shells, and ships which blazed the way to victory were the steel mills; back of the steel mills were the coke ovens, and back of the coke the bituminous coal belt of southwestern Pennsylvania. And so, between the coal mines and steel mills in this industry so essential for the winning of the war stand the coke ovens, with their hundred thousand toilers. Our obligation to them constitutes an unpaid war debt.

Who are they that draw the coke in the choking smoke? They are mainly Slavs, once citizens of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but enthusiastic supporters of our Government from the very day America entered the war, proud beyond words of the Liberty Loan

and Red Cross stickers with which they plastered the windows of their little homes, and prouder still of the service-flags spangled with three and four stars which they exhibited everywhere. Thousands in the sky-blue army of the Czechs were recruited from these fields. The worth of this people to America has been not only in their patriotic war work, but in the democratic political ideals which dynamited the Hapsburg régime.

The unique feature of the beehive coke industry is that it is rural. In an area seventy miles long and twenty-miles wide there are 164 villages, ranging in population from 300 to 1,200, situated only a few

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THESE children of 200 Bosnian Turks who work in one of the By-Product Coke Plants are growing up without any religious training. No Turkish women emigrate. When the men marry Slavs or Americans it is with disastrous results to

their wives' faith. In true Turkish style, they force their poor brand of Mohammedanism on them, with the result that this crowd of children is as raw a bunch of little heathen as is found anywhere east of Cairo or the streets of Constantinople.



Uncle Sam Answers the Workers' S. O. S.

*By John
Kenelm
Winslow*



THIS IS THE OLD WAY OF FINDING A JOB

THERE is a small town on the shore of Massachusetts Bay which is fairly typical of New England fishing villages. There are about twenty-five hundred inhabitants; perhaps a third of them descendants of those original settlers who drove up from Plymouth in the seventeenth century; perhaps a third of them Irish, who came there a hundred years later, lured by the lobsters and the Irish moss, and perhaps the remaining third, summer people.

Before the war, industry in the town was simple. The Irish built their houses on the cliffs about the bay, and came in the summer to weathered fishing shacks, to spend the long days raking the sea-moss from submerged rocks, and spreading it in purple and pink and yellow and white checkerboards on the beaches. The other townsfolk farmed their little plots and drove up to the city with great trucks of rhubarb in the early spring, strawberries and vegetables of all sorts in the summer.

Then came the war. I don't know how many of the young men of the village changed their overalls or wind-faded flannel shirts for khaki and blue, but the name of the little New England town appeared tragically often in the casualty lists.

Before we had been in the war many months, the gossips stood longer in the post-office and the grocery store, and there came rumors that everything from a fort to an aviation field was to be placed on the rolling meadows beyond the town's oldest house. It was a proving ground that the Government built there; great starkly new

buildings sprang up overnight, towers and scaffoldings reared above the trees. And a company of soldiers marched back and forth through the town.

When the building started, it was announced that laborers were needed, that the Government would pay from six to eight dollars a day for workers. The young boys and the middle-aged men who had been busying themselves with the miniature industries of the town stepped down from the wagons they had been driving, dropped their shovels and their long moss rakes and hurried to the proving ground for work.

Eighteen-year-old boys who had been making six dollars or so a week at odd jobs found themselves rich; bronzed fishermen who had cast their wooden pots and sold the coral-colored lobsters, a dozen of them for the price of one on Broadway, stacked the pots in the sand-filled dories and deserted the beaches.

Then came peace. The men and boys who had become experienced through their work at the proving ground began to wonder about the future. A boy who has been making six dollars a day through honest work does not want to go back to six dollars a week.

The same problem faced the city dwellers. In the tenement districts of great towns, before the war, thousands of families had been living on fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. With the war came a demand for workers in shipyards, in munitions factories, in aircraft plants. Labor was so scarce that contractors, safe under

the cost plus plan, offered double, triple the wages men and women had been making at their old jobs. Workers swarmed to those factories which were manufacturing under Government contract.

For the first time thousands of tenement families knew what it meant to have enough to eat, enough to wear. The babies grew rosy-cheeked on the rich milk and cereals they had never before had. Charlie Chaplin became, not a funny man who was pictured on posters outside moving-picture theaters, but a real live hero who wandered through reels of adventures every Saturday night. And there were peanuts—and perhaps ice-cream cones—afterward. Small wonder that there were few pacifists among the extremely poor!

Then the papers shrieked with six-inch headlines—GERMANY SURRENDERS! PEACE! WAR OVER!

Peace! It was on everyone's lips. It meant that the boys would come home, that there would be no more mourning. But after the first excitement of it, workers began to realize that it meant no more munitions, perhaps no more of the fat pay-envelopes which had meant so much. The boys would be coming home—it delighted every mother's heart. But it meant, too, that they would be coming home to their old jobs, that thousands of men and women would be discharged to make place for them.

Men in overalls gathered at noon hour in knots to talk about peace and what it was going to mean; the women at home, as well as the women in industry, looked at one another, wide-eyed, and wished that they had saved the little money wasted on movies and toys for the children.

The workers were not the only people who were worrying. In Washington thoughtful men at desks were thinking the same thoughts, were wondering what was coming.

America had been in the war such a short time, and had had such a tremendous task, that this country was barely prepared for war when the armistice was signed. The other countries, which had been in the war longer, were prepared for peace. We found the same sort of situation that confronted us in May of 1916.

Two agencies were in existence which could be immediately turned toward reconstruction work: the Federal Employment Service and the Community War Boards.

During the war the Employment Service had been finding labor for short-handed war industries. Now it reversed its function, and considered the great demobilization of labor which would take place as the war factories closed shop.

This is what it did. In Long Island City there were 12,500 women to be released from a gas-mask factory. They were all sorts of women: women who had always been workers, who had families to support, who had to come home at night to cook dinner and put the children to bed, clean house, and sew and mend and do the thousand

and one things that keep mothers busy. There were young girls, who had found their first jobs with such wages as they would never have earned before the war. There were women who had husbands and brothers in the service, who had stepped into their vacant places through patriotic reasons.

And there were 12,500 of them to be turned out. The Service set up an employment bureau in the factory; the jobs available in the district were listed at their desk.

Four hundred women were let out on the first day of the demobilization; two hundred of them were immediately employed in an aircraft plant near by. That meant permanent work for them, since a certain amount of aircraft production will continue indefinitely after the war.

In Passaic, New Jersey, a wooden shipyard prepared to close shop because the Emergency Fleet Corporation wanted no more wooden ships. Thirty-three hundred men were employed there. That meant that thirty-three hundred men would be turned out to look for jobs; it conjured up visions of hungry men sleeping on park benches, of bread lines, of starving families. When the yard's last ship was launched, there were only eight hundred men in the yards. And outside agents from other yards were waiting to offer these eight hundred new jobs as they filed out with their pay-envelopes in their pockets. The employers estimated in the shipyard that 99% of their discharged men found jobs immediately. And the work in other shipyards is permanent work; shipbuilding, even at the rate to which war has brought it, will probably continue for at least five years. And so it goes.

Surveys and the opinions of men high up in labor seem to agree that after the war there will be as many jobs as workers. Besides our own reconstruction their will be the restocking of Europe; war may leave us with a boom rather than a panic.

So the question of employment is no longer causing much anxiety; it is the second great reconstruction problem, the question of wages that is still hanging in the balance.

Union men are talking of the "necessity of upholding labor standards," of the "retention of the high standard of wages established during the war."

At present there is no concerted attempt either to force down wages or to keep them up—aside from occasional individual

statements. Union labor, like the employers, is waiting until Washington announces its peace-time industrial program. Yet it is believed among labor men and employers that wages will not drop.

While the present wage scales are high, the foreign market for American-made goods will be so great that producers here felt that the maintenance of war-time wage levels will be more than justified.

Perhaps, instead of industrial disorder and strife, peace will bring about conditions more ideal than American industry has ever had. We can only wait and see.

Getting Him a Job

THE United States Employment Service is a branch of the Department of Labor which grew out of a division created to care for immigrant expansion and the distribution of immigrant labor.

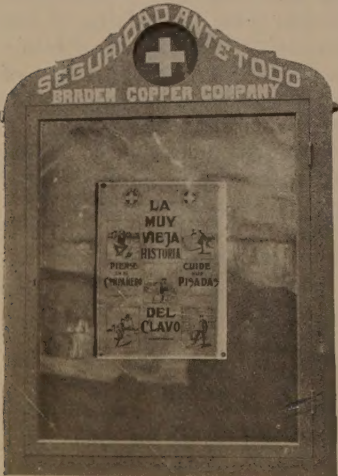
It is divided into State units, and subdivided into city and community bureaus. New York City, for example, has twenty-nine offices to care for the men and women who apply for jobs. Henry Bruere is the New York State Federal director; John B. Densmore is at the head of the Service in the United States, under Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor.

From its reorganization last January until the end of October, the Service found jobs for approximately 2,500,000 workers, mostly in war industries. Also, in the same period, it increased its local employment offices from 90 to 900. That means an increase of about 1,000% in both labor-finding activities and in the establishment of local offices.

There are from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 war workers to be transferred to peace industries. There are nearly a million women who have taken over men's jobs. All these people have to be reabsorbed, as the war industries either close shop or cut down on their number of workers.

The first group in industry which should be withdrawn is the group of nearly 2,000,000 children under sixteen, of whom more than half a million are employed in industries other than farm work.

Then there are about 3,000,000 men now under arms. Many of these do not want to return to their former jobs. As the men are discharged, those of them who have no jobs awaiting them are registered by the Department of Labor's agents. The men not actually placed will be given cards to the United States employment offices in their home towns which will assure them especial attention and priority in obtaining jobs.



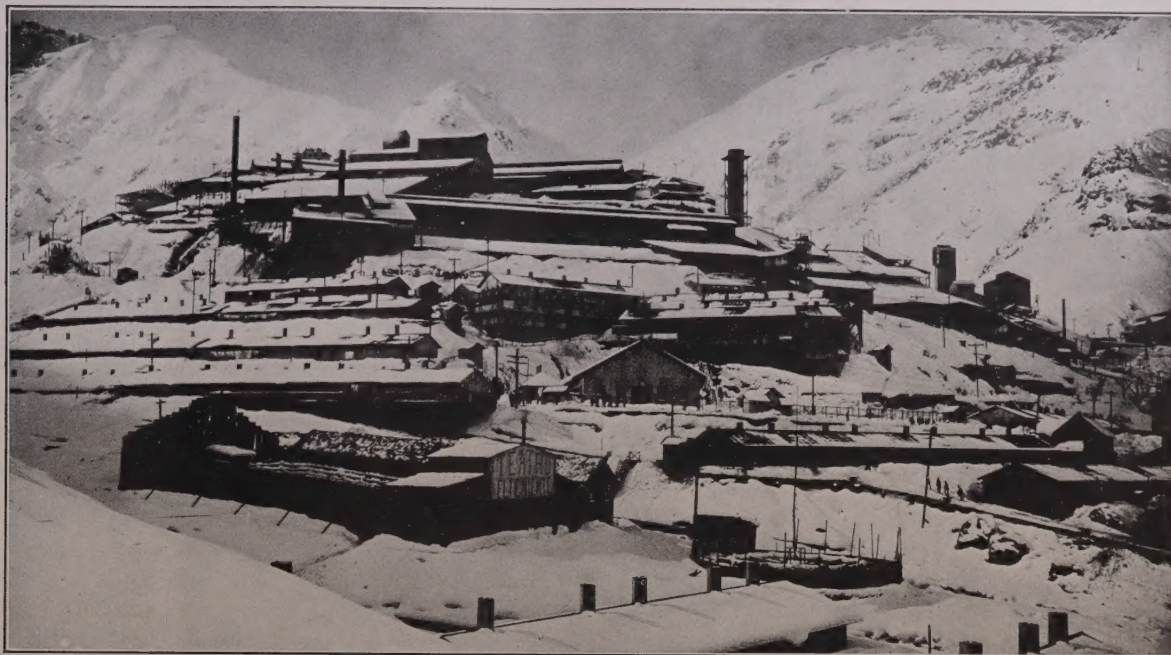
Liability Laws Made Assets

WHATEVER we may think of certain business concerns back home, their South American branches are usually models for both continents. Long before Chile's inadequate accident laws were adopted, the Braden Copper Company went further than their most liberal interpretation. Safety-First notices help prevent accidents, and there is a well-equipped hospital to care for the careless. Furthermore, the company supports widows and all old or disabled employees.



Pioneer Missionaries to Industry

Among the peaks of the Andes is a mine which mothers twenty thousand workers, doubles the average wages of Chile, and finds that it pays.



IN the wild and wintry month of June—corresponding to December in northern latitudes—the Braden Copper Company lies almost buried in snow. And it is snow. When summer comes, along about December, twenty feet of hard-packed snow must be sawed into blocks, loaded on flat cars and hauled away from the top of the courts before the boys can play tennis!

And what has tennis to do with mining?

Ask any of the department superintendents there on the slopes of the Andes. They have found that the more you do for the Chilean, the more he will do for you. They have put the most intangible dreams of social welfare to work on an efficient and paying basis.

First of all, three eight-hour shifts have taken the place of two of twelve hours each. The men have a chance for relaxation and recreation. They are not so exhausted, not so liable to disease, and production had increased thirty per cent. within a few days after the change was made.

What have warm houses, and baths, barber shops and restaurants to do with business records?

The best and steadiest of men gravitate here, and they stick, 20,000 of them. Common workmen in this mine receive \$1.75 a day,

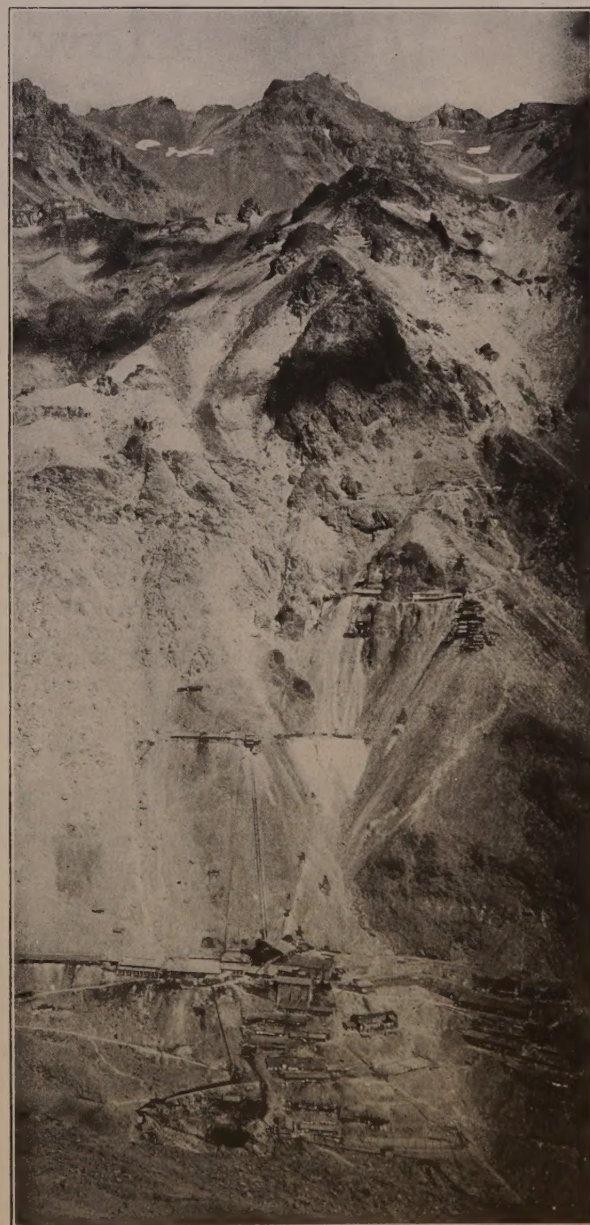
more than double Chile's average wage. Yet, or perhaps therefore, the company's monthly record for copper mined is more than \$2,000,000 worth.

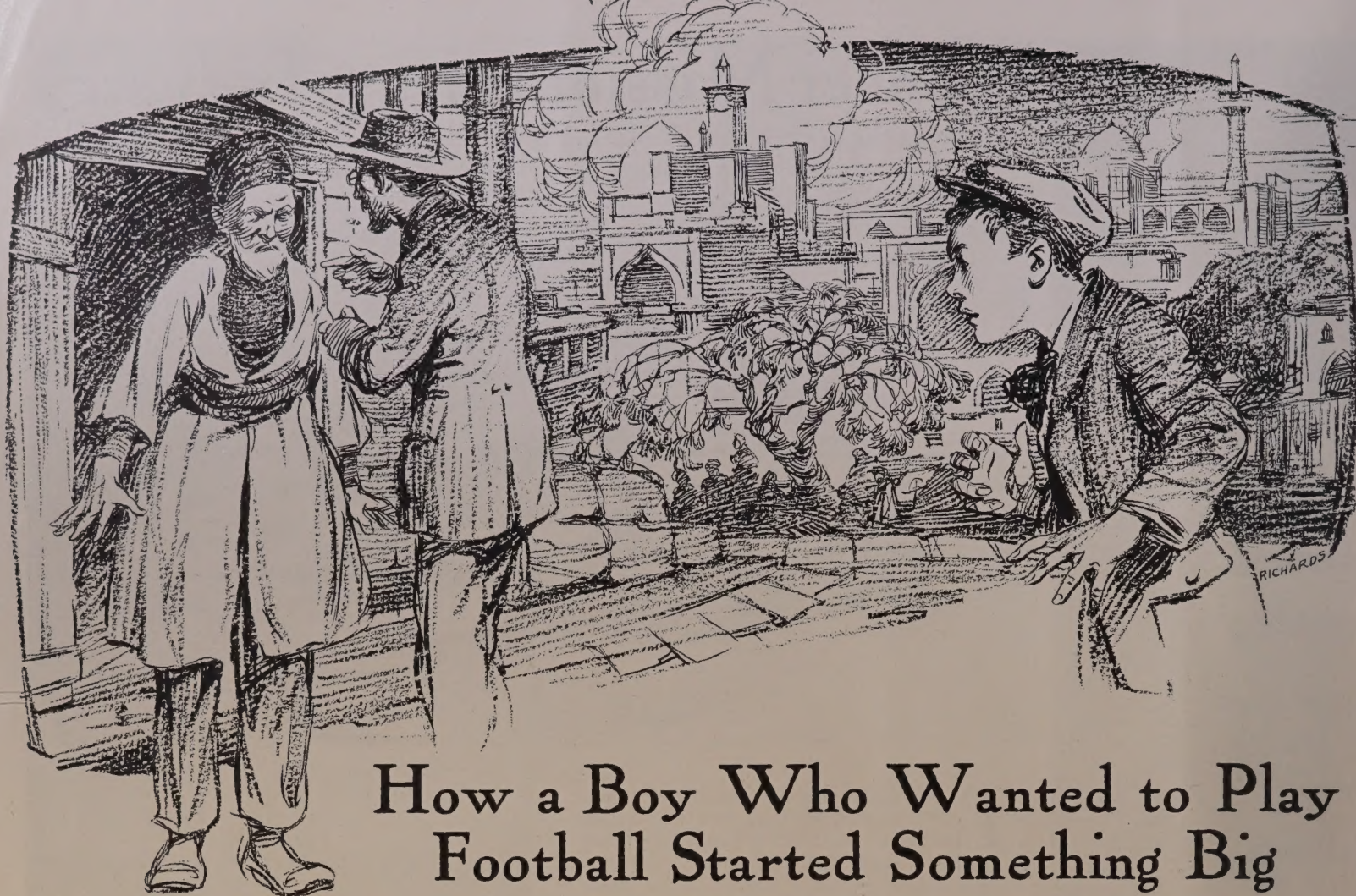
What have moving-picture shows, clubrooms and libraries to do with South American industry?

They have driven their native rival, the *cantina*, out of business. And here, as well as elsewhere, the saloon is the natural enemy of labor and the laborer.

At the Braden Copper Company prohibition is strictly enforced. Fifty whiskey-hounds guard the mountain passes watching for blockade-runners. The first result of this rule is that drunkenness is practically unknown. Drunkenness stopped, crime has about disappeared. There is hardly one serious fight a year. In Rancagua, forty miles away, where the town is wide open, murders are a daily occurrence.

Every day production runs closer to their goal—10,000 tons a month. Every day more savings are deposited to the credit of the workmen. The college men who govern the affairs of the great city within the mountain, half a mile under ground, with Frederick Taylor's efficiency system at their finger-tips, have learned to interpret efficiency in terms of humanity. The Braden Copper Company is a business proposition, not a philanthropic institution, but it has found that welfare work works both ways.





How a Boy Who Wanted to Play Football Started Something Big

By Hazel Northrop

SOMETIMES the mission housekeeper, the cook and even the teachers used to sit down together and talk about Preble Elijah. They said that Mr. Porter, the missionary, had better retire from the task of saving Persians and devote his energies to Preble Elijah, his small son.

"But then, it wouldn't be any use," they always agreed in the end. So they forgave Preble Elijah his sins, because he had no mother and because he was Preble Elijah.

You see, he was strangely like his father in the matter of charm and attractiveness. Mr. Porter was called the calmest man in all Persia, and Preble Elijah was called—well, anything from a darling to a demon—but they were alike for all that.

Preble Elijah had a rich uncle in Chicago. He was a pork-packer, the missionary's wealthy brother, and his capacity for earning money was bigger than his imagination. He had been telling Preble's father for at least twenty years that there was nothing in the missionary business, and that there was a good opening for Mr. Porter (the missionary) in Chicago. But Preble's father had calmly announced that he preferred teaching Persians to packing pork, and had stayed at the mission house.

So Mr. Porter, the packer of pork, shook his head sadly and turned all his attention to Preble Elijah. Every holiday he sent Preble a present—and always the present was the same. It was a pink slip of paper that Preble could exchange for many gold coins. But none of them were to go into the missionary business, Preble's uncle had stipulated that.

One lovely afternoon of Persian spring, the day after a check had arrived from Chicago, Preble stood on the steps jingling the gold coins in his pocket. Preble Elijah didn't care that it was a beautiful day and that the flowers and grass were bathed in honey-colored sunshine. He hadn't been able to find enough boys for a football team, and he wanted to play football.

As he stood sulkily looking out over the hills, his father walked down the steps and along the road.

"Father!" Preble called, but Mr. Porter was walking quickly, quite buried in his own thoughts.

Preble snatched his hat from the piazza railing and followed his

father, skulking along among the bushes that edged the road. He was pretending that he was "Rattlesnake Ike" trailing a bandit and that his thoughtful father was really a highwayman of the most blood-curdling habits.

They walked through the town and stopped, barely a shadow's distance apart, at a Kirman carpet factory. Preble forgot that he was "Rattlesnake Ike" as he entered the gloomy building; at first he could not see through the darkness, and he could hardly breathe in the thick, dusty air.

"Aren't there any windows, Father?" he asked.

Mr. Porter was talking with the factory owner and did not notice him. So Preble Elijah looked about him and suddenly saw thirty or more children bent over their looms.

"But, Father," Preble Elijah said, "they're all lame!"

Mr. Porter stopped talking and stood looking at the owner.

"But because," the owner answered, "that you come and nurse my sick wife, I am, because you say, stick windows into my factory. Therefore you ruin me." He pointed eloquently to the little lame children as they bent over their looms with flying fingers. "They not work when I stick windows into. All look out of windows—not at thread—all time."

"Gee!" Preble Elijah said; he turned and stared at the little weavers. They were of all ages, from a pale four-year-old baby who ought hardly to have guessed that he had little fingers to boys and girls of about his age. They hadn't noticed him; they worked like fragile little machines, endlessly, ceaselessly, at the looms.

As Preble Elijah stood looking at them, he suddenly smiled.

"Well!" he said to himself. He walked from one to the other of the workers, holding out a handful of glistening coins before their tired eyes.

"Little brother and little sister," he said, "would you like so much money? If you do—wait for me to-night—before you go to your home! Outside the door—understand?"

The children looked at him dumbly, without curiosity. They hardly seemed to know that he had spoken. But when they saw the gleaming money, which meant days and days of darkness and dust and hunger and pain, they shifted their cramped and stunted

bodies with a strange, unusual restlessness.

It was as though Preble had held a match to the wicks of thirty little tallow candles which sputtered, wavered, and rose feebly into yellow-blue flame. Then suddenly it was as if a breath had come to blow out the tiny flames, a breath from the mouths of the fathers and mothers of the crooked carpet-makers—parents who lay all day and all night with opium pipes at their lips—who always took the weaving money for more and more of the smoke—never any of it for things to eat. For everybody who knows anything about Kirman knows that “of every three persons in Kirman, four smoke opium.” That is the bad old saying.

Preble Elijah didn't know about the drowsy parents at home, but he felt reasonably sure of his football team. He hung about the factory until long after sunset, before the little carpet-weavers began to string out of the door. Again he showed all his money, and promised ravishing things to eat. He did not realize what a neat carpet strike he was organizing as he led the thirty children away.

When Preble Elijah's father saw the thirty little tired children, his calmness forsook him. But the mission cook and the housekeeper only sighed and prepared for the visitation. They changed the thirty suits of rags for clean clothing and they fed the thirty little mouths. It then remained to stow away the little tired bodies in a dormitory built for twelve.

The cook, the housekeeper and the resigned teachers took some of the children; Mr. Porter took the youngest and Preble slept on the floor while two carpet-weavers slept on his bed.

He had not told his father where he found the children. He knew that dreams were shattered when grown people were let in. And his dream of a football team seemed to be materializing. Of course the carpet-weavers didn't look very heavy; they didn't know how to play—and seven of them were girls. But at least there were thirty children.

Preble explained, rather too nonchalantly, that he had seen the kids, and it was awful dark and they looked awful hungry, and anyway wasn't his father always doing things like that?

Mr. Porter did bring people home at times, but always in strictly retail quantities. However, everyone was so overcome and suddenly busy and crowded, that there was no time to look into the matter.

Early in the morning, there was a strange stirring through the mission long before the sun was up, and the thirty little weavers woke each other and every one else, thinking it was time to go to the factory. They were frightened with the strange place, and more and more disturbed as the sun came up. They had never before seen the sun, not in all their days—because they were always busy upon carpets before the sun rose, and still busy upon carpets when the sun went down. And there were no windows. Even on Friday, which was their Sunday, they were busy with carpets.

The astonished children, who hardly approved the strange, blinding

The child weavers of Persia never see the sun. They work in the dusty factories from before dawn until after sunset.



sunlight, saw their breakfast with smiles. Six of them ate from trays rested on the clean white beds, since Mr. Porter soon found they were not well enough to get up.

“Preble,” he asked his son suddenly, “where do these boys and girls belong? They ought to be taken home.”

“I don't know where they live,” Preble answered truthfully.

“Where did you find them?”

Preble hesitated. He did not want to lie, but the truth seemed perilous to his football team.

At that very minute one of the teachers came in, looking mystified and suspicious and much amused. She said that the owner of the Kirman carpet factories was down-stairs tearing his hair and with fire in his eye, calling for Mr. Missionary.

Mr. Porter looked at Preble quickly, and, although Preble would have preferred staying in his room, he was brought down-stairs with his father. He looked at the factory owner crossly. Preble didn't know very much about labor and capital. The factory owner threatened to beat Preble Elijah for despoiling him of already five hours' morning toil from his weavers.

Mr. Porter was thoughtful after the children had departed, and

Continued on page 31



The missionary's son organizes a strike in the rug factory

Capital and Labor After the War

By Harry
F. Ward



THE war brought about a new spirit between capital and labor. Recently a national labor leader said to me, "We are meeting a new attitude on the part of many employers. They are really trying to be fair and to see our point of view." This is a distinct gain, for in the early part of the war a trained observer at Washington declared that, of all the allied employers gathered to plan the industrial aspect of the war, the American was the most reactionary. This was because he usually considered labor a nuisance to be suppressed, and not as a human problem.

The growth of a new and better spirit may be measured from the fact that the awards of the War Labor Board are guided by the principle that the right of collective bargaining is not to be abridged or interfered with.

Great Britain sets a pace

Great Britain has gone ahead of us in recognizing that organized labor is a responsible factor in the control of industry, not only for the emergencies of war, but also for the reconstruction period after the war. For each trade three types of industrial councils are planned: nation-wide; in a local area; in the factory or shop. These councils, in which labor and capital are equally represented, will determine the general conduct of England's industries in the after-war period, as well as conditions of labor.

In this country several large corporations who refuse to deal with trade unions have installed a system of shop committees, at the suggestion of the War Labor Board. These committees are elected by secret ballot and in some cases have equal voice with the management in making regulations for "hiring and firing" and for conditions of work. This beginning of industrial democracy gives the unions an opportunity to organize in places where they have heretofore been resisted. The result is that the lines are forming for a renewal of industrial warfare.

But how about wages?

The fighting point will be the question of wages. A great many wage-earners have lived better in time of war than in time of peace. Some of them in the army have found better food, better clothes, better recreation and education than they could ever obtain by working for wages. Still others have been working in war factories where the Government, under the pressure of military need, and the owner or manager under the liberty of the cost-plus plan, did not care to what limit wages went. A still larger number have received wage increases because of war prices. These have not, on the whole, kept up with the cost of living but they have led to a more generous scale of expenditure.

The return to normal conditions will mean a sharp drop in wages and the lowering of the standards of living for many people. Many employers who purpose to keep wages up until prices fall will be prevented by competition from carrying out their good intentions. The girls summarily discharged from the gas-mask factories were earning from \$15 to \$25 a week. They were offered \$9 in the only other employment which wanted girls in quantity. This is not a living wage with war prices.

As wages fall there will be a sharp demand from labor the world over to know why men and women can not be sustained as producers on the same basis on which they have been kept as fighters or war workers. The demand of the president of the Founders Association that labor submit to lower wages has been met by the statement of the president of the American Federation of Labor that labor will resist to the uttermost any attack upon the gains secured during the war. The first plank in the reconstruction platform of the inter-

allied labor forces is "a minimum standard of living for all the people." To this end they are demanding that the League of Nations shall establish uniform safeguards for labor in all countries.

The war has placed a great obstruction in the path that society must take to give better standards of living to labor. It is the great concentration of wealth that has come from war profits. This has been true in every belligerent country. Nowhere has it reached the same extent as in the United States. Millionaires have multiplied at a rate never known before in our financial history.

By various devices and exemptions, a good deal of this wealth has been able to escape its fair share of the burdens of the war, and expects, also, to escape its just share of the war debts and the cost of reconstruction. Many of these who hold these accumulated war profits will expect to draw interest on them regardless of whether labor gets a decent living. But they will have to reckon with the men who will come back from the army having received a stern training in what labor calls "direct action."

If any capitalists have been promoting the propaganda for universal military training in the hope that it would make the workers subservient, they have some food for reflection in recent happenings in Russia and in Germany. Things are done differently in Great Britain and in this country, but it was a British soldier who said, "While we have been in hell in the trenches, there are men who have been sitting comfortably in office chairs, amassing great fortunes; and now we are going to take these away from them."

What is the solid foundation for industrial democracy?

This is not the voice of greed and violence. It is the voice of those who with reasoned method are approaching the goal of a just distribution of the wealth created by the common toil of the community. They will come with the spirit of determination and the ordered will that comes from marching men. If this spirit be denied lawful expression, if it be balked in the satisfaction of its desire for justice, there will be upheaval and overturning. In such a day it will be well for the land in which there is a fearless preaching of the gospel of social justice contained in the Sermon on the Mount.

In the international relations of capital and labor, a sinister fact must be faced. It has been openly said and written in Great Britain by representatives of the financial and employers' interests that the *compelling* reason why labor must be given a larger share in the control of industry is in order that Great Britain may be able to make a better fight in the economic war after the war. If world markets are to be captured and unoccupied fields of investment controlled by Britain, there must be fullest mobilization of forces with no friction from industrial dispute.

So the argument runs, and it begins to be heard in this country. Those who make such plans would use industrial democracy within the nation as a weapon of aggression against other nations. They would establish a measure of peace between capital and labor nationally, in order to make them allies in international economic war.

This kind of industrial democracy does not satisfy the Christian ideal. Christianity has a program of world brotherhood. Its goal is the abolition of war in industry as well as on the battlefield. The industrial democracy which its principles require is not a patched-up truce between capital and labor for the sake of national aggression, but a cooperative arrangement between all the peoples of the world for their mutual development. Before the antagonism between capital and labor can be fully removed, before the labor problem can be settled on the Christian basis, the world must be taught to regard industry and finance not simply as a field for private gain but as an opportunity for mutual service.

When Capital and Labor Forget

WHEN they no longer realize that they are partners, the result is industrial war, cruel and pitiless as any other kind of war. That smoking tank-car has been set on fire by strikers in Bayonne, N. J. The deputy sheriffs below have been sworn in to guard the tunnel leading to Edgewater, N. J., from the violence of railroad strikers who have already killed two railroad detectives.

Violence on the side of labor—yes, but in many cases injustice from capital both precedes and follows it. Labor declares that courts are subsidized by capital, that unfair injunctions are enforced and the killing and deportation of strikers authorized, and cries—often with justice—“Where is our constitutional right to life, liberty



Underwood & Underwood

and the pursuit of happiness?”

This eternal struggle between the “have’s” and the “have-not’s”—between those who have not a fair living and those who have more than is good for them—how is it to be settled? Cannot the Church, rightly interpreting the message of the Carpenter of Nazareth, lead the way to peace and good-will between capital and labor?

Will the

They'll Not Wash
the Dishes
Nor Yet Feed
the Swine

THE car may be out of service, but the women are not. Since the war forced them to take man-sized jobs, they have found that to mend automatic couplers on subway cars is really as easy as to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and also that it provides a larger supply of strawberries, sugar and cream.

So they have learned to weld and rivet and drive nails, and now they are ready for any work that may come to them in the big job of repairing the world.



Women Keep Their Jobs in Peace Time?

By Adelaide Lyons

MARY BURNS, operator of a giant gun-drill, stared hard at the printed notice which the forewoman handed her: "Employees need not report for work after Saturday, the sixteenth." As she jammed the paper into her overalls pocket and turned back to her machine, there was a frown between her eyes and a big question in her mind—Would she have to go back to where she was before the war?

Going back meant the ribbon counter of a department store and a salary of eleven dollars. It meant sharing her room with another clerk and doing without lunch three days a week.

She liked her new job—liked the wheels and levers of the big machine. And the twenty-one-dollar salary meant new clothes and a chance to go to the movies. Of course she did not want to go back, but what was she to do about it?

Nearly a million American women who since the war have put on uniforms or overalls and taken "men's jobs" are now facing this same question of going back, and different groups will answer it in different ways. Some—a comparatively small number—went into war work solely from patriotic motives. Most of them will go back into their homes. Others are represented by the woman who said:

"My husband's coming back to his old job soon, and I wouldn't work at all if it wasn't for my Liberty Bonds. I want to pay for them myself, so I've got a part-time job in the linen room of a hotel."

But the great majority of the conductorettes, the elevator women and the munitions workers are women who worked before the war and who must go on working whether William Hohenzollern or the Bolshevik rule in Berlin. With them it is simply a question of selling ribbons or winding armatures, of ten dollars a week or twenty.

Many of these women will stay on their present jobs. The transportation companies of New York and Brooklyn have announced that they will keep their women conductors and guards. The Post Office Department says that there will be no discrimination against women in the railway mail service. Thousands of women are members of mechanics' unions with all the rights of men members, and with no intention of resigning. In business houses the elevator woman will stay—although in individual cases she may be replaced by a hand-capped soldier.

"Why shouldn't I keep my job?" one of them asked. "I know how to run my elevator, and I can tell a man where to get off as well as anybody can."

"Sure the women will stay," her employer agreed. "Physically they are just as good as men, and they don't get drunk."

But the closing of war industries and the return of the overseas army will force many of these women into new channels. Fortunately there is a place for all of them. Private industry is expanding as fast as war plants are closing down. On a single day, just after the gas-mask factories had released 12,000 women, nearly seven hundred New York business concerns sent in requests for women workers.

Manufacturers here are eager to get into the home market with the teacups, tables and threshing-machines we denied ourselves during the war, and American capital is anxious to supply Europe with the machinery of reconstruction. Under these conditions women who were skilled in any trade before the war, garment-making, chocolate-dipping, or fur-sewing, can get back their pre-war jobs at war-time wages.

The unskilled workers, the women of the Mary Burns type, are the ones to whom the war has brought a new chance. In the old days their work was like a crazy-quilt—odds and ends of everything. They were always changing jobs, always hoping to benefit themselves by a mere change, and always disappointed.

Some of them will go on with this 1914 brand of thinking, but many have begun to see the value of a pattern. They will take up a trade and stick to it.

Mary herself is going to a Y. M. C. A. school where she will learn printing, every phase of it from press feeding to linotype operating.

"Printing's a good chance now," she explained. "Think of all the advertising that's going to be done, and all the doughboys that'll be writing their experiences."

Others are working to find out why England and France have made better woolen goods than ours, and are trying to fit American cloth for the international market. Or else they are learning airplane construction and inspection. Or taking up mechanical dentistry, the making of plates, bridges, crowns and inlays.

Farming, an occupation so old that it is new again, is giving work to hundreds of women who went into the Women's Land Army and found that they liked dairying, poultry-raising or greenhouse work.

Will the women go back to their old jobs?

Some of them will, either from choice or because they have not learned the necessity of a definite trade. But the great mass of women are going forward, not back. The days are past when "stenographer" and "school teacher" were the only feminine forms of the word "occupation," and the woman who stood on the second line of defense during the Great War, knows that if she trains herself for the job, she can be anything from plumber to President.

What the Six o'Clock Whistle Means to Me

As Told to Frances L. Garside

MY name is Frena Stransky. I am seventeen years old. I learned to count when I was sewing buttons on cards, and I learned my letters from bill-boards. When I was twelve, I went to night school.

There are five in my family—my mother, a brother, two little sisters and I. My father is dead. My brother and I supported the family until he enlisted, and the burden fell on me. I had been making artificial flowers, and I did well; but when the war came, there was no need of the flowers, so I went to work in a munitions plant.

I found I could not commute, so I rented a room.

Did you ever live in a rented room? I have wondered if renting rooms makes a woman hard-hearted, or if it appeals only to those who have hard hearts to begin with.

Imagine a dark third-floor room, narrow halls and stairways, uncarpeted and always smelling of leaks in the gas-pipes. Bathroom on second floor, and never any hot water. A single bed, thin mattress, and very little covering. I had to keep all my clothes piled on the bed to keep me warm.

There was a strip of faded carpet, a bureau with a cracked mirror, one chair, and a chromo on the wall—a man and a girl in a sleigh riding across a frozen river. The girl had on a red tippet. It was the only warm-looking thing in the room.

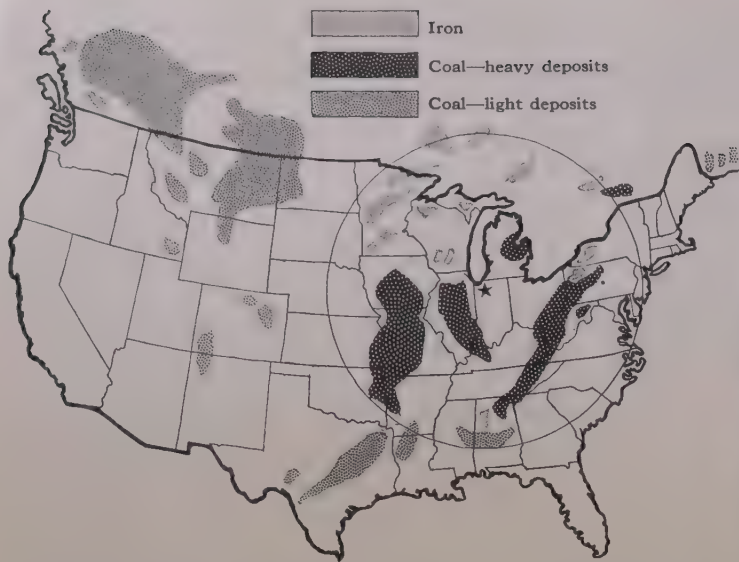
For this room I was charged thirty dollars a month. I ate in the restaurants or bought of the vendors who appeared before the munition-plant gates every time the whistle blew.

I think women are unlike men, and the men who employ us will never get the best results until they find this out. Now, my brother would have been contented, thinking always of his good pay. Money doesn't mean so much to a woman, and as I grew unhappy, my pay check grew smaller every week. All of the girls began to earn less. Some of us even talked of quitting.

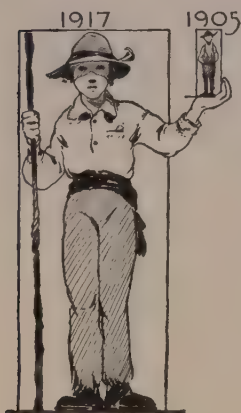
Then one of the men at the head of the business decided we must be made contented or he would lose money on his contracts. So they made a home for us near the plant.

It is a big, rambling sort of building. There are four hundred girls

Continued on page 28

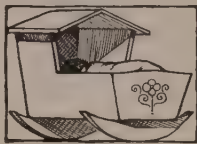


At the center of this circle (*) lies the "Calumet region of Indiana" which in twelve years has become the pivotal point of the steel industry. Its development was logical. As the map shows, it taps the richest coal and iron deposits in the country.



The proportion of American and foreign births in the Calumet region is as shown.

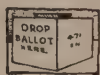
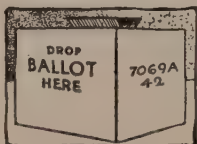
FOREIGN BIRTHS



AMERICAN BIRTHS



FOREIGN VOTES



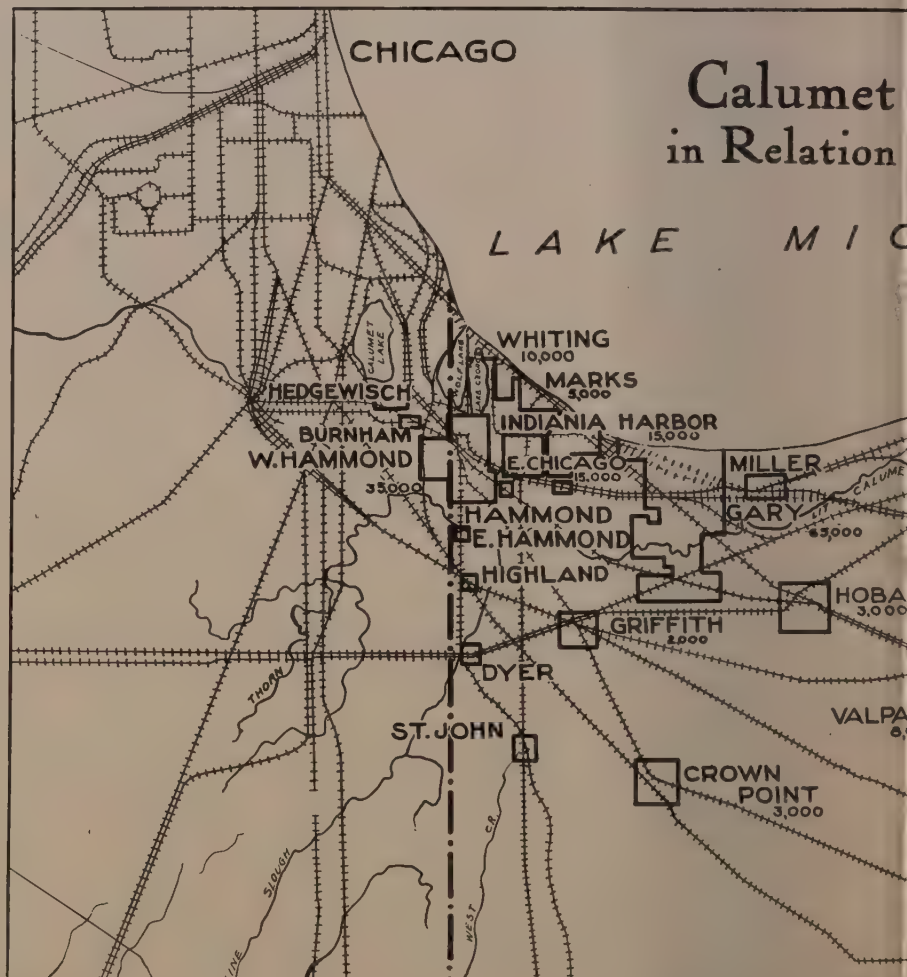
AMERICAN VOTES

From 1905 to 1912 the foreign population in one-eighth of Lake County increased from 3,000 to 87,000—this is typical of the entire region.

The proportion of foreign and American votes is as shown. What brand of democracy shall we have here?



For thousands of years these dunes, fifty to nearly two hundred feet high, drifted their picturesque way along Lake Michigan, but it took only twelve years to replace



Calumet in Relation

LAKE MIC



Gary isn't growing fast enough to house all her workers. Some of them still have to live in shacks like this.

In this bustling region of 150,000 souls there are less than 10,000 Protestant church members and the same number of children who go to Protestant Sunday-schools.

Must Hustle Industry

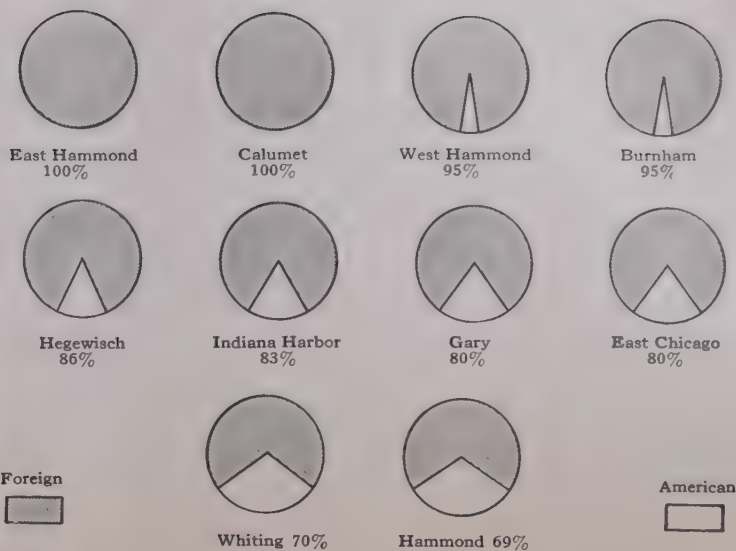
By Ralph
E. Diffendorfer



them in Gary with hundreds of beautiful public buildings, of which this library is one, miles of mills, splendid roadways, docks and transportation lines.

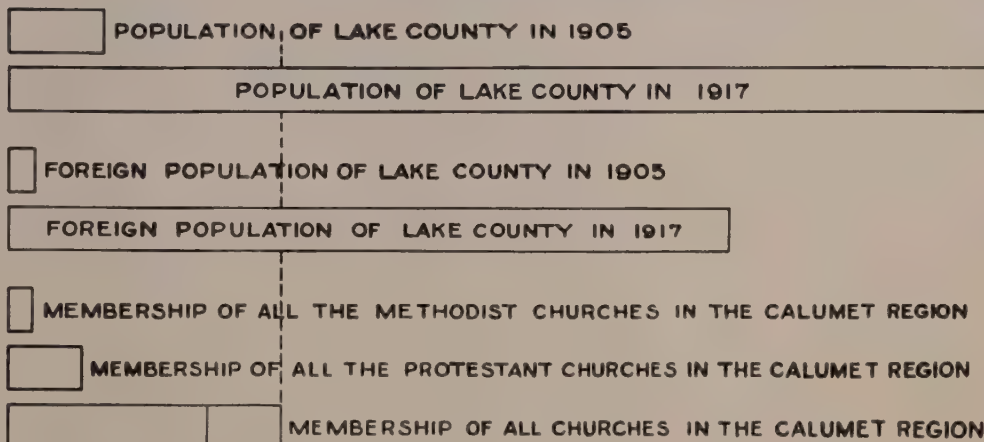


This section has only two church settlement houses, both in Gary, one Methodist, the other Presbyterian. Industry has been supplying excellent schools, libraries and other aids to a fuller life. The church is now waking up to its responsibilities and realizing that it has a very definite message for the industrial community.



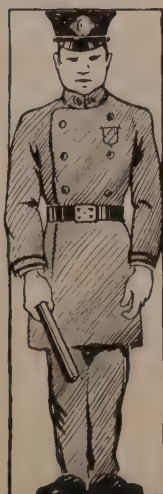
The chart above and the chart below show at a glance the problem the church is up against in the Calumet region. The shaded areas represent the foreign population. For them there are no churches. But the little English-speaking churches that existed before the region began to boom are expanding to readjust their message to the community.

The Methodists alone are planning to spend over three-quarters of a million dollars in new kinds of work among the foreign population, work which will develop Americanization and Protestant ideals, work that is bound to be as original and constructive as the famous Gary School System.



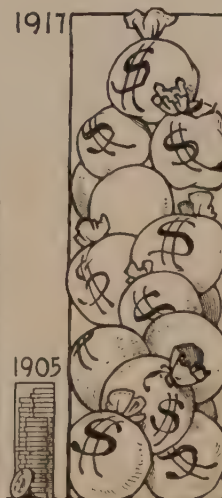
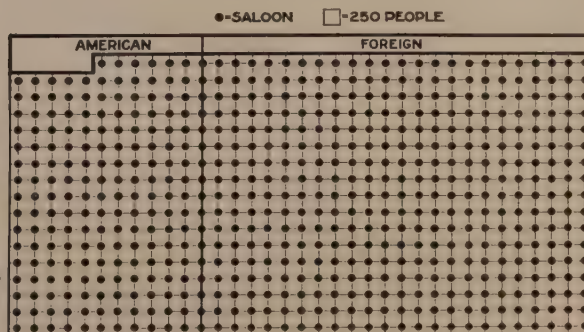
There were more murders committed in Lake County, Indiana, in 1917, than in the whole Dominion of Canada. This may explain the \$3.58 per capita that is spent for protection, but perhaps the paltry seventeen cents per capita that is spent for recreation may have some direct bearing on the crime rate.

In seven years, the capital invested in the Calumet region has increased more than eighteen times—from \$10,000,000 in 1905 to \$184,000,000 in 1912. The future promises even greater material growth. Will the church be able to keep pace with it?



Until April, 1918, when a State law put them out of existence, this was the proportion of saloons to the population.

No adequate preparation has yet been made to substitute wholesome recreation.





Their right to a suitable place for play ought to be as supreme as



right of their parents to decent working conditions and a living wage



IN four years the price of rice—the staff of Japanese life—has trebled. An average Japanese family consumes about two and a half bushels a month—twenty-five yen's worth. And the average middle-class man makes about forty yen a month while a far larger number of Japanese are earning only twenty-five yen. No wonder there have been rice riots!

Land of Narikin and Rice Riots

By Elsie F. Weil

A HIGH prison-like fence, a big iron gate where a polite but granite man in uniform was stationed in front of his little guard-house, a scurrying back and forth with visiting cards, an interminable waiting, finally the arrival of another uniformed emissary who bowed and smiled me into the inner sanctum—such was my first introduction to a Japanese factory.

It is not easy to visit Japanese hives of industry. It was only through a Japanese friend of mine that I was admitted at all. This filature, situated at Mukojima, an industrial suburb of Tokyo, and controlled by a corporation that owns cotton mills all over Japan, is celebrated far and wide as a model factory.

The bell had just rung for the noon hour, which, under some stress of circumstance, had shrunk to a fifteen-minute intermission. Some of the girls, stolid country types, had come into the dining-room with the long bare tables to get tea from the big urns. Others were lying, sunk in sleep or half dead with exhaustion, by the silent machines. The factory was a revelation in up-to-date machinery—rows and rows of spindles with “long iron hands,” and the most complicated and latest inventions for the separating process and for burning the lint off the threads. The managers were very proud of their new imported machines.

There were two thousand girls working in the factory, many of them under fifteen, few of them over twenty. They worked eleven hours a day, alternating weekly in day and night shifts. The most they could earn a day was forty sen and ten sen was subtracted for

the food provided by the factory. At one end of the grounds were the dormitories, big barren barracks built around an unkempt court where *kimono* and *futon* were airing—no dwarf pines or stone lanterns in this factory garden! There were twenty girls to a room, night and day shift occupying the mats continuously.

But this was a model factory. There was a hospital for sick girls, some of whom were months of extra service in debt to the factory for medical care. The authorities had provided a stage and assembly room where entertainments and lectures could be given from time to time. And one day a month the girls had a holiday and could pass out of the big iron gate. My guide told me that the girls usually contracted for two or three years in order to earn their marriage dowries, and that some of them saved as much as five yen a month.

After leaving the factory my rickshaw skirted the low-lying flats of the Sumida. Across the river the lanterns were dancing on the verandas of the tea houses. One might have been projected into a far-away Japan of color prints and legends, had it not been for the wretched cottages and the poor little open shops with their bean paste cakes and frugal piles of dried fish. The workers seemed, somehow or other, more real than the two sworded *samurai*.

A new working class has been rapidly developed in Japan. The old-time artisan who expressed his individuality in the creations of his own hands has no place in the new industrial Japan, hurriedly panting after big foreign markets. There are to-day in Japan over

22,000 factories employing about 1,500,000 workers. These figures apply only to those factories having fifteen or more hands and coming under the Factory Law.

From sixty to seventy per cent. of the factory employees are women, and most of them do not work under such ideal conditions as those in the Mukojima cotton mill. In the spinning mills few can stand the strain of working for more than a year on alternate day and night shifts. In silk factories the girls work in rooms saturated with steam. The majority of women workers who pour into big industrial centers, like Osaka and Kobe, from the country districts are practically imprisoned in the dormitories of the factories under intolerable living conditions for the period of their contract. Often they are frankly expected to include immoral relations with their employers in their factory duties.

Soroku Ebara, a member of the House of Peers, who has studied the condition of working women, says, "Out of every 1,000 in the spinning mills, 266 are found to contract pneumonia."

A physician who investigated working conditions in Nagano prefecture reports: "Most of the girls work from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. Excess of labor combined with absence of nutritive food causes disorders of the stomach and the intestines. At night they sleep together, face to face, two girls on each mat. If submitted to strict examination, at least forty per cent. of the factory girls would be found to be victims of consumption. What is still more terrible is the fact that girls of twelve and thirteen who work in the filatures are infected with this disease in growing numbers."

No wonder that out of the 200,000 girls recruited annually for the factories only 80,000 ever return to their homes. Of the other 120,000 many drift into tea houses of bad character or follow the broad lane that leads to the Yoshiwara.

The men earn twice as much as the women in the factories, but they have families to support. Lately there has been an undercurrent of growing discontent. At one end of the scale Japan has never been so prosperous as she is now after four years of war, and at the other by very contrast she has never been so poor. Some of the shipping companies have recently declared fifty to seventy per cent. dividends. To-day there are *narikin*, or war millionaires, in every branch of industry. The laborer who works in Mr. Narikin's factory contrasts the tiger-hunting expeditions of his employer, the fifty-yen-a-plate *geisha* dinners, the limousines and the expensive new mansion built out of war-factory profits with his own efforts to stretch an income of thirty to fifty cents a day to fill half a dozen rice bowls, pay the rent and buy charcoal for the *hibachi*.

Out in Honjo, a district of Tokyo where the very poor live, there are rows of tenements consisting of three-mat rooms (six by nine feet), with leaking roofs and damp, unsanitary conditions. It is not unusual for a coolie and his wife and six children to be crowded

into these tiny quarters. When it is time to go to bed they are all squeezed together on the floor, children and grown-ups, as they themselves say, "in the pine-leaf style."

The budget of an Osaka laborer who earned two years ago twenty-three yen a month (a yen is about fifty cents) gives some idea of the heroic struggle among the Japanese working classes to make two fast-disappearing ends meet. His minimum expenses were, in yen:

Rent.....	5.50
Rice.....	8.12
Fish.....	1.00
Vegetables.....	4.50
Other food.....	1.70
Charcoal and other fuel.....	2.30
Electric light.....	1.10

Total..... 24.22

He had to support parents too old to work, a wife and a child. There are no provisions for clothes, baths, carfare, medicine, not even the ordinary decencies of life. And his expenses were one yen twenty-two sen more than he was able to earn through all his efforts, including extra night work. Perhaps the same laborer earns a little more to-day, but his living expenses have mounted even higher in proportion.

All the leading commodities in Japan have soared up and up during the war. Rice, which was 17.54 per *koku* (a *koku* is about five bushels) in 1914 was quoted at 50 per *koku* in August, 1918. The staff of Japanese life has trebled in four years. An average family, mother, father and three children, consume about half a *koku* of rice a month—that is, twenty-five yen's worth. The average middle-class man and skilled laborers and mechanics earn only forty yen a month. There is a far larger number making twenty-five yen a month. And the Japanese can not live by rice alone, in spite of its popularity.

But the rice riots that spread like wild-fire all over Japan a few months ago were undoubtedly as much an expression of displeasure on the part of the working classes against the *narikin* as a protest against the high cost of living. In Kobe the rioters burned down the three-story office of the celebrated firm of Suzuki and Company and the rice warehouse of the Kobe Steel Company. In Tokyo tens of thousands of people collected in the parks and other meeting places and invaded and damaged rice dealers' stores, demanding cheaper rice. The rioters stoned the official residences of the governor and mayor at Nagoya and then attacked the Rice Exchange. Everywhere in large cities like Shidzuoka, Osaka, Hiroshima and Kobe, as well as in small obscure towns, the working classes burned rice warehouses, broke into the houses of rice merchants and either helped themselves

Continued on page 28

Here is a typical factory section of a Japanese city. Small wonder the managers seldom permit visitors—either foreigners or the parents and friends of employees. These factories have developed a new sort of working class—1,500,000 workers employed in over 22,000 Japanese factories.





Christian Ideals Improve Japanese Factories

In Japanese factories without Christianity

HUMAN laborers are regarded as cheaper than machinery and are "scrapped" when they break down. They work in two shifts of twelve hours each and their only holiday is once in two weeks when the shifts are reversed. Thousands of women workers are practically imprisoned in factory dormitories.

In other factories prostitution is expected and extravagance is encouraged because it keeps the girl in debt to her employer and increases his hold upon her.

Strikes are illegal. Workmen have no vote.

Results

TUBERCULOSIS is prevalent. Nearly half of the women workers are unable to complete their three-year contracts and twenty-five per cent of them die within a year after their return home.

With no skilled operators, the labor supply will soon be exhausted.

But where Christian employers have applied their religion to business, conditions are different

DORMITORIES are established, where the girls have fresh air and sunshine and playgrounds and garden plots of their own. Profit-sharing, pensions and social centers with recreation rooms, athletic fields, and day nurseries have been introduced.

Workers are carefully instructed in their duties and are given time to attend classes where they learn the common school branches.

Results

VISITORS say that these factory girls have the manners of high school graduates. A large proportion of these employees work out their full contracts and go back to their villages with comfortable marriage dowries. Now these alumnae are beginning to send their daughters to work in the same factories.

The only silk in Japan which is bought by an American firm without inspection comes from a Christian factory.



Factory girls' dormitories in a Christianly-run factory at Ayabe. Girls work here under healthful conditions and are well paid.



It is a striking contrast to the ordinary Japanese factory where two women share a sleeping mat three feet by six and are worked beyond the point of exhaustion.

Big Business in India

By Arthur Bruce Moss

THE rapid breakdown of caste prejudice and the passing of the notion that work is dishonorable will mean the growth of a multitude in India ready and eager for employment in industrial plants.

A few years ago India was called "a country of a single industry . . . agriculture." To-day that statement may be seriously challenged.

Certain of her leading industries are, however, dependent upon agriculture for raw material. Chief among these are the manufacture of cotton cloth and sugar.

But, despite India's dire need of cotton goods to clothe herself withal, and her almost insatiable hunger for sweets, the real romance of her agriculture-fed works appears in the resuscitation of her indigo industry. Years ago the bulk of the natural indigo on the market came from India. Then came the product prepared synthetically from coal-tar, chiefly by Germany. But during the war no ally would touch a German product, even if he could secure it, and again the vats of Bengal and Behar are overflowing with the same old steaming, stinking stuff that made India famous; and improved methods of manufacture are expected to give the trade new permanency.

The other principal source of raw material for industry lies in mineral deposits. The mines in the Kolar gold-fields near Bangalore in South India yield an annual average of about \$10,000,000 worth of gold. This does much to stabilize Indian credit.

The mining of coal has shown rapid development in the past few years and India is already figuring largely as an Oriental coal-exporting nation.

It has been said that "in purity of ore and in antiquity of working, the iron deposits of India probably rank first in the world." Whether this be exactly accurate or not, it is, however, true that the iron and steel industry of India has achieved a most phenomenal growth within the past four years.

Of the many who touch her industrial life, few can do India greater service than the trained industrial experts who work as Christian missionaries. There are two watchwords on Indian lips to-day—the one, "Swaraj," self-government; the other, "Swadeshi," home



INDIA'S quantities of raw materials, cheap labor, coal, and the possible electric power of northern mountain streams, assure her manufacturing future. Her railroads guarantee the distribution of material. Five major ports will ship her products to the West and the Farther East.

manufactures. To both the wise missionary has a vital relationship. In the setting of high ideals, and the training of native leaders to work out these ideals, the industrial missionary will achieve results of almost incalculable value for the saving and ennobling of India's common life.



BALES OF COTTON IN BOMBAY

DURING the last official year the cloth woven from India's home-grown cotton and homespun yarn could have belted the world forty times around. Yet this amazing amount gave only a scant five yards per person, and this in a country where the climate makes cotton cloth the one usable material for most of the people.

India already has 114,000 looms, more than half of which are in the Bombay Presidency alone. Hundreds of thousands of hand looms of home workers are as yet uncounted. The cotton mills employ nearly 300,000, and the cotton ginning, cleaning and pressing mills more than a third as many additional workers.

The present stress is pushing native industry into a new development.



IN INDIA'S PITTSBURGH

The iron and steel industry of India has achieved a most phenomenal growth within the past four years. Cut off by the war from outside markets, India was forced to develop her own resources. To-day the Tata Steel Works, the largest steel mills in Asia, in connection with other Indian concerns, are manu-

facturing all the rails and wagons for India's railways, as well as much of the machinery for her increasing factories. In addition to this, India has provided nearly the total equipment for the new railway that followed the British army from Basra into the heart of the Turkish dominions.

INDIA'S SWEET TOOTH

SUGAR-making is one of India's most ancient industries, but the loss of three-fourths of the sugar value of the cane by use of primitive machinery like the mill pictured and the muddy character of the product, because religious prejudices forbade the use of animal charcoal for refining, have confined India's sugar to local consumption. With nearly three million acres under cane, producing considerably more than a third of the world's total, India nevertheless exports no sugar. On the contrary, in addition to her own stupendous production, she also spends \$25,000,000 for sugar annually.

With new methods of refining there is now a steady development of centralized plants, and soon India—the aboriginal home of the cane—will doubtless take a place as a sugar-exporting land commensurate with the size of her cane crop.



Progress Through Industrial Schools



THE missionary, starting out with the high aim of infusing new ideals, find himself up against the economic basis of things. Backwardness, injustice, indolence, ignorance—these are some of the obstacles in his march of progress. The industrial school is one of his aids.

For the industrial school sets about changing ignorance into skill, laziness into industry, and contempt for labor into respect for results. It shows that an honestly made table is really a kind of prayer, for it can only come from an honest heart.

Forty years ago there were but twenty-nine industrial mission schools—now there are upwards of two hundred, and they are rapidly increasing in number. Their subjects range from massage to mechanical drawing, from architecture to typewriting.

To help make the student self-supporting has generally been the reason for starting the mission industrial school. From that beginning it has become a factor in community life. It has shown that education and work with the hands are not incompatible, and it has introduced new methods of working, and created skilled workers, and made in all ways for community progress.

America First

INDUSTRIAL missions begin at home. Here in the basketry class of Grace Church, Buffalo, one Hungarian boy, one Italian, one Jewish, one Irish and two American boys are working together just as happily as if they were planning mischief on the street. The industrial mission is one solution of the Americanization problem.

Singers and Service

THESE little Chinese maidens in the Chung Kung mission school were quite surprised at their increased output after Singer sewing-machines were introduced. When education in China comes to mean being an efficient worker as well as a scholar, and China's aristocracy foregoes its contempt for manual labor, industrial progress will be assured.



Work with No Hope

HOPELESSLY and wearily these Japanese girls are trudging home from a twelve-hour day's work in a Tokyo factory. Perhaps they began their factory life when they were seven-year-old youngsters, and this dreary, monotonous toil has been their lot ever since.

Here is a field for industrial education: to equip the future factory girls of Japan—and the number averages 700,000—with a practical knowledge of the work they will have to do, so that, as skilled operators, they will not be so utterly at the mercy of their employers. They want a training to fit them for the advancement which comes from understanding the relation of their particular job to the whole.



A Real "Mission" Sideboard

IN the normal course of events, this African lad would consider work a disgrace, to be passed along, as far as possible, to women. But the missionary, who has opened up to him a strange, new world of coats and trousers, chairs and tables, typewriters and talking-machines, has also shown him that it is worth while working for these things—and this student at Quiongoa Mission School finds an unexpected satisfaction in the sideboard his own hands have made.

Helping U. S. A. in the Philippines

GOVERNMENT and mission schools cooperate in the Philippines in making useful citizens. The mission industrial school meets the need of districts which lack Government schools.



Where Coffins Mean Progress

MISSION schools study the needs of the community—and in the district around Cawnpore in India one of the greatest demands seemed to be for coffins. So these boys in the industrial mission school at Cawnpore have practically monopolized the coffin industry and are making it pay. When they go out from school as skilled carpenters, they have no trouble finding work.

Working under Christian auspices, these boys are forgetting caste distinctions and are learning the real dignity and satisfaction that comes through intelligent work with the hands. Here, as in other lands, mission schools are bringing about this stirring industrial ideal: *that the name of Christ be writ large over the door.*





"Greenpoint homes were often like that."

Seeing Sadie Through

By Helen E. Anderson

"I DON'T feel as if I *cared* where I went now," said Sadie, wearily. "Wait till your father comes—then we'll see," said the minister, pacing up and down nervously in his little dark office. "Lot of good that 'll do—he 'll never let me come back." "How did it all happen, anyway?" asked Mr. Osterheld.

"Well, I had been going with Ned for a long time—meeting him evenings, generally as far away from home as possible."

"Why didn't you let him come to the house for you?"

"Say, Mr. Osterheld, have you never been to our house?"

Mr. Osterheld had. Sadie's little sister had been sick, and he had found her in the corner of a dirty, squalid room in a wooden tenement house, reeking with the odor of strong cooking and wet clothes drying. The mother was pottering around with two or three youngsters under foot and a dirty baby crying in the corner; in the center of it all, contentedly drinking his mug of beer, sat the father.

Greenpoint homes were often like that. Time was, before industries began to grow up around Newtown Creek, that Greenpoint was a nice little community section, with lots of trees and people who owned their own houses and gardens and flower-beds.

But the industries which had made this suburb of Brooklyn one of the busiest manufacturing sections in the world, which had brought to the three miles and a half of Newtown Creek more business in a year than the whole 3,500 miles of the Mississippi could boast of—

these very industries had taken from the little Greenpoint peninsula much of its joy and beauty, and had left it flat, barren and unlovely.

Foreigners were crowding in, answering the ever-increasing call for labor, and they didn't understand American ways of living. That house where the Sloanes used to live, for instance, ten families were sharing now.

No wonder Sadie didn't want Ned to see a home like hers! Mr. Osterheld evaded the issue with "Go on and tell me the rest."

"Well, we used to go to the movies together and afterwards we always went somewhere to get something to eat. We got tired of the ice-cream stores, and one night Ned said, 'Let's go in here and get something.' It was the back room of a saloon and I didn't want to go in at first. After a while I did, though, and then I got used to drinking right along with Ned. Lots of girls go in saloons with fellows and don't think a thing of it. Why, I know girls who go into Haley's dancing place Saturday evenings and drink and dance all night—and go from there to early mass Sunday mornings. My mother's seen them, and, more than that—"

"Well?"

"You see, you get kind of tired of things sometimes, and then you don't care what happens. That night I didn't get home till pretty late and father was waiting up for me. I guess my head wasn't very clear—I can remember his saying, 'A h—— of a time for you to be

coming in—and drunk too,’ and he started to push me out, and—”

“Isn’t that your father coming now?” interrupted the minister.

“What do you want of *me* here?” said Sadie’s father, as he burst into the room. “The mother made me come down, but if it’s to take Sadie back, why, there’s nothing doing. When a girl of mine comes home drunk she can go where she likes for all o’ me. But she can’t come back home.”

“You drink, yourself, don’t you?” asked Mr. Osterheld.

“What if I do?”

“You have beer in the house every night, don’t you?”

“That don’t make no difference. When a daughter of mine disgraces herself by coming home drunk, I tell you—”

“Don’t you worry,” interrupted Sadie, defiantly. “I’ll never go home now—I wouldn’t if you begged me to. Guess I can look after myself.”

“You just stay here, then, and let your d— dominie help you out—don’t you let me see your face in our house again.” And with that he slammed the door of the minister’s office and was gone.

“What ’ll I do now?” said Sadie.

“I’ll get you a boarding place.” He reached for the ’phone. “Greenpoint 611—Mrs. Wantom, please. Good evening, Mrs. Wantom, I need some help. I’ve got a girl here who wants a good place to board. There isn’t any in Greenpoint? I guess you’re right. No, I wouldn’t send her to one of those furnished-room places, either, they’re awful. She hasn’t anywhere to go to-night. Oh, that ’ll be fine; I knew you would help me out. You take her for a week, and we ’ll both be looking around in the meantime.

“Just for now you can go to 115 X— Avenue, to Mrs. Wantom,” said Mr. Osterheld, putting down the receiver and turning to Sadie. “I’ll call you up in a day or two and see how you are. We ’ll find a good place for you. Good-night.”

And the minister, left alone, gazed into the—I would like to say fireplace, but the dim little office in the church boasted only of a little, sputtering radiator.

“If Sadie were the only one,” said he, half aloud, “it wouldn’t be so hard. But there are Tessies and Jennies and Rosies up against the same conditions. Working all day, when night comes they want to have a good time. Can’t bring their Neds home—no nice place to meet them—what happens? Thirty-five girl cases in court every week—that’s what the court officers told me.”

Sadie’s words echoed back to him, “You get kind of tired of things sometimes and then you don’t care what happens.”

Queer section, Greenpoint, anyway. There were as many people there as in Youngstown, Ohio, for instance, and yet Brooklyn looked down on her as a shabby little sister in the manufacturing business, while that great metropolis on the other side of the East River, who bought and sold her dyes, her candy, her chemicals and the countless other things that Greenpoint made, seemed sublimely unconscious of Greenpoint herself. People who slumped and started settlements down on New York’s East Side didn’t even know there *was* a Greenpoint.

The manufacturers themselves—the employers—didn’t care what happened to Sadie or Jennie or Tessie out of hours. It paid them, they had discovered, to furnish a nurse and a cafeteria for lunches, but beyond that they didn’t care to go.



Then the minister thought of Sadie’s little sister and her half-grown brothers. Nobody cared much about how they got their good times—were they going to develop into “problems” too? What did life hold for the discouraged mother, with her dingy, overcrowded home and constantly fretful baby? This Sadie business was getting beyond him.

What could be done about it? The churches in Greenpoint—eighteen Protestant ones—were barely holding their own. Many of them had dropped to memberships of fifty or sixty. Were they reaching the real need of the Greenpoint community?

How about his own church, for instance, his beloved “Corner-Stone Temple”? He thought rather ruefully of its old-fashioned auditorium, its dingy Sunday-school room, and its general falling-to-pieces, dilapidated condition. “It doesn’t seem exactly the right kind of a power plant to generate happiness for Sadie and her family, does it?” he said to himself.

And then there flashed before him, more concretely than ever before, the church he would like to have. It was a five-story settlement-house church. It had a beauti-

fully quiet little auditorium for church services and an up-to-date Sunday-school room, with separate classrooms. It had three floors of dormitories. Sadie could have a room right there, paying what she could afford, and there would be a wise house-mother to look after her and a cozy, home-like parlor with a piano where she could entertain her Ned. For Tessie and Jennie and Rosie, who still lived at home, there would be a pleasant cafeteria with a Victrola, open all night, so that they could drop in after the moving pictures and get something nice and hot to eat.

They would enjoy the gymnasium, too, with its skating rink, its bowling alley and its swimming pool; they could take turns using it with their brothers. The younger boys and girls could be Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, with clubrooms all their own in the church. For Sadie’s mother there would be a roof garden with real flowers, where she could come with her baby in the afternoon and talk with the mother of Tessie and Jennie and Rosie.

Things shouldn’t go to waste in Greenpoint any more. Old clothes, old paper and waste wood could be brought together at the church, sorted over and made into regular useful things and sold where people needed them. “Relief sales,” he would call them. It would mean that if Sadie’s father or brother got out of a job he could give them work to tide them over.

“We ought to have a church like that. I believe I’ll put the matter up to the Centenary. What better way could there be to help celebrate the hundredth birthday of Methodist missions?”

There was a timid knock at the door—Sadie’s tired, shabby, dejected mother stood there.

“Where’s Sadie?” she asked, anxiously. “Her father came back madder than ever and swore he’d never let her come home again.”

“She’s staying with Mrs. Wantom on X— Street for the present. I’m going to find her a boarding place and a better job, if I can.”

“You ’ll kind of look out for her, then?” pleaded the mother. “It’s so hard for me to do anything and she’s been such a good girl till just lately.”

“You can depend upon me,” said the minister, with emphasis. “It’s a big job, but, somehow or other, we’ll see Sadie through.”



Reconstruction Articles to be Continued

MR. PRICE’S reconstruction articles have been interrupted by his trip to Europe. Next month, however, the articles will begin again and they will be filled with first-hand information. Last month several people were surprised to see in Mr. Price’s article that the Knights of Columbus were pictured in the diagram, while the Y. M. C. A. was left out.

Mr. Price’s material for the article was gathered directly after the signing of the armistice, and at that time the Y. M. C. A. was unready to announce its reconstruction program. Its work among our soldiers and sailors has often been described in these pages.

The Y. M. C. A. work for the French is the establishment and maintenance of *foyers du soldat* for the French army.

The *foyers* do everything for the French that the “Eagle huts” over here do for the Americans. Now that the war is over, the *foyers* are not going to stop. Soldiers want the *foyers* to remain in their home towns in time of peace to be community houses, gathering places for young people. The *foyers* are being placed in industrial centers for the workers. It is probable that a certain number of secretaries will stay in France to work *under French direction*. America’s part will be to help France, wherever she can, with men and money.

Land of Narikin and Rice Riots

Continued from page 19

to bags of rice or forced the merchants to sell at a big reduction.

There was an electric something in the atmosphere that was communicated from one group of workingmen to the other. In one small town over two thousand workers assembled at the clanging of a gong summoning people to the temple. They visited the principal rice stores and appropriated 2,500 bags of rice. The crowd then returned to their homes, shouting "Banzai!" Symbols of authority, traditionally respected in Japan, were contemptuously disregarded. Police-boxes were set on fire and armed troops were resisted with considerable spirit. Seven thousand ringleaders were arrested. The rice riots that caused every rice *narikin* to quake in his clogs died down as quickly as they had spread to every corner of Japan.

But the riots bore some fruit. The Terauchi Cabinet had to resign; the Government made an effort to regulate rice prices, tried to put the lid on the Rice Exchanges and limit speculation, and the new war millionaires had their attention uncomfortably drawn to the large working class that will not endure intolerable conditions forever.

The workingmen have been forbidden to organize in Japan. The nearest approach to a labor union is the Yuai-Kai, a workingmen's friendly society, which has 30,000 members and branches in 400 places. The president is a graduate of the Tokyo Imperial University, Bunji Suzuki, who has visited the United States several times to study its labor unions.

Strikes are illegal in Japan. None the less, even without aggressive organization, strikes occur. The skilled workmen have begun to rebel, and in the past two years there have been numerous strikes in munition factories, iron works, dock yards and shipping plants, where expert mechanics are needed. Not long ago 12,000 men struck at the Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Yard in Nagasaki and demanded thirty per cent. increase in wages. A short time after the rice riots there was serious rioting involving thousands of men in a chain of coal mines. They all demanded a thirty per cent. increase in wages and cheaper rice, and when they were refused they destroyed mine property and resorted to other sabotage methods.

But, as strikes are really forbidden fruit, they are sporadic attempts at best. The conflicts are usually decided in favor of the employers,

no matter how righteous the grievances of the men, and the strikers return to work to find that they are no better off than they were before.

There are some promising signs on the social horizon. In 1916, Japan enacted a factory law. There are many jokers in the law that invalidate it for practical improvement of conditions. Normal working hours are placed at twelve, but this refers only to women and

children, and, under press of seasonal occupations, their hours can still be extended to sixteen. Children under twelve are not to be employed, but exceptions are made in "certain industries." Fifteen years' time limit is granted for certain provisions of the law to go into effect. And, to crown all, the provincial governors can alter the law at their discretion in the interest of individual factories. But the Factory Law is at least a beginning—and it is the only factory law in the Far East.

Some of the more far-seeing statesmen and financiers are attempting to improve the conditions of the worker. Mr. Yukio Ozaki, former mayor of Tokyo and leader of the Kenseikai party, always champions the labor cause. Baron Shibusawa has been devoting himself to the study of social problems since his retirement from active business, and he has lately been making efforts to harmonize capital and labor. Not all the *narikin* squander their new wealth on idle extravagances. Many of them, like Mr. Ginjiro Katsuta, who gave 150,000 yen to the

Aoyama Gakuin, his *alma mater*, are building technical schools and night schools in their native provinces.

The rice rioters started something. They have attracted attention to the working class, which is a factor to be reckoned with in the future. The workers have lost the old relation of the apprentice to the master craftsman and with it much of the feudal loyalty to the employer. They have new problems, new demands, and a new outlook. But they have no vote, no representation of any kind in the Government. They are the *ronin* of the industrial world. The recently formed Hara Cabinet is composed of business men, many of them self-made business men. It is to be hoped that they will be more progressive than their predecessors and blaze a pioneer path toward the goal of industrial justice for the Japanese laboring classes.

A Japanese Solution

BARON SHIBUSAWA, foremost financier and business man of Japan, says that, although the war has made many changes in his country, there are not many Japanese business men who realize the importance of the growing breach between capital and labor. The business and industrial depression that Baron Shibusawa expects for Japan, now that the war is over, will probably plunge the workers into difficulties and engender enmity toward the capitalist. He says:

"What is urgently needed of business men is character building, as most of them are sadly lacking in moral training, and they should be taught the duty they owe to their country. Otherwise they will be overwhelmed by a social cataclysm."

What the Six o'Clock Whistle Means to Me

Continued from page 13

here. I have a room to myself, steam-heated, and bright and sunny. I have access to the shower baths and the bath-tub every time I want it. We get home-cooked meals. We have a bright, pleasant dining-room and when we go to our work we go in groups, just like sisters. We no longer hate each other. Every woman who lives in a rented room is in danger of getting to hate every one.

When the whistle blows at noon, we run "home," and after lunch we gather around the piano or go to our rooms and rest. When the six o'clock whistle blows, we go "home" again for a nice hot dinner. In the evening we have lectures or entertainments, or we sing or knit or drill or go to school. I am studying the common branches I did not have time to learn when I was younger, and my next course is to be stenography, so that I can work in an office when there are no more shells to shellac.

I pay forty dollars for room and board; at least it averages that. We have a cafeteria and can regulate our own expenses. It was costing me about seventy when I lived in the rented room.

The six o'clock whistle has a different meaning for me now, for this place, somehow, has dignified labor. I used to plan to work so hard and save so much money that my little sisters would be spared a whistle-governed life. Now I tell them what good times I have. I tell them how much I am learning, and how I enjoy it, and they are looking forward to the time when they, too, can go to work.

I hear that industrial centers are being established wherever large groups of women are employed. I wonder if the world knows the significance of this.

It means that the six o'clock whistle sounds an inspiration to better living and higher ideals. It calls us to develop the best there is in us.

У ВРАТЪ СОЦІАЛИЗМА.

The Gates of Freedom

THAT is the motto which heads this poster. Below the gates crowd the laborers of every country with a banner holding up the words of Leon Trotzky: "WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!" Leading the crowd, already entering the gates, are two Russian workers, a man and a woman.

For a Free Russia

PROFESSOR EDWARD Alsworth Ross, in his new book, reports a conversation with Leon Trotzky about the industrial ideas of the revolutionists.

"We are aiming at *control*, rather than ownership," Trotzky told him. "We will see to it that the factory is not run from the point of view of private profit, but from the point of view of the social welfare democratically conceived. We will not allow the capitalist to shut up his factory in order to starve his workmen into submissiveness, or because it is not yielding him a profit. If it is turning out economically a needed product, it must be kept running. If the capitalist abandons it, he will lose it altogether, for a board of directors chosen by the workingmen will be put in charge."

Ross himself adds that, "taking too literally 'the right of labor to the whole produce' workers have ridden their manager out of the works in a wheelbarrow, only to implore him a few weeks later to come back, because they knew not where to buy raw material or what kinds to order."

"The secret of the unexampled conquest of power in Russia by the working class," Ross explains later, "lies in its early organization.

By organizing first, it gained a broad running start over the propertied class, and now there is no likelihood of the *bourgeoisie* overtaking it."

The proletariat of Russia is organized. For over a year they have been struggling, each faction in its own way, to bring about a free Russia. The French Revolution took about one hundred years from the execution of Louis the Sixteenth to the organization of a lasting republic. Russia is still struggling onward, through murder and robbery and injustice, toward the Gates of Freedom, toward a Free Russia. She needs brotherly aid to set her feet in the right path. Shall she get it from America?



From a Poster Brought from Russia by the Rev. George H. Simons

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A QUICK LOOK
AT THE
NEWEST BOOKS



Labor Around the World

THE GOSPEL FOR A WORKING WORLD. By Harry F. Ward. *Missionary Education Movement.*

ANCIENT PEOPLES AT NEW TASKS. By Willard Price. *Missionary Education Movement.*

THIS year mission-study classes are attacking a vital problem—that of world-wide labor conditions. For their help and inspiration two excellent text-books have been written.

The Gospel for a Working World, by Professor Harry F. Ward, deals sympathetically with labor conditions in the United States, frankly facing the fact that the church has not always understood and met the needs of those who work with their hands.

Ancient Peoples at New Tasks, by Willard Price, is a graphic presentation of labor in other lands. Mr. Price shows how the romance of new industries in new fields is being threatened by injustice to the workers and how backward lands can be redeemed from their poverty by modern Christian methods of development.

Making Work Mean Adventure

THE CREATIVE IMPULSE IN INDUSTRY. By Helen Marot. E. P. Dutton & Company.

INDUSTRY has been shorn of adventure and imagination for the average worker, says Miss Marot, because "the economic organization of modern society, though built on the common people's productive energy, has discounted their creative potentiality."

Miss Marot gives her version of ideal industrial schools for America, in which the creative impulse could be recognized and developed.

Real Democracy

FAIR PLAY FOR THE WORKERS. By Percy Stickney Grant. Moffat, Yard & Company.

THE real sentiments of Mr. Grant's books are that, since "America made the world safe for democracy," it is time we found out what democracy is and applied it.

Case after case of injustice—of autocratic injustice—Mr. Grant names—the great labor fight in San Francisco, the land question of our West, the race question, the health question. But always the greatest injustice occurs in connection with labor.

Self-government in industry alone can bring democracy, according to Mr. Grant.

Russia's Message to Capital and Labor

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL. By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company.

A FAIRNESS and understanding characterize this book about Russia, a sympathy toward the revolutionists and the anti-revolutionists—and, above all, a real love for the Russian people.

"If proletarian rule persists in Russia," says Professor Ross, "and does not bring on an economic collapse, the working class in all advanced industrial countries will speedily become restive under the present social system. . . . And with the liberated workers of Russia in full view, it does not pay capitalists to exclude labor from all voice in the governing of industry."

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Aga, Khan, Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah. INDIA IN TRANSITION, A STUDY IN POLITICAL EVOLUTION. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Baker, James H. AFTER THE WAR, WHAT? Stratford Co., Boston. \$1.00.
Barton, James L. CHRISTIAN APPROACH TO ISLAM. Pilgrim Press. \$2.00.
Buchanan, Meriel. THE CITY OF TROUBLE. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 50c.
Dennett, Tyler. DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT IN ASIA. Association Press. \$1.50.
Doty, Madeleine. AROUND THE WORLD IN WAR TIME. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
THE GIRL'S YEAR BOOK. The Woman's Press. 60c. net.
Harrison, Edith Ogden. BELOW THE EQUATOR. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.
Hasbrouck, Louise S. MEXICO FROM CORTES TO CARRANZA. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.
Hearn, Mrs. (Koizumi, Setsuko). REMINISCENCES OF LAF-CADIO HEARN. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00.
Hopkins, E. Washburn. HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. Macmillan Co.
Joseph, Oscar L. THE COMING DAY. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
Kirk, Sara S. JESUS' TEACHING ABOUT LIFE, AN OUTLINE STUDY. The Woman's Press.

- Kirkland, Lucian Swift. SAMURAI TRAILS. Geo. H. Doran Co. \$2.50 net.
Lauler, Marie Rose. MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN BELGIUM AND GERMANY. French Orphans' Guard, Indianapolis, Ind. 50c.
Laut, Agnes Christina. PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST. Macmillan Co. \$2.25.
Lee, Frederick S. THE HUMAN MACHINE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.10 net.
McConaughty, David. MONEY, THE ACID TEST. Missionary Education Movement.
OUTLINE STUDIES ON THE PROBLEMS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD. Association Press. 15c.
Palmer, Frederick. AMERICA IN FRANCE. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.
Papazian, Bertha S. THE TRAGEDY OF ARMENIA. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.00.
Perkins, Lucy Fitch. THE FRENCH TWINS. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
Poole, Ernest. THE VILLAGE—RUSSIAN IMPRESSIONS. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
Safroni-Middleton, A. WINE-DARK SEAS AND TROPIC SKIES. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.
Tagore, Rabindranath. STORIES FROM TAGORE. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
Thomas, Norma Waterbury. JACK AND JANET IN THE PHILIPPINES. Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass.
Verrill, A. Hyatt. GETTING TOGETHER WITH LATIN AMERICA. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

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A Boy Starts Something Big

Continued from page 9

Preble hated the universe. Six of the children were still in bed. The factory owner had assured Mr. Porter that they were perfectly well, and the calm missionary had lost his temper. So the children stayed.

Preble wrote his uncle a long letter, mourning his attempts at gathering a football team.

"I can't even get a scrub team," he wrote, "'cause six of the kids are all in and two of them girls! Gee! If I just had two dozen I could get up the best league in Asia. Oh, Unkie, I wish you could fix it up for me!" "What Mr. Porter, packer of pork, and wealthy Chicagoan, thought of the carpet



Getting players for the All-Persian team

strike, Mr. Porter, missionary, never knew. But he wrote Preble's father to find out exactly how much the football team—and concurrent expenses—would cost.

Mr. Porter sat down in his mission house and thought of the scheme that had been the dream of his life, and which had begun to fade. He would need a large, new classroom and two more teachers, a wing on the dormitory with two dozen more beds and bedding, books—and footballs—and there would have to be some support for the parents.

He added up the impossible figure, and found the result a nightmare and a weird touch of imagination. He sealed the letter grimly and sent it off, with a shrug of his shoulders.

It was a long while before the answer came, and the calm missionary's fingers trembled as he opened the letter and a check for the whole impossible sum fell out.

"Dear Bill," read the note, "You've worked me rather neatly. Guess you've made me pay up for everything I've ever said about missions. However, this money isn't for your old mission—it's for football and the biggest league in Asia. Give my regards to the cub and see that he doesn't grow up into a Gompers."

Mr. Porter dropped the letter and sat staring out at the dusty little Persian town.

"Preble," he said, "how long will it take you to get your football team trained?"

"Huh?" Preble Elijah shrieked.

"I just thought," Mr. Porter said softly, still looking far off over the hills, "that it would be nice to have the first game—on your mother's birthday. It's what she would have wanted."

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SELECT NOTES

By REV. F. N. PELOUBET, D.D., and
AMOS R. WELLS, Litt.D., LL.D.

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An Unpaid War Debt

(Continued from page 3)

hundred yards from the mines and ovens. While the men draw the coke, the women and the children live in the smoke. An African kraal could not be more squalid. Rows of houses, red houses, dirty houses, stand close together in a bedlam of community life. Featherless chickens, goats, cows, pigeons, heavily-laden clotheslines, bare-footed women, children—all in one motley back-yard medley, and, in the midst of all the distressing odors imaginable, the sweet fragrance of bread baking in an old-fashioned outdoor oven.

Some villages, depending upon the social vision of the corporations, are better than others, as shown in the accompanying picture, but even the efforts of a solicitous company to improve living conditions go to smash when they strike the individual. These people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Here influenza reaped a terrific harvest. Systematic instruction in sanitation and hygiene by a social worker would have saved hundreds of lives.

These people wallow in booze. Romanism has not made an adequate protest against this beastly social custom. A saloon-keeper and a church pillar are often synchronous.

Here are the questions taken from a catechism studied in the free-thinking classes in the Bohemian halls:

Q. "What is God?"

A. "God is a word representing an imaginary being which people have worked out."

Q. "Who was Jesus Christ?"

A. "The illegitimate son of a virgin named Mary."

In paying the war debt we owe this people we will make safe the foundations of an American democracy among them.

There are 104 villages without a chapel or church of any denomination whatsoever. There is one gymnasium in the region, but what are two dozen dumb-bells among the young people in a colony of 100,000 people?

Four denominations have worked here—the Baptists, the Disciples, the Presbyterians and the Methodists. But with their combined efforts they have just one missionary for every 12,000 foreign-born. If you are doubtful about the capacity of these people to receive the Gospel, remember that the Slavs are the racial descendants of the Hussites and the Moravians.

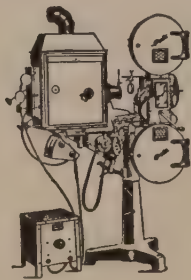
The Methodists plan to spend enough of the eighty millions they are raising this year for the Centenary to supply adequately church and social centers in twenty-nine of these neglected villages.

WORLD OUTLOOK

is coming into its own in a far larger way than it has at any time in the past four years. The number of subscriptions received in December was 11,555 as compared with 6,190 last December. We will soon reach the 50,000 mark, which will assure us a still more splendid growth.

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WORLD OUTLOOK

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WORLD OUTLOOK

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Number Two

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WILLARD PRICE
Editor





THIS IS JAPAN DAY

And here, on the railing of the Altar of Liberty at Madison Square, stands Madame Miura, a singer from the eastern islands. Before her there sweeps the traffic of Fifth Avenue, the main street of America's greatest city. The Avenue is hung with flags and banners; each block bears a painting representing one of the Allied nations. As Madame Miura looks before her, she sees the scarlet and white of her national flag flying from a staff. In her national costume, surrounded by her countrymen, this lady is singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Adventures in Raising Millions

By Phyllis Duganne

IN the spring of 1917 the Red Cross started its first really big drive. Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Company was chosen to run the campaign.

So he, and the other men high up in the Red Cross and in money-raising, sat together about a table to talk over various plans and suggestions.

"I say we try to raise ten million dollars!" one man suggested.

"We might be able to squeeze out twenty-five," the man across the table said. "Of course that's stretching it a little, but—"

There were all sorts of murmurs when twenty-five million dollars was mentioned, but the room was quite still when a third man announced quietly that he thought fifty million was possible.

Finally, though, the financiers and men high in the Red Cross agreed on fifty million as the outside limit. Henry Davison had been sitting there smiling, listening.

"What do you think?" they asked him, and were quiet while they awaited his answer.

"You couldn't do it!" he said. "You couldn't make the people of the United States give fifty million dollars to the Red Cross! Or twenty-five million—or ten for that matter!"

The other men looked at him in wonder. After all, Henry Davison knew a great deal about money-raising, and he was supervising this campaign. But ten million dollars—! The man who had suggested fifty million looked crestfallen.

"I wouldn't go into any plan to raise ten million dollars for the Red Cross," Davison went on quietly, with an amused smile at the impression he was making. "But I'll tell you what I would do—" he hesitated dramatically. "If you want to put it up to American citizens that the Red Cross could get along with a hundred million to start with—why, I'm with you!"

That was the first really big drive, and the people gave from ten to twelve million dollars over the hundred. It wasn't a well-organized campaign—at least not in comparison with the second. The Red Cross people worked to obtain their quota—but if they had done nothing but put tin buckets about in conspicuous places and tell people about it, that money would have been raised.

The real drive—the first of the nation-



THE HUMAN FLY

Alias Harry Gardner, climbing the side of the lofty Park Row Building, while canvassers go through the watching crowd for money.

*Photograph by
Int. Film Serv.*

wide, efficiently organized campaigns—came later. Along in January, 1918, the Red Cross realized that their one hundred million dollars would be quite exhausted by the following June. So they planned the second drive.

From the Red Cross War Council, authorized by President Wilson, and given the guarantee that no other money-raising campaign should take place at the same time, down to Mrs. Montgomery of the Ypsilanti Women's Club, the campaign was organized, step by step, like the house that Jack built.

The nation was mapped out in the Central Red Cross office, divided and subdivided, so that when the actual intensive campaign began, the machinery started running as though the President had pressed a button.

In all the campaigns, the work of the publicity department has been the most picturesque. It was "publicity" that got the posters from the many artists—and then handed them over to the physical department for the actual distribution. "Publicity" it was that rang every bell, whistle, and siren in New York City every afternoon at three o'clock during the drive, and then after a three minutes' pause, announced, by bells, the number of millions given that day.

The publicity people engaged the human spider to climb New York's skyscrapers, and gather crowds from whom canvassers might collect money; they found the man who dived from a twenty story building into an eight-foot tank of water. They were responsible for the airplanes which rained down Red Cross literature; for the parades and public meetings and soldier-orators; for the speech at the Metropolitan Opera House in which President Wilson expounded his famous five points.

New York City's quota was \$24,500,000—and the city poured forth \$42,000,000, only \$35,000,000 of which they claimed, since seven million of it was given to be credited to other parts of the country. The whole United States raised a little more than \$170,000,000.

So much, then, for the Red Cross. It has gone over the top of its quota on its two money-raising drives, and on its two membership campaigns.

Six months after the Red Cross drive, was organized the United War Work Campaign, a drive for the seven organizations which were serving soldiers and

sailors—the Salvation Army, Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board, War Camp Community Service, and American Library Association. Their quota was \$170,500,000—the largest amount of money ever offered voluntarily in the history of the world.

There were only two months in which to prepare. In the midst of the preparation came the influenza, which killed twice as many people as America lost in the war. Workers—speakers—givers—thousands were taken ill, and were unable to help.

Four days before the campaign started came the first peace report. The country was in an uproar; the posters asking money to help our boys in the trenches seemed things of the past. The war was over! The report was denied, and on November eleventh, the opening day of the drive, the actual news set the country's bells ringing.

New York City was so astir with the news; New York's money was being so lavishly poured into the cash-registers of cafes, that when the week of the drive ended, \$3,750,000 of the city's \$35,000,000 quota was lacking. The drive was extended within the city for three days, and John D. Rockefeller promised to make up whatever money the city failed to give—provided that the city raised at least half the deficiency. New York produced \$3,400,000, and Mr. Rockefeller the remainder.

Yet the country rallied to the United War Work Campaign as it had to the others. In New York City, all sorts of people came to the central committee to offer their services. A crowd of bowlers presented themselves.

"We haven't any money," they said, "but we're champion bowlers. If you want us to do exhibition bowling for you, we'll turn over the proceeds to the campaign."

And so with the boxers, who came, unasked, and offered to exercise their talents to bring in more money for the drive. The men to whom they came did not feel that they could call some money good, other money bad; the boxers did their bit along with the rest.

All sorts of things were sent in to the fund.

"I haven't any money," wrote one old man, "but this was my grandfather's gold watch. I want you to take it and put it with the rest of the fund to care for our boys overseas."

So, from all over the United States, the people answered the need of the men fighting in France.

The Liberty Loan campaigns, of course, were yet another thing. The Loans are voluntary offerings, yet people do not have to be wholly altruistic to subscribe to them. The bond of the United States is a safe investment, and four and one-quarter per cent. interest is no slight thing. And Liberty Bonds are not taxed.

When the first Loan was prepared, a central committee of representative bankers of international standing planned the campaign. The country's twelve Federal Reserve districts were each provided with an army of workers. The leading bankers, prominent clergymen, local orators and organizers, prominent club women, leaders of church and civic leagues were enrolled in the drive.

The moral of any money-raising drive seems to be that there's nothing you can't get if you have good publicity. It's easier to raise a well advertised million dollars than a badly advertised hundred. And the publicity department of the Liberty Loan Committee knew its business.

When the appearance of war veterans helped, the committee saw to it that wounded boys in khaki addressed the crowds that gathered. And the people who could resist the sad-eyed boys with their "We give our lives—you give your dollars," bought their bonds, because posters proclaimed that so many bonds bought so many miles of bandages, such a number of gas masks or rifles. There was an appeal for every man, woman and child.

In offices, when workers hurried to the water tanks, thirsty after a hard day's work, they saw the sign—"Keep the water carts coming up—Buy Liberty Bonds," and a sketch of a tired soldier. The appeals reached heart and reason—and the results spoke for themselves.

There were signs and leaflets everywhere and in every language; from Alaska to the Philippines, Americans oversubscribed their quotas.

Since the war, Americans have learned a great deal about money, anyway. They have learned that money cannot buy back the lives of the men in khaki—but that it can make life much more bearable for those who are suffering.

America has had to grow up since the war; Americans have had to

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chairman of the Campaign Committee of the United War Work Drive, and the patriotic elephant—we don't know his name, but it's probably Beatrice. Mr. Rockefeller's family gave between two and three million dollars to the drive; the Rockefeller Foundation gave five million. As to the elephant—at least he gave his services.





look with wide open eyes at the desolation of Belgium and France. And American eyes have looked still further—into Poland and Serbia, Armenia and Syria.

Men and women who had never given money to charity, have poured out their dollars into the hands of those organizations, which are working for other people than our own soldiers—the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the Armenian-Syrian Relief, the Free Milk for France Fund, the Fatherless Children of France, the Italian, Polish, Serbian, Russian relief funds. They are all going back to the stricken parts of Europe, backed by American money and American help.

Never before has America given with such generosity. Foreigners are beginning to doubt our “typical Yankee shrewdness,” our love of dollar-chasing. Individually, in groups, and in great movements, Americans are giving from their plenty to the hungry and homeless all over the world.

They have given gladly to each new kind of war work, as it came along; they have exchanged the money that was left for Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds. America has truly learned the value of money. The tired business man, who, three or four years ago, was proud that he “never gave a cent to charity,” is working for the Armenian-Syrian Relief—even if he doesn’t know exactly in what part of Europe the two countries are situated. The college woman who believed that charity was weakening rather than helpful, is working with all her strength for the babies of Serbia.

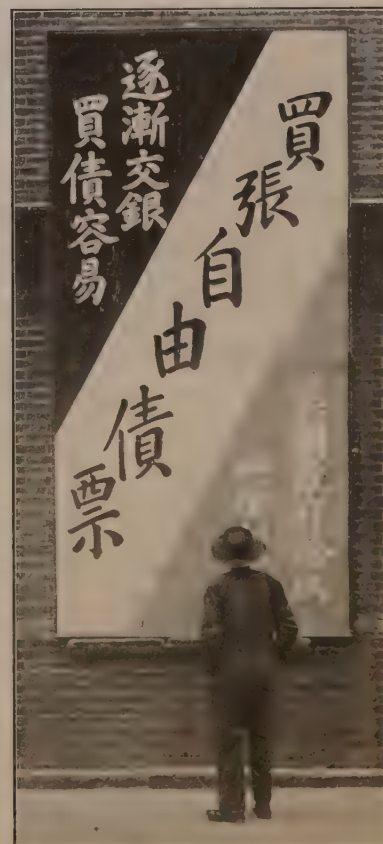
And now that the tired business man and the college woman and all the other Americans who didn’t know much about helping other people before the war, have learned about Serbia and Poland, they are wondering about the East Side of New York, and the starved American babies. “Free Milk for France” has seen thousands of American dollars; perhaps “Free Milk for the East Side,” and “Societies for American Babies” will grow up in our reconstruction period, among the other fruits of the war.

DEMOCRACY— ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL

The striped gentleman on the left is “China”; between him and the striped gentleman on the right smiles Miss Columbia. They did a great deal more than dress up in patriotic costumes—these Chinese. The \$55,000.00 which the tiny triangle that is New York’s Chinatown raised in the third loan grew considerably in the fourth.

AMERICANS—BUY!

At the corner of Mott and Pell streets hung this sign: “Buy Liberty Bonds!” “We give our lives—you lend your dollars,” applied to Chinese New Yorkers as well as to Americans. Many boys from these winding streets changed their shiny black suits for khaki.



Stewardship—A Present-Day Movement

By Ralph S. Cushman

CITIZENSHIP is a stewardship. The great war has made this clear. But citizenship is only one side of stewardship. All of life is a stewardship. One of the most interesting features of the new stewardship consciousness which, as a deep spiritual movement, now seems rapidly to be spreading over the United States is the way it is manifesting itself in the business world.

Recently in a railroad coach a turn in a chance conversation with a stranger revealed the fact that the father of the young man was a minister. In answer to the question, "Where is your father stationed?" he replied:

"O, he isn't preaching now; he has been employed by the Colgate Company to administer their tithe fund."

"What do you mean?"

The stranger replied, "Don't you know that that Company sets aside one-tenth of its income to be given to religious and philanthropic objects? It is a sort of an acknowledgment of Divine Favor."

IN the city of Syracuse there is a business partnership of several brothers which has attracted considerable attention by its growing prosperity. Not many months ago it seemed necessary to expand. Their bankers quickly expressed readiness to supply the additional capital. But before final arrangements were made it was necessary to look over the articles of incorporation, whereupon it was discovered that a per cent. of the income of the concern was to be paid to the Kingdom of God, as a first claim upon the business.

Very reluctantly the bankers reported that no money could be loaned as long as that provision remained. The bank must have first claim. If the company was ready to drop the article in question it could have as much money as was needed.

The brothers met to discuss the question: "Shall we cancel this article which acknowledges our dependence upon God and get the money needed, or shall we hold to our principles and go on without it—at least for the present?"

In order that all might act independently, a secret ballot was decided upon and when the result was announced it showed every vote opposed to the cancellation of this declaration of stewardship.

NEXT to its growing expression in the business world perhaps the most significant thing about the stewardship movement is the way in which the various communions are uniting in emphasis at this point. At some time in the future when the story is told of "How the Churches Got Together," it will be a poor historian who will omit the tale of a recent New York meeting of interdenominational leaders, called by the Layman's Missionary Movement to launch a nation-wide Christian Stewardship Campaign.

The following statements taken from the platform adopted at that gathering will furnish an interpretation of the practical Christian Stewardship which, already noted in the business world, is rapidly making way in the practice of multitudes of individual Christians. Only three articles are quoted:

"God is the owner of all things.

"God's ownership and man's stewardship ought to be acknowledged.

"This acknowledgment requires as a part of its expression the setting apart for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ of such a definite portion of income as is recognized by the individual to be the will of God."

PERHAPS the most practical thing about the present-day stewardship message is that it points out that the money test is the acid test of genuine devotion to the Kingdom of God.

It is easy enough to exclaim, "All that I have is the Lord's," but the teaching of the Scripture and experience is to the effect that the honesty of such words will be proven by the laying down of some definite and first proportion of income.

This means that the time is approaching when no longer will God's work at home and abroad be supported by trifling methods, nor by what professing Christians have left over after they have taken care of everything else. It means that Christians who claim to put God and His Kingdom first will show the genuineness of their profession by setting aside "the first fruits" of income as the expression of gratitude and loyalty.

A modern Christian statesman put a great truth into a nutshell when he wrote, "The money that belongs by every right to God, but is kept back from Him by His people, is probably the greatest hindrance to vital spirituality that there is in the world to-day."



EDUCATING A GIRL IS LIKE PUTTING A KNIFE IN THE HANDS OF A MONKEY—*Hindu Proverb*

THERE is one chance in a hundred that this shy little Hindu girl will ever be taught to read. But a glance at her face will convince you that she would undoubtedly make good.

There are millions like her in India. If she were a boy she would be five times as likely to get an education.

One-ninth of the four million school children in India are in

mission schools. Of these, about 330,000 are boys and 100,000 are girls. Throughout India, Christians have a higher standard of literacy than any other class, especially for girls.

But India's need for schools is far from being met. There are 60,000 Methodist children alone who stand no chance at all of an education. The danger of an illiterate church should be averted.

What I Would Do If I Had A Million Dollars

ORGANIZE A TRADES UNION OF MOTHERS

BY MARY HALTON, M. D.

IF I had a million dollars I would organize a trades union of the mothers of America, eventually of the world. Everyone knows that in union alone there lie strength and power. Individuals can do nothing. And yet to-day each mother keeps apart by herself, crooning over her baby as her mother did before her. If the baby is taken ill she calls a doctor—sometimes a doctor who knows many things about babies, and sometimes a doctor who doesn't know so much as he should.

The average mother does not know about the advanced methods we doctors have found in caring for babies. She doesn't know of the new things we are discovering every day. There isn't any way for her to find out. There would be local unions, where mothers could meet, and from the platforms the world's most advanced doctors could talk of the care of children.

I would suggest the grandmothers of America's babies as union organizers, women who would travel from city to city, unionizing the women who were mothers.

After the trades union of mothers grew into a strongly organized union it would have great political power. It would be able to put through good legislation; milk strikes, and strikes holding back baby foods could be averted. Prices of baby-carriages, scales, blankets—everything that a baby needs—could be made uniform. Playgrounds would be built, schools would be better, everything that leads toward the building up of body, mind, and soul could be obtained for the future citizen. No group of politicians would be able to oppose a union of mothers introducing bills for the coming generation.

In New York this year 12,000 children between the ages of seven and sixteen were arrested on various charges. All of these children were not deficient or criminal; they were victims of incompetent mental training. The average mother is totally ignorant of the facts related to the development of a child's mind.

In the schools about New York 92% of the children have some physical defect. And in the United States as a whole, only 50% of all the babies born live to be over twenty-three years of age.

The trades union of mothers would look back of those figures with more interest than any charitable organization, or group of politicians. And the meetings of the union, the lectures, the courses, would lessen the percentage considerably.

A million dollars spent in organizing a mothers' union would do much toward improving the United States in general.



MAKE POSSIBLE A LITERATE CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

BY JOHN FRANKLIN GOUCHER

PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF GOUCHER COLLEGE

IF the investment is to be distributed so as to relieve fundamental human needs, secure permanently increasing dividends of blessings to mankind, and have far-reaching influence in hastening the Kingdom,

the allotment to Foreign Mission work would meet these conditions if contributed to the development of a carefully standardized system of education, including the whole range of Primary and University work, making possible a literate Church membership and an adequate native leadership in each of the Christ-less nations.

Primary education is fundamental, but quality is more vitally important than quantity, and institutions for higher learning are essential to first class work in every school of lower grade. One first class institution, properly adjusted, the best of its kind, is more constructive than forty others working below the point of efficiency.

Evangelism, without education, faces fanaticism and reaction. Christian education is the most productive, the most permanent and farthest reaching form of evangelism. Therefore:

1. I would make no contribution to any form of Christian activity unless it were coordinated to the larger movements of the Kingdom.
2. I would strengthen, as best I might, the strategically related units of a great Interdenominational *system* of Christian education, which would have permanent and increasing ministry, unifying Christian activities, eliminating wasteful competition and largely increasing production in the work of the Kingdom of our Christ, who prayed for the Church that "they all may be one."



SPEND IT FOR PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

HEAD OF HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK

OUT of my settlement experiences, extending over a period of twenty-five years, with those community problems which have kept alert the minds and hearts of similar groups all over the United States, the conviction has been impressed upon me that the most important single factor is the nurse who goes into the homes. The people send for her; they want her—she is not imposed upon them unasked; they are more ready to listen to her counsel.

Any large community would benefit by the expenditure of a million dollars where there is a well established visiting nurse service, and particularly where the service coordinates its work with that of a standard college or university and makes it possible to give the hospital students and graduates clinical experience, theory and laboratory work for the purpose of socializing the work of the trained nurse. All public health programs are dependent upon the nurses for their execution. In this their work carries out the fundamental principle of the settlement—that education and opportunity should be extended to reach the individuals of every neighborhood. Much of this depends upon the teaching ability of this most modern nurse.

The work of the public health nurses is not yet well known. Their service is practically unseen and unadvertised, like many other neighborhood services, and therefore has not brought out the large gifts commensurate with its needs and its capacity.

FOUND A NEWSPAPER FOR LABOR

JAMES J. BAGLEY
FRANKLIN UNION No. 23

IF I had a million dollars I would found a newspaper which would be edited by real men and women who do not fear God but love Him. I would strip from the minister his present subservience to the god of greed, and give him, in my newspaper, a free pulpit through which to express the real truths as taught by Jesus Christ.

My paper would tell to the man in the street that the money doled out to him in charity by the rich few originally belonged to him and is given only by the rich as a sop to their conscience and an act of penance.

My paper would explain how a living wage can be paid to every man and woman in every industry, thereby giving them a home in which children may be born—and about which can be enough of God's green earth that the children may feel the earth from the moment they begin to toddle, and thus grow up close to nature's God. The children would be allowed to go as far in school as their ambition directed. They would be taught that the world really belongs to them and that its future is in their keeping. They would be allowed full rein in true thought and expression and my paper would publish the best of this thought.

By doing this, the world would be made a better place to live in. Man would know man and therefore God would find a playground in the soul of the human race. My million would be well spent and there would be no more work for labor leaders.



ORGANIZE RURAL SOCIAL LIFE

BY RICHARD MORSE
AUTHOR OF "FEAR GOD IN YOUR OWN VILLAGE."

IF I had a million dollars I should probably spend the first few days looking at it. Eventually I think I would use it for the creation of a national country life association, whose objects would be to effectively organize our rural social life on a national scale to help every American community that desired it to have such a set of social institutions as the following:

1. A NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE for Community Headquarters, Red Cross workrooms, Y. M. C. A. activities, better recreations, movies, entertainments, clubs, classes, etc. Such a neighborhood house might be constructed as a memorial to the community's soldiers instead of the marble shafts that were erected in so many places after the Civil War.
2. A CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL for education of adolescents, continuation school for adults, vocational education for all.
3. A FREE LIBRARY for more culture and a world outlook.
4. A FARM BUREAU ORGANIZATION for more production and for local administration of the return of soldiers to the land.
5. A FARM CREDIT ASSOCIATION which shall secure capital by which soldiers may become land owners.
6. AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU as clearing house for farm labor.
7. A COOPERATIVE MARKETING ASSOCIATION for better marketing.
8. A HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION to make more attractive the country household.
9. A PUBLIC HEALTH AND NURSING ASSOCIATION for better health.

The spirit of this program must be one of cooperation, not patronage or "up-lift." It should be noted that practically all of these institutions require some organic connection and means of cooperation on a national scale in order to be effective locally.

To be sure this program is not one that can be thrust down the throats of rural communities, but I believe that the average rural community not only needs these institutions but desires them in whole or in part. The result upon American life and character makes an even greater call upon one's imagination than the contemplation of a million dollars.



SATISFY THE IMMIGRANT'S MYRIAD NEEDS

BY JOHN R. HENRY
PASTOR CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS, NEW YORK CITY

IF I had a million dollars I would build a Christian gateway in the world's greatest city, amid the teeming immigrant masses that stream in from the earth's farthest rim. Here the stranger would have a friendly greeting in his mother tongue. Here would be multiplied agencies to satisfy the immigrant's myriad needs, to interpret for him patriotism and Christ.

For the immigrant child—A playroom, to keep from the dangers of the street five hundred to a thousand little folk every night—vocational classes to train the youth in useful trades—a gymnasium, a roof garden, a great white-tiled pool, and a battery of a dozen showers, in use the whole year round—would answer the recreational needs the richest city of all time denies its little citizens.

For the adult—Great airy floors lifted high above the city's noise and dirt would house hundreds of our Russian men; to-day their homes are life destroying tenements. Night schools, with the friendly touch for the illiterate—halls for forums and lectures—accommodations for visiting nurses—rooms for clubs and classes—a well equipped musical department—a reading room with newspapers in many languages—suitable quarters for the settlement workers—and a country recreation house.

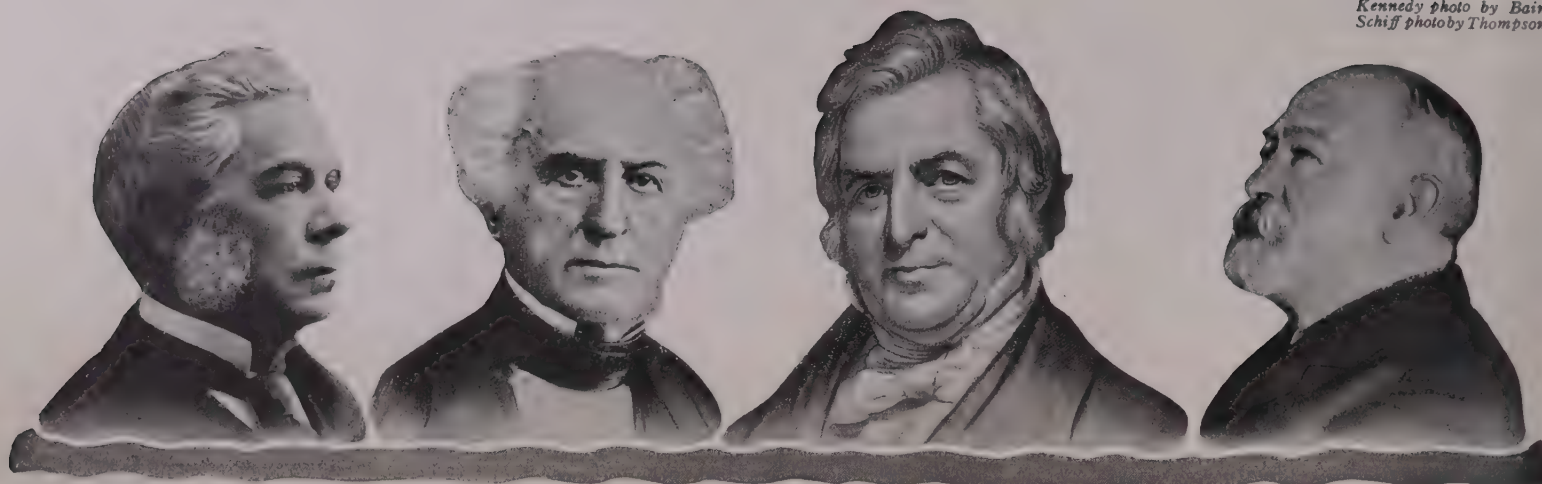
And for all—Three reverence-inducing chapels, where young and old might be pointed the road to God—a staff, educated, trained, friendly, Christian—and all planned with the faith that God would breathe into man and marble the Breath of Life.



TAKE IT ALL TO PALESTINE

BY JOHN H. FINLEY
COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IF I had a million dollars I would take it at once to Palestine and Syria, the homestead of our civilization, to help allay the suffering there, and help to bring the glory of America into this land for centuries under oppression. I hope the time of the Great Restoration has come, and that America, through her gifts, will have a part in it.



JOHN STEWART KENNEDY

CHRISTOPHER R. ROBERT

WILLIAM COLGATE

JACOB H. SCHIFF

Who Tithes and Why

By James L. Saylor

THE why of tithe-paying in this generation is best explained through the views of men who are tithing to-day. William Arthur, a Wesleyan Methodist minister of London, said: "I know many men who, at the outset of life, gave a tenth. These have all been prosperous men. I do not know one of them but shows that the effect of his early adopting one-tenth has been to prepare him for a higher proportion when years of plenty set in."

The tithe of John D. Rockefeller is no meagre amount of money, yet when he started giving a tenth of his income to purposes of public and religious character he was eight years old—and making ten cents a day.

To-day he says that he counts it one of the greatest blessings of his life that he was taught in his home regularly to give away a portion of his income. To-day his wealth is working through the Rockefeller Foundation, in war relief; it is endowing medical schools and hospitals in China. Annually he gives \$300,000 to foreign missions; he has founded the University of Chicago, opening great opportunities to those of moderate means in the Middle West to secure an advanced education in literature, law, medicine and the sciences.

William Colgate, the founder of the Colgate perfume and soap business, began to give a tenth of his earnings to religious and charitable purposes when he was poor. With an increased wealth, came an increasing sense of responsibility to the community at large. Mr. Colgate's biographer says of his giving:

"His benevolence was a religious conviction; it reduced his charities to system, made them a means of self-culture and an homage to God. He dispensed his gifts both with purpose and proportion; and recognized at all times his stewardship to God."

John Stewart Kennedy, the banker, had been a tither from the very first of his business career. During his lifetime he built the United Charities Building in New York, and presented it to the four philanthropic societies which are housed in it. He gave \$250,000 to the School of Philanthropy and \$1,000,000 anonymously to Columbia University. He gave \$1,000,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital and \$400,000 to the Nurses' Home. Besides many other gifts to charity during his lifetime, his will transferred nearly \$30,000,000 to religious, charitable and educational institutions.

Jacob H. Schiff, another banker, has been a strict tither for years, although his gifts in recent years have much overrun the tithe. It is said that Mr. Schiff is a contributor to every local Hebrew charity, besides aiding many non-sectarian societies, and that the total amount of his gifts is more than one hundred thousand dollars annually.

Daniel Sharp Ford, editor and owner of the *Youth's Companion*, has always given generously to church and charities.

John S. Huyler, head of the Huyler candy stores, said one day in his quiet way to Rev. Charles L. Goodell: "I heard the preachers say that a man should give one-tenth to the Lord; and after a while I gave a fifth, and later I gave a fourth, and then one-half, and then—I ceased to keep account."

In 1861 Christopher R. Robert, who had been a strict tither for many years, supplied the \$30,000 necessary to start Robert College founded at Constantinople. The college, from the very beginning, has been a potent factor in Balkan affairs, especially in Bulgaria, and has made a feeling of friendship between Bulgaria and America.

The Hon. Chester Ward Kinsley, of Boston, is yet another tither. He was a Representative and a Senator in Massachusetts, and an important figure in the Baptist Church. He testified to the pastor who first taught him to tithe that he had given more than five hundred thousand dollars for benevolent work.

The man in America who has perhaps done most to promote tithing is Thomas Kane of Chicago. He maintains an office force to send out literature on the subject; he says that one is benefited both spiritually and financially by giving one-tenth of one's income to religious and charitable purposes.

H. Z. Duke, owner of twenty-nine five and ten cent stores in Oklahoma and Texas, helped scores of men and women through school by his tithing.

Isaac Rich and Alden Speare, co-founders of Boston University, were both lifelong tithers; William Christie Herron of Cincinnati, another man who had always tithed, left many monuments of public benefactions when he died.

The names of men in connection with tithing are incomplete without the name of Jay Cooke, the financier of the Civil War. The business houses with which he was prominently connected not only tithed their profits for religious and charitable work, but he tithed his own income in addition.

He gave vast sums of money to rebuild churches in the South. He became known as a great philanthropist; and repeated calls were made upon him from many parts of the United States. He was identified with many charitable and civic societies in Philadelphia, and was liberal in his gifts to the American Bible Union. In his charities he knew no lines of creed or religious differences.

Bishop James W. Bashford says that it has grown clear to him that if Christians, in addition to devoting one-seventh of their time to the Lord, were also to set aside one-tenth of their income for his service, the world would be speedily evangelized.

One Good Turn Deserves Another

Men who have been fighting in Europe because they wanted to see the spirit of Democracy fill the world are enlisting for the second part of the battle—to interpret that spirit in concrete terms

By James Lewis

A COLLEGE mate of mine came into my office in New York three days ago. He had been in the Chemical Warfare Service of the War Department, busily manufacturing poison gas: some of that which was going to France to blot out whole regiments at a smell. His hands were still stained with the marks of chemicals. He was only five hours away from his "battlefront." But his eyes were clear.

"What have you got for me, Jim? I am out now and I want to do something worth while."

"I thought you had a job waiting for you?" I inquired.

"I have," he said, "and I don't want it. Not that it isn't a good one and pays well: but it isn't big enough. I entered this war because I wanted to see liberty fill the world. I wanted to see all men have the same right to freedom and pursuit of happiness which I enjoyed out on that Iowa farm where I was raised."

"And now," he said, "I have come out of the war after doing what I could and I don't want to give up the fight, because I believe the real struggle has just begun."

I had picked up the *New York Times* the other morning and read Harold Williams' cable: "The spectacle of Europe's ruin is simply appalling. Nineteenth century civilization has broken down. . . . there is a collapse of human moral energy, a revival of the primitive barbaric instincts and the fierce endeavor to have one's little private will by force. . . . Through all this seething and chaos run evil currents of intrigue after intrigue, monarchical, Bolshevik, financial, imperialistic, particularist, clerical, atheist. . . . Up through the European chaos is surely creeping the menace, not of socialism but Bolshevism, which is the revengeful shadow of reckless modern materialism."

I handed the clipping over to my college mate.

Continued on page 30



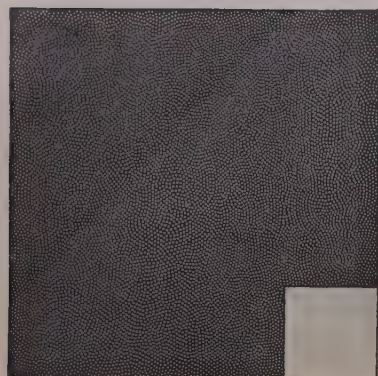
THIS is a "model" school in Foochow. In this room are boys who will be leaders in their community if they are given a chance. The right kind of men and women as well as the right kind of equipment is necessary to make this mission

school competent to spread the spirit of democracy. The Methodist Episcopal Church has begun a campaign to recruit 53,000 trained men and women to be leaders in the wider opportunities for Christian service at home and abroad.

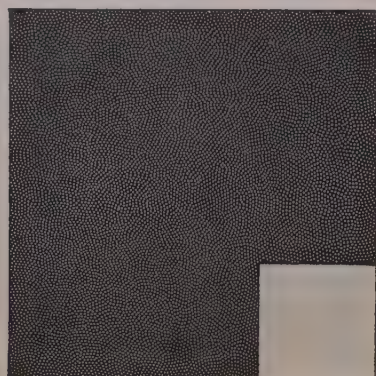
THE NEXT WAR---HOW

By Willard

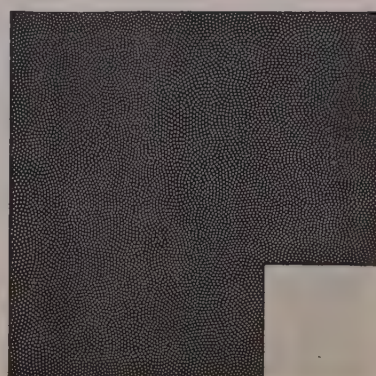
Only six per cent. of France has been entirely ruined



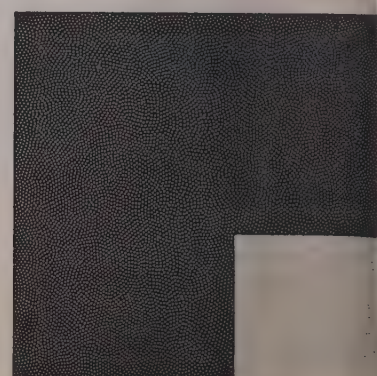
WOOL



FLAX



IRON ORE



PIG IRON

BUT that little 6% area was industrially the very heart of France. It supplied 94% of the total wool output of France, 90% of the flax, 90% of the iron ore, 83% of the pig iron, 70% of the steel, 70% of the sugar,

It is important that steps should be taken now to save ruined Europe from an even greater cataclysm than the one she has just experienced.

Reconstruction must move rapidly lest it be overtaken by destruction.

A very sick man commonly does one of two things. He dies, or he gets better. And the longer he remains desperately ill the more likely he is to experience the former alternative rather than the latter.

There are those who say that Europe is dead. Count Okuma, Premier of Japan and one of the ablest statesmen of the Far East, looking at Europe with the perspective of distance, declares the events of these years to mean nothing less than the death of European civilization.

The civilization of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage and Rome have risen to glory and been shattered to bits, and now the Japanese statesman sees in the present world catastrophe the repetition of history and the death-blow of the civilization of Europe.

We may consider that Count Okuma has been too quick to inter the sick man before quite the last breath was out of his body. But at least we must grant that Europe is desperately ill.

The diagram gives but a faint idea of the industrial illness of France. The

wealthiest part of France is in ruins. Great plants, machinery, mines—all are destroyed. One-fourth the productive capital of the nation is gone. French trade has suffered almost total collapse. Foreign markets are lost. We may say that the world, out of sympathy, will boycott Germany and will patronize France even at economic loss—but as a matter of fact history has proved that trade does not long move in patriotic and sentimental channels. Much of the trade which France has lost will never be regained.

The other nations, though not so devastated in territory, have suffered acutely in other ways.

The war cost the seven great belligerents 134 billion dollars. That is greater than the combined cost of all the previous wars of history.

The daily average cost was \$107,500,000. Every time the hour hand of the clock made a full circuit, \$4,479,000 went up in smoke and thunder.

These nations now struggle to stand erect and face the new day, bearing on their shoulders the unthinkable indebtedness of 129 billion dollars.

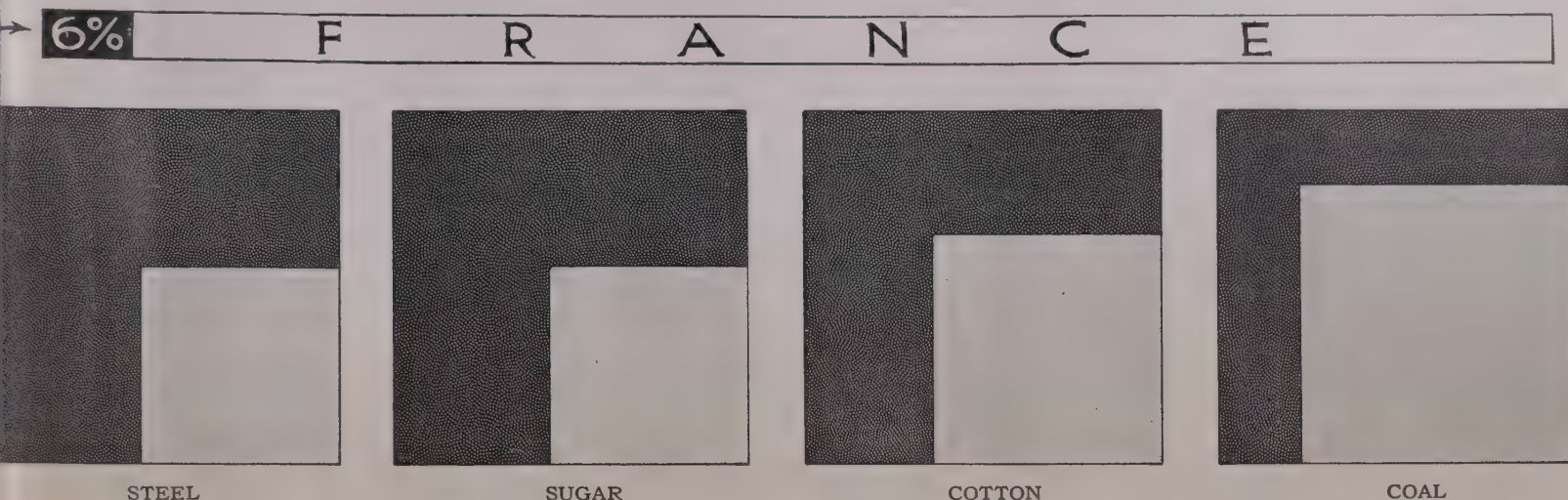
Such a burden cannot help but chafe the shoulders that bear it. And national debts are not borne by governments. They are borne by the mass of the people. They weigh most heavily on those who have least.

The folk throughout Europe who work with their



EUROPE MAY AVERT IT

rice



60% of the cotton and 55% of the coal. In the above diagrams the dark area in each case shows the production in this tiny part of France. The light area shows the production in all the rest of the countries put together

hands and whose compensation when at its best is inadequate will feel the burden most.

The result? The sort of chafing and industrial unrest that have already turned Russia into a sea of blood and misery, that have already torn Germany apart in civil dissension, that have already caused the subject peoples of Austria-Hungary to break free hoping thereby to escape from under the terrible burden, that have already been expressed in ominous labor demonstrations in France, Italy, England, the United States and Japan.

The socialist extremists of all countries are gathering tremendous power from the present hard world situation. Back of this movement stands the International—the world organization of socialism. The International is thoroughly committed to methods of violence, if violence is necessary to secure what it considers to be justice for the workers. Violence is already being used with terrible effect in Russia, its perpetrators offering the excuse that they are forced to employ the Red Terror so long as they are threatened by the White Terror of capitalistic oppression.

The war between nations is ended. Shall the war between classes be permitted to begin; or, having begun, shall it be allowed to continue and involve one nation after another until the world flames anew in a holocaust more terrible by far than the one whose embers are now

being dampened? There are two ways of meeting this world movement.

One is to invite a world struggle by attempting to put down the movement with force. In that way lies disaster.

The other is to endeavor seriously to understand the movement, to recognize all that is right in it, and to realize that much of what is wrong in it is due to the distortion of human minds by poverty, misery, hunger and uncertainty. A full stomach is the best antidote to insane class passions. If the multitudes of Europe were as comfortable as the gentlemen who attend the Peace Conference the tasks of that Conference would be greatly lightened.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the more speedily the masses of Europe are fed, clothed, housed, employed, given equal political representation, protected by industrial justice, churchd under the inspiration of a religion that, far

from ignoring the working class movement, will carry a warm and practical message to the workers, and, in the last analysis, Christianized, since enduring peace and brotherhood cannot be realized until the world order becomes Christian—the more speedily these tasks are begun the better chance we stand of averting the death-blow to western civilization foretold by the Oriental statesman and of converting the bitter energy of class antagonism into constructive energy for building a finer civilization than the world has yet known.





Summer heat has driven these men from stifling homes to the hard pavement under the Municipal Building in New York. As long as there remain homes so crowded that stone pavement outside is preferable to beds inside, rich men need not lack incentive to give.

How Rich Men Give

By J. G. Donley, Jr.

RICH men usually give wisely, quietly and liberally. They give wisely because they have learned that largess thoughtlessly bestowed may do more harm than good. Not a few of our richest men take as much pains to verify the worthiness of a cause of a charitable nature as they do to satisfy themselves of the soundness of a financial proposition. They know the power of money for good or for evil, and they deem it a crime to misuse their riches through over-indulgence in the pleasure of giving. But once assured that they have found the right channels for getting the greatest good out of their money they do not deny themselves the full pleasure, the light-hearted fun, the almost boyish delight in the discovery and the giving. With many the game of giving is truly a recreation. There are those whose heart-beats would not quicken in the finishing off of a deal involving several millions who would give way to joy unreserved over the deft and secret placing of a mere ten-thousand-dollar gift.

They give quietly because it gives them more inward satisfaction to do it that way, and because some have found that if public announcement is made there is likely to follow a veritable deluge of begging letters and personal solicitations. Many employ secretaries and other trusted investigators to handle their charities as efficiently and covertly as possible in these days of widespread publicity.

They give liberally because they have found that great riches bring great responsibilities, and because every hundred thousand well placed lightens their load. No one knows better than they that money for its own sake is not worth having.

Although in America there are, according to a recent compilation, only nine persons whose wealth ranges from \$100,000,000 to

\$125,000,000, as against Great Britain's sixty-eight, and fourteen owning between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000, as compared with forty-five in Great Britain, the generosity of American multi-millionaires has often startled the Old World and is still hailed as a manifestation peculiar to our land.

Carnegie and Rockefeller have been our foremost and best-known givers. Carnegie distributed one-third of a billion dollars and Rockefeller perhaps even more. The steel master, it is said, calculated that he would live to the age of eighty years and ordered the distribution of his wealth accordingly. He is now past eighty with little left to give; it was even rumored that—lacking ready funds—he had to borrow money from one of his proteges to pay his last year's income taxes.

The late J. P. Morgan gave lavishly from the fullness of a big heart and a generous purse. Although many of his larger benefactions became known to the public, a great deal of the Morgan munificence escaped public notice. One New York hospital alone found ready response from him to its every call for financial assistance, and over a series of years his contributions to this institution amounted to millions. He was always ready to help the down-at-heel and the helpless, and he was so easily wheedled that his secretarial force had to vigilantly fend from him many who sought a way of approach.

B. C. Forbes tells an interesting incident of Mr. Morgan's quiet giving. Among the daily pile of begging letters there came one from an inmate of Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, an old man who said he had known Mr. Morgan as a boy and wondered if Mr. Morgan would advance the final ten dollars to complete a little fund he had been saving for the purchase of a wheel-chair. The busy financier had the case investigated, and upon learning that the facts



Two millions of dollars and 3,000 Chinese workers are making this Medical College at Peking a means of giving health to China by training doctors from her own people. This is only one of the enterprises of the Rockefeller Foundation.

were true, wrote a letter to the old sailor, recalling incidents of their boyhood days and enclosing enough money to keep the old man in comfort the rest of his days.

It has been said of Jacob H. Schiff that he "works harder as a philanthropist than as a banker." Letters having to do with his philanthropies are given attention when he arrives at his office before he disposes of his business correspondence. Perhaps half of his working hours are devoted to his charities, and while he has naturally been inclined to give more attention to his own race, he has not shut out other races or other causes. With broad-visioned charity he has, for instance, accomplished much, effectively and unassumingly, for the good of our Negro citizens. But for all his giving he has stoutly refused to take credit, or glory, to himself. His friends still tell, with affectionate pride, how on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (January 10, 1917) he stole away from prominent Jewish civic, commercial and other organizations that sought to fete him with appropriate honors. Instead, he quietly celebrated the day by sending untold checks to charities, at least four of which—for \$100,000 each—were later announced by the recipients.

When H. C. Frick, many years ago, discovered that Pittsburgh was maintaining dilapidated ambulances, he promptly outfitted the city with a fleet of the best-equipped that money could command. Mr. Frick built his Fifth Avenue palace and stored it with priceless paintings and other art objects wholly with the purpose of bequeathing it all to New York City, with ample provision for its upkeep.

Frank A. Vanderlip began his charities when, as a forty-dollar-a-week reporter, he stretched his meagre funds to provide an out-of-doors vacation home for hapless Chicago newsies and other youths, while at the same time he was supporting his mother and contributing means to other relatives. Mr. Vanderlip recently built a \$200,000 school on his Scarborough estate for the use of the children of his neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim have also poured out a steady stream of checks, and although the public seldom hears of their activities, they employ a secretary whose duties are to investigate

deserving cases and take what action seems necessary. In the course of a year their gifts mount to a very large total.

There are, perhaps, many who give more money, but it is doubtful if any financier gives more of himself than Felix Warburg, of whom it is said that fully seventy-five per cent. of his time is spent in the unselfish service of mankind.

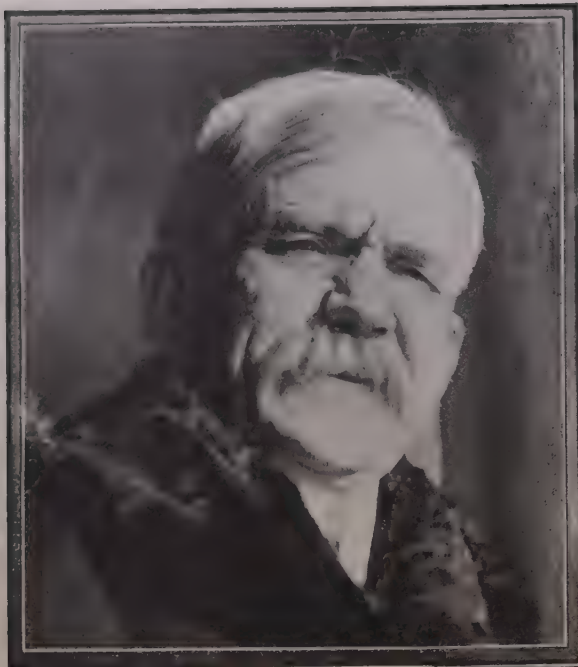
The roster of rich men who have given without stint would not be complete without mention of such men as Cyrus H. McCormick, who has a bureau to look after his personal philanthropies; A. Barton Hepburn, who has made notable donations to his Alma Mater; J. Ogden Armour, who contributes several thousand dollars every week for only one of his philanthropies—the Armour Institute of Technology; Theodore N. Vail, who is such a free giver that he finds it harder to make both ends meet on his present princely income than he did on five thousand a year; Robert Dollar, who does a great deal for education in China, and has built several Y. M. C. A.'s there; George Eastman, who looks out for the welfare of children and has done much for his own city of Rochester, N. Y.; George M. Reynolds, the Chicago banker, who gives one-tenth of his income, and Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, who gives lavishly to black and white, Jew and Gentile.

George F. Baker, the multi-millionaire banker, acquired the habit of giving rather late in life, but he went a long way toward atonement when he recently "came through" with two subscriptions of \$1,000,000 each to the Red Cross.

It is now customary for leading financial institutions to distribute generous Christmas gifts and bonuses to their employees. J. P. Morgan & Company established this custom in the year the United States Steel Corporation was organized by presenting each man in their organization with an additional year's salary—in other words, a bonus of one hundred per cent. They have since kept up distributing bonuses, and other banking houses have adopted the same course. James N. Wallace's extraordinarily profitable trust company—the Central Trust—has in recent years taken the lead in this respect, giving year's end gifts of as high as fifty per cent. of a full year's salary. Banking bonuses generally range from five to ten per cent.







Bishop Anderson

On board the Adriatic,
en route from New York
to Liverpool

THE *Adriatic* is making her first trip to Europe in peace times, after dodging submarines for four years—her first trip with all lights ablaze, without life-preservers as a customary article of dress, without naval convoy, zigzagging, daily lifeboat drills and all the other accompaniments of periscopic nervousness that we have known on the high seas since the big war began.

It is interesting to notice what sort of passengers the ship carries on this, its first peace voyage.

Except for a few scattered soldiers, there are no troops. The day for that is past. On the other hand, there are no tourists. The day for that has not yet come. With the present European scarcity of food, no tourist could get a passport for love or money. Several employed both—and failed.

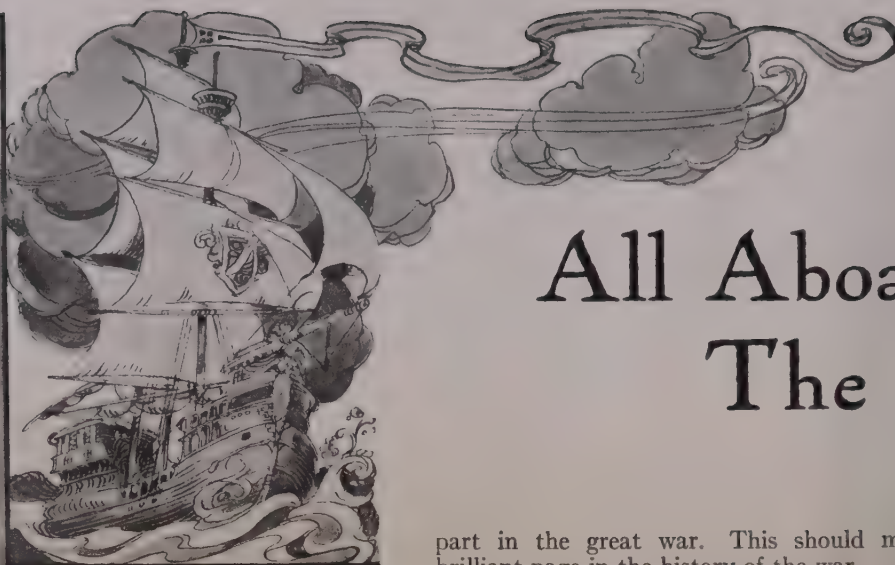
The person who desires a passport to Europe now must prove that there is some quite sufficient need for him there. Even people whose homes are in Europe and who wished to return to them have been refused passports on the ground that they are not actually needed in Europe at the present time.

The result is that, in a peculiar sense, this is a shipload of service. There is scarcely one on board who is not going over on a definite commission to help in some way, large or small, in the rebuilding of Europe.

Henry P. Davison, head of the American Red Cross, goes to put under way the peace program of that organization. Of course the Red Cross will stay with the soldiers until they are demobilized. But the work will not stop at that. In the wake of the war are apt to come diseases, epidemics and emergencies which will call for large effort, and the Red Cross is making ready to give to the adjustment needs of Europe in no stingy or uncertain way.

There are perhaps twenty Y. M. C. A. girls, half of them being canteeners, the others bearing on their sleeves the word "Entertainment." Now that time begins to hang heavily in the camps of the Yanks, entertainment is not a luxury but a necessity. The old adage about Satan and mischief and idle hands applies to soldier boys just as to any other boys.

The Jewish Welfare Board is sending one man and two women, these being the first two women to be sent overseas by the Board. The principal function of these representatives will be to gather the historical facts concerning the way Jewish lads have played their



All Aboard The Ship

Editorial

part in the great war. This should make a brilliant page in the history of the war.

Just a word, in passing, as to the spirit of these officials of the Jewish Board. They heard that the writer needed some typing done—and offered the services of their stenographer. I wished to pay for these services. "Absolutely out of the question," they said. "We have received too much cooperation from the Y. M. C. A. and other Christian agencies to think of that for a moment."

The warm spirit of cooperation that has grown



Katherine Bement Davis



*George W.
Wickersham*

Ittamar Ben Awi



A Group of Y. M.

of Service!

Correspondence

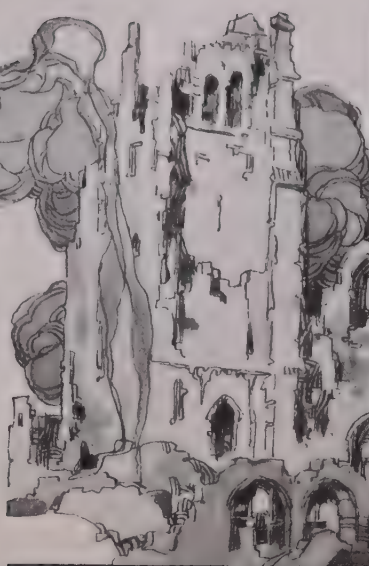
up during the war between creeds as well as between nations is one of the finest fruits of the war.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Congressional Library, is going as General Director of the Library War Service to put books in the hands of the soldiers. His daughter, Shirley Putnam, goes as his secretary.

Miss Putnam some months ago had an interesting job in France as a searcher for missing men—not in the fashion of other maidens who have unofficially adopted this pursuit, but in official



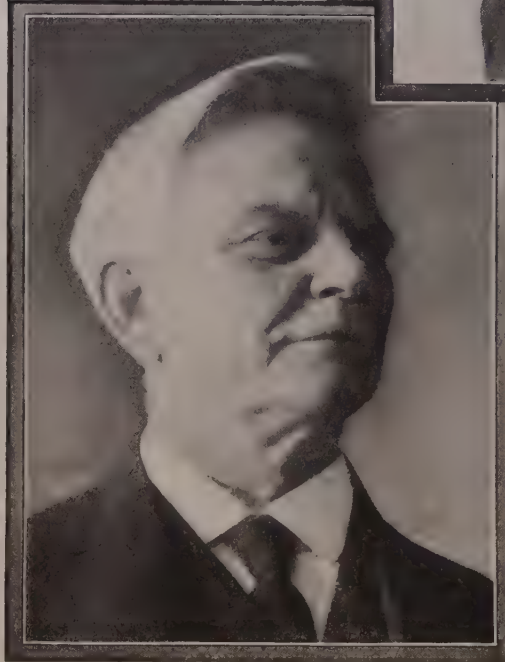
*Herbert Putnam
and his Daughter*



Julia Lathrop

capacity for the Red Cross. With a list of the disappeared in hand, she explored the hospitals, looking for men from the same companies as those of the missing and endeavoring to find out from them what had happened to their missing companions.

Bishop William F. Anderson goes to hold the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Europe, and as a member of the commission to make a survey in preparation for large relief and reconstruction work on the part of the Church. And on another ship, somewhere on the ocean off to the south of us, are two other members of the commission, Bishop Theodore S. Henderson and Dr. Frank Mason North. The commission



Bishop Chown

will meet in Paris a similar deputation from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, represented probably by Bishop Lambuth, Bishop Atkins and Doctor Pinson. Still a third commission, from the Canadian Methodist Church, headed by Bishop Chown, who with Dr. T. Albert Moore goes on this ship, will correlate with the other two, so that whatever plans are made by the several branches of Methodism for Europe may be laid out in a statesmanlike way with complete harmony and unity of action.

An interesting character is Ittamar Ben Avi, who is to represent the Jewish nation at the Mid European Conference, presenting the argument of the Zionists that Palestine should be established and recognized as the national home of the Jews.

Perhaps George W. Wickersham, former attorney general of the United States, is the leading member of the group of fifty or more newspaper and magazine men. Mr. Wickersham, representing the New York *Tribune*, is to report the Peace Conference. Many of the others are on the same errand. It will be a real service if the vital human problems of the Peace Conference may be made known to the world without secrecy or censorship. After all, the settling of an enduring peace is not alone the task of the diplomats gathered in France, but is as well the indirect responsibility of every person that breathes.

Others of the journalistic group go, like the writer, not particularly to report the Peace Conference, but to tell the story of the needs for relief and rebuilding in Europe so that Americans, who, as proved by the personnel of this boat, are desperately anxious to help, may know what sort of help Europe most needs.

The comedy note of the ship is R. L. Goldberg, the cartoonist, whose sarcastic pen will help to laugh away many a traditional prejudice that may appear at the Peace Conference, and which no amount



A. Workers



Henry P. Davison

of sober speech-making might affect. "A little nonsense now and then," and so forth, and so forth.

We have heard little in America concerning the terrible ravages of vice among the Allied soldiers because, thanks to the firm stand taken by General Pershing, our own soldiers largely escaped the blight. Katherine Bement Davis has, however, grim stories to tell of the conditions in Europe. Miss Davis, formerly Commissioner of Correction in New York, more recently has represented the War Department in social hygiene work. She goes abroad to find twenty-five or thirty leading women physicians of the various European countries and arrange for them to come to New York for an international conference on social hygiene. The object is to pool the best thought of Europe with the best thought of America on this subject, and reach some common ground of opinion and action.

Although Europe has been backward in social regulation, she has been advanced in legislation for her children. Miss Julia Lathrop, chief of our Federal Children's Bureau, goes to bring back with her five or six of the leading European authorities on child welfare to tell us of America what has been done in Europe and spur us up to proper Federal care of our own children.

The tree-man is on board. Percival Sheldon Ridsdale, executive secretary of the American Forestry Association, represents his association in a splendid gift to devastated France. The association offers to secure and furnish to the French Government (without charge, though the cost to the association will be very large) all the seed that may be needed for the reforestation of the one and a quarter million acres of France denuded by the war. This is something too big and interesting to be dismissed with three sentences, and I shall wish to return to it in a later issue of *WORLD OUTLOOK*.

Having begun this writing on the ship, I am finishing now in a little private hotel in London. And on a table in the reading room I have come upon a Bible, which I supposed belonged to the library.

When I took it up, it fell open at a card on which was a picture of Christ in Gethsemane and beside the picture was printed this

DAILY PRAYER

O God guard and bless our sailors and soldiers and give us victory and peace for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I turned over the card. I shall not soon forget what I saw on the back of that card. At first it seemed to be only a jumble of names,

written with a bad pen. But at the top were the words: "With Christ"—and beneath was writing in this fashion though not with these exact names: "Arthur—Teddie—Louie—Roger—Frank—Ned's son—Louise's two sons—Arthur's three sons—Captain Leather and son—Captain Gell (died of wounds)—Our Herbert—" and so on, more than thirty names in all. And I realized I had come upon something sacred, sacred indeed not only to the woman, I believe it was a woman who had written it and who had given up thirty of her family and immediate friendship to death under the Allied flags, but sacred to all who love liberty, and have sacrificed bitterly to obtain it.

Thirty! "Our Herbert." "Ned's son." "Louise's two sons—" Think what it means. And I cannot look out of the window into Southampton Row at any hour of the day without instantly seeing in the passing crowd at least one, and often a dozen, hobbling members of Europe's grim procession of ten million maimed. And I begin to feel vividly what we all have felt vaguely, that America's sacrifice, though very splendid, is small enough in comparison with the sacrifice of England, France, Belgium, Italy. And more than ever I am glad of all the ships of service that will be coming over during the next months from great-hearted America to broken, brave Europe.

Willard Price.



R. L. Goldberg drawing cartoon of General Goosdenovitch, Minister Plenipotentiary from Montenegro to the United States

Even in Stoical China

By Earl Herbert Cressy

THE "common people" got many a chuckle out of the old type Chinese scholar—the type which in America is guilty of horn-rimmed specs and a mind "above" practical affairs. Satires about them abound in the folk-lore of China.

Doctors were formerly divided into two schools, the practitioners of internal and of external medicine. On one occasion a general was wounded with an arrow on the field of battle, and hastily summoned the first physician available to remove the arrow. He quickly cut it off even with the flesh, and then made his parting bow.

"Here," roared the general, "what do you mean by leaving before you have finished looking after my wound?"

"I am a practitioner of external medicine, your excellency," was the reply, "I have done all that is within my province, and you must now call in a doctor of the inside school to complete the job."

Another famous tale concerns the water-buffalo belonging to a certain farmer which attempted one day to get a drink out of a large water-jar that was nearly empty. The beast managed somehow to jam its widespreading horns into the jar, where they stuck fast, being caught under the rim, so that when it endeavored to withdraw its head it was unable to do so, but was held as in a vise, bellowing and

kicking with fright. On hearing this hullabaloo the farmer and his sons came on the run, and tried frantically to extricate the creature's head from the clutches of the water-jar, but in vain. When, at length, they and the neighbors who had come in to help had exhausted their resources, someone in the crowd which had gathered suggested that they send for the local wise man, the village scholar.

He came, listened to the story of the case, got off a quotation from the classics, and after due thought announced that the way to solve the difficulty was to cut off the head of the buffalo. An axe was therefore brought, and the beast promptly despatched.

However, tug as they might, they found it impossible to pull the head from the water-jar, so recourse was had a second time to the scholar. After brief meditation, he cited the passage from the classics which bore on this aspect of the situation, drawing the corollary that the next thing to be done was to smash the jar.

This was no sooner said than done, and at last jar and water-buffalo were separated.

"Thank you, teacher," said the grateful farmer, "thank you very much, for if it had not been for your advice we would never have known how to get out of this great difficulty."

Being Neighbor to the Whole Country

How a gentle old lady with seventy-million dollars used it sympathetically and scientifically to improve living and social conditions all over the United States

By Shelby M. Harrison

MARGARET OLIVIA SAGE was seventy-eight years old when her husband died and left her a fortune of \$70,000,000. Russell Sage, the accumulator of the seventy millions, was more interested in building up the fortune than in spending it, and the Sages lived as simply as people you or I know.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Sage was confronted with more money than she could hope to spend. She knew a good deal about people; she had been a school teacher before her marriage, and she realized that there was plenty of need for her wealth.

She thought of Syracuse, where she was born and had lived as a young girl, and of what her money would mean to Syracuse University. That was why she gave so liberally to the University. She also gave to the Emma Willard School in Troy, where she herself was educated. Because she lived in New York, and knew what Central Park meant to the families who swarm there every Sunday, she set out the great plantation of rhododendrons that blossom there. She liked Central Park; it was there she used to feed the squirrels, and watch the pair of cardinal birds that wintered in the great trees.

Her gifts came freely in response to human needs; when she was told that the Fire Department needed small libraries of technical books she presented a carefully selected lot of books to each of the 258 fire houses in Greater New York. Although her giving came from a warm heart, and a love of people, she was not wasteful; she studied the needs of the community, and tried to give her money where it would help most. Until she became so weak physically that she was forced to seclusion, Mrs. Sage kept in close touch with public affairs.

In her lifetime she gave away a total estimated at about \$35,000,000—half her original estate. Her gifts ranged from the bird refuge in southern Louisiana, a kind of Palm Beach for northern birds, to the Russell Sage Foundation.

The Foundation was the largest of her gifts. She established a fund of \$10,000,000, the income of which was to be applied to "the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States of America."

"I am nearly eighty years old, and I feel as if I were 'just beginning to live!'" she said to a friend at the close of the first meeting of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Here are a few samples of the maladjustments Mrs. Sage uncovered through the investigations of the Foundation—wrongs which amount to community wickedness. They are to be found in most of our American cities. Nor do they tell the whole story; they are merely a few snapshots which may help to visualize for a moment the type of present-day community conditions and needs which are calling for a new and vigorous application of neighborly service.

Hundreds of children charged with law-breaking in one of our typical American cities had until very recently to await trial in the county jail—a place not at all good for children no matter what they were charged with. It was a two-story building with barred windows and doors, bare, cold and unsanitary. It was used not only as detention quarters for young children, both boys and girls, but also for insane persons, those with delirium tremens, and occasionally for an ill person suffering from some other trouble. The doors of the jail rooms were bars, and persons confined in one room could readily see into others. The confinement of children with such adults, moreover,

THESE children are having a grand and glorious time playing in the water of the hydrant, but it's about all the fun they have in the hot city. The old-time games, prisoner's base, leap frog, and duck on the rock have nearly died out in the city streets, and movies and poolrooms are taking their place. The Russell Sage Foundation is doing all that it can to restore to these children healthy outdoor activities.



was not merely an occasional happening, but the rule. Thus many children—some of them detained not as delinquents but merely as poor children—were made to suffer intolerable contact with the insane and with persons having acute alcoholic diseases, an experience not calculated to strengthen the moral fibre of the youths in custody.

Another type of situation: The five-and-ten-cent stores of a certain city not long since employed eighty-six salesgirls. Wages among them were very low. The average was from four to five dollars per week. One store started new recruits as low as \$3.50. The maximum rate for most positions was five dollars.

All these stores employed only girls who were living at home. One manager frankly stated as his reason that "a girl can clothe herself on what she gets but she can't pay board without going wrong or stealing. We only want girls who live at home and don't have to pay board." As a matter of fact, girls frequently did give way to the temptation to steal—a temptation made more compelling by their low wages. This happened frequently enough to lead the management at one store to employ a girl whose principal duty was to report salesclerks who tried to supplement their wages by apportioning merchandise to their own uses.

Turning to a different field of community interest, in a six-years' period which was studied in one of our cities of about 60,000 population, over 1,200 residents died from the common communicable diseases, and several thousand more were made ill.

At least a fourth of the deaths from all causes could be laid to preventable causes, such as the contagions of children, typhoid fever, and venereal diseases. Over 700 infants under one year of age had died in the period, nearly half dying from the ordinary preventable causes. The toll for all ages was much heavier in the sections of the city, where Negroes, foreign-born whites, and illiterates lived—the same districts which had called for the most charity work.

The plain fact was that there people were dying because they were ignorant; because they were poor; because they were surrounded by bad sanitary conditions, and because there were not a sufficient number of people in the city who were interested in giving them a proper health service.

In the same city, at the same time, another situation was demanding attention. The education which comes through play was lagging behind. The old-time games, such as prisoner's base, run sheep run, duck on rock, leap frog,

bull in the ring, had nearly died out. The only diversions reported by over a fifth of the boys were motion-picture shows, baseball, reading and kite-flying.

Although families, for the most part, were living in detached houses with yards, giving opportunity for home recreations ranging all the way from children's indoor and outdoor games to home social gatherings, yet in three-fifths of the boys' homes and in nearly half of the girls' homes, parties for young people were not held. Nor did social agencies outside of the home fill the need. During a three months' period only half of the public schools had evening entertainments, lectures, or social gatherings. On an average, only once out of every nine or ten weeks did the schoolhouse play a part in the recreational life of its neighborhood. Nor were the religious organizations in any large way taking the lead in providing social life.

Meanwhile, commercial amusements were found at every young elbow. There was a large amount of unsupervised and uncontrolled dancing—much of it carried on in hotels and elsewhere under conditions which might be abused. Billiard and pool halls were left to go their own courses; and private clubs found a way around the state law against prize fights.

In fine, recreational opportunities had changed in a generation. The limitations of city life had tended to substitute more passive diversions for the old-time vigorous play. The development of commercial amusements, moreover, was taking children away from home, and otherwise keeping the family from playing together. Leadership that saw physical, intellectual, and moral values in play was an outstanding need. But even play as a safety valve for the venturesome spirit of youth, play stripped of the moral snares so often set around it, even these negative sides of play had been neglected.

The activities of this Foundation, in its purpose to meet such needs as here illustrated, are carried on in a large part through eight departments, in briefest outline, as follows:

1. The Charity Organization Department, which studies, teaches, and publishes in the field of charity organization and general social service.

2. The Department of Child Helping, which deals with methods of caring for dependent, neglected, delinquent and defective children, which studies particular institutions upon request, and furnishes advice and information to those founding or reorganizing child-caring agencies.

(Continued on page 31)

A Will That Disposed of \$40,000,000

SUBTRACTING from her estate Mrs. Sage's bequests to members of the family, servants, etc., and nearly two million dollars given away in special bequests to charities and organizations in which she was especially interested, the residue is popularly estimated at \$40,000,000 and will be apportioned approximately as follows. From these amounts will, in some cases, be deducted gifts made during Mrs. Sage's life time.

Russell Sage Foundation.....	\$5,600,000
Troy Female Seminary.....	1,600,000
Woman's Hospital in State of N. Y..	1,600,000
Board of Home Missions, Presbyterian Church.....	1,600,000
Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church.....	1,600,000
N. Y. City Mission & Tract Society..	1,600,000
American Bible Society.....	1,200,000
N. Y. Bible Society.....	400,000
Children's Aid Society.....	1,600,000
Charity Organization Society.....	1,600,000
Presbyterian Board of Relief for Disabled Ministers.....	800,000
Metropolitan Museum of Art.....	1,600,000
American Museum of Natural History	1,600,000
N. Y. Botanical Garden.....	800,000
N. Y. Zoological Society.....	800,000
N. Y. Public Library.....	800,000
Troy Polytechnic Institute.....	800,000
Union College, Schenectady.....	800,000
Syracuse University.....	1,600,000
Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y....	800,000
N. Y. University.....	800,000
Yale University.....	800,000
Amherst University.....	800,000
Williams University.....	800,000
Dartmouth University.....	800,000
Princeton University.....	800,000
Barnard College.....	800,000
Bryn Mawr College.....	800,000
Vassar College.....	800,000
Smith College.....	800,000
Wellesley College.....	800,000
Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.....	800,000
N. Y. Infirmary for Women and Children.....	800,000
Presbyterian Hospital, City of N. Y.	800,000
Hampton Institute.....	800,000

How the Other Half Gives

By Adelaide Lyons



"RICE, enamelled pie pans, corn on the cob, calico, ear-rings." No, this is not the inventory of a country store; it is the Sunday morning offering of a mission station. For, you see, not all the missionary money is raised here in America. More than six and a half million dollars come every year from Africa and India and the four corners of the earth. Only this "money" very likely is not money at all; it may be a mixture as varied as Alice's shoes and ships and sealing wax, and the collections cannot be taken by so simple a method as "passing the plate."

The Fee Simple

EVERYWHERE chickens are a favorite contribution to the church, but in the Philippines this gift has a special meaning.

When the missionary sees Alejo coming up the steps with a chicken under his arm, he immediately begins to rehearse

the vernacular for "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together."

And, sure enough, the conversation about the missionary's health and the weather and the crops always ends with: "Ah—ah—Pastor—ah—could you marry me—and Juanita—on Wednesday?"

A Collection Within a Collection



INDIA is truly the land of "rice Christians," for there each family has its *Basket Ka Berthan*, the "Vessel of Blessing." Into this the housewife puts a handful of grain before she prepares the family meal.

When the day for services comes, the people take these vessels, with eggs, chickens, or other gifts and carry them to the meeting place. There a large sheet is placed upon the ground and on it the people put their gifts while everyone sings *Rajah Jesu Aya*, "King Jesus Comes."

"I have watched them," says Bishop Warne, "pouring out the grain or maybe leaving a

few eggs or a chicken. Then I have watched the chickens eat the grain, and I have thought, 'There will be less rice for the Lord, but more chicken.'"

Where Money is Not Aristocratic



THE Chinaman does not like to give money to those whom he honors—it is not good form. So when the mission doctor cures the favorite wife of Chang Foo, the jade merchant, he dares not hope for a hospital fee which will provide new sheets or a new sterilizer.

Instead Chang Foo gives the doctor a feast lasting six hours, and a few days later comes to the hospital with great noise of horns and fire-crackers. For the doctor he has a "Gift basket" filled with candy, cakes and eggs.

For the walls of the hospital he brings a "merit board"—a

gorgeous panel which relates in characters of pure gold the humble gratitude of the patient and the illustrious virtues of the Foreign-Born Healer.

The cost of the feast and the gifts would have endowed the ward, but Chang Foo could not risk losing face.

The Mission Station's Account Book



DOWN in Africa the natives have very little money. Why should they when they can trade with such convenient and valuable articles as rice, beads, palm nuts and enamelled ware?

Particularly enamelled ware, for the kettles and pans which mean luxury to the Liberian matron's heart came from Germany. Now they come no more, so that rate of exchange on double boilers is two hundred and fifty per cent. above par.

Palm nuts, too, are valuable, for Americans and Europeans want the oil for their machines and soap and margarine. The native who works hard all day cracking the kernels between

two stones will have nearly half a bushel at sunset, and their value is about forty-five cents.

Only the African doesn't "cash in" his valuables, and that is why the account book of a mission station on the Kroo Coast reads;

Palm kernels cracked by church members.....	\$54.48
Rice.....	38.58
Silver rings, enamelled plates and pans, beads, cloth and other sacrificial gifts.	26.34
Total Church Collections.....	\$119.40

Funds From the Savings Bank

JEWELRY is the great First National Bank of India. All the savings of the people go into rings for the fingers, the toes, and the ears, and the social and financial position of a family is indicated by the number of ornaments its women wear.

So when these rings come into the collection plate, they mean a real sacrifice, a draft upon the family principle. Yet sometimes

in one little village where the men earn only about eight cents a day, as many as thirty-five rings will go into a single special offering.



Time is Money

IN Korea, both among prosperous Christians and among those to whom money is a hasty and infrequent visitor, a favorite subscription blank is one which says, "I promise to give . . . days to church work this year." The days thus given are devoted to evangelistic services or to the building of churches and schools.







Lo, the Poor Cynic!

He is whisked from his editor's desk in a typical American town to Asia, where the curtain is raised for his benefit on "the spectacle of a great civilization in construction, a hemisphere in eruption, a world culture smashing the bonds of its incubator."

By William Dudley Pelley

PART ONE



I am an average Yankee editor. In a small New England city I run a daily newspaper. On each Saturday forenoon the pastor of the Walnut Street Methodist Church comes in with his notices for the Sunday services and parish events of the coming week. He is a good man. A large number from his congregation are subscribers to my paper. I have to run his notices as a matter of business. But sometimes it becomes a tiresome and a bothersome job.

It becomes a tiresome and a bothersome job because there is a weary sameness to his notices. They have lost their news value. The boys and girls of the office look upon them much as they look upon running the list of the town fire-alarm boxes or the roster of the town government. The local reporter likes them because they fat out his string of items. But the rest of us, and particularly the linotype operators, conscientiously believe we could omit them altogether—all the church notices—and no one be the wiser but ourselves and the ministers.

For instance, there's the notice of the Thursday afternoon Methodist Ladies' missionary society. We have been running the notice of the Thursday afternoon Methodist Ladies' Missionary Society ever since we came to this town and started this little local paper. It reads: "The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society will meet in the church parlors Thursday afternoon to study China and sew for the heathen."

If it wasn't for the fact that we must change the name of the country which the good ladies "study" each week, we could keep the notice standing and put it wholly into the class with the fire-alarm boxes. But it is not always China. Sometimes it is Japan. Sometimes it is Korea or India or Africa. No matter. It is dead matter, this missionary stuff. I am not the only country editor who has come to look upon foreign missions as a variety of religious conspiracy to hog space in his paper with news-print costing six cents a pound.

I find myself ten thousand miles from home

I was running a typical American paper in a typical American town. I suppose I forgot there was a great world outside. Evidently the Great Stage Manager who passes finally on the work of us all decided it would be best for the audience if something happened to me. It happened. I found myself in a strange alley indeed—many, many strange alleys—and they were ten thousands of miles away from the place where each afternoon for years I had been expounding my thumb-nail wisdom in our little evening paper.

Missions indeed! An elderly ladies' Thursday afternoon social pleasantries; a series of threadbare church notices taking up space in the Saturday afternoon issues of my eight-page daily hand-bill!

Let me tell you briefly as a newspaperman some of the things which have come to my notice so vividly that I simply could not avoid them in working my way out of those strange alleys of the world which I discovered ten thousand miles away from my jelly-bean publishing business. Let me vouch for these things as a layman—somewhat of a stoic, always a philosopher, more or less of a good-natured cynic, always a disciple of the great god Show Me!

Let me offer some of the pictures on the other side of the shield of which one side was thirty elderly ladies seated in a circle on Thursday afternoons in the parlors of the Walnut Street Methodist Church,

or venerable old Doctor Dodd coming into our newspaper office Saturday mornings with his stiff and lifeless press notices, or now and then a red-headed young fellow filled with the spirit and a supper of parsonage chicken-and-biscuit occupying the pulpit and by his returned-missionary sermon arousing sympathy and funds for the great work of getting the heathen to come to communion or put on his pants.

I start apologizing for being of the race of the missionaries

I saw a low-lying sweep of dun-colored land rise out of the western sea—the continent of Asia!—on which lived more human souls than in all the rest of the world combined. I left the protection of the great motherly steamer. I went ashore on that shore of dun-colored land which reached down into the sea. I was not especially thinking of missions, or the Thursday afternoon ladies' circle, or Doctor Dodd and his apathetic press notices, or the zealous young red-headed man stuffed with good works and pastoral rooster. As a matter of fact, I was out to get some articles on "The Possibilities of Selling American Cooking Stoves to the Burmese," or "Can Yankee Paint Manufacturers Make the Oriental See His Dwelling as Others See It?"—or "Will the Japanese Grab Manchuria if They Are Given the Chance?"

I accepted the view of the worldly-wise back home, that Christian missions are a gigantic hoax, that most lay missionaries are the raveled ends of has-been romances who had failed to snare a pair of pants, that the expenditure is sickening for the results achieved, that everywhere I must apologize for my color on the supposition that the yellow folks took all white folks for Christians of the missionary pattern—mostly fussers and fumers, butters-in and social disturbers, obnoxious busy-bodies who wanted to pattern a world after their flivver methods of thinking, good people well enough but sort of cross-eyed and saddle-galled in their ideas of how the other man should be allowed to live. I went ashore that way, I say, and started about my business.

And just plain, hum-drum business Yank that I was—faithful disciple of the great god Show Me—I was grabbed by the shirt-front, slammed against the wall, made to take notice of what a poor, addlepated, horizon-bound, two-by-four, pitiable little tin cynic I was, anyhow. I was made to look perforce at a new world in the making. I was compelled to watch—and blink—as the curtain was raised for my especial benefit at a great civilization in construction, a hemisphere in eruption, a world culture smashing the bonds of its incubator and throwing out its mighty potentialities from the horizon where the sun came up out of the sea to a horizon thousands of miles westward where the sun went down behind mountains where human life petered out and came to an end. Was I shown? I can shamefacedly say that I was!

A Japanese business man hands me the first jolt

I walked into the office of an almond-eyed, yellow-skinned exporter whose trade-mark was on the crates in a thousand warehouses.

"What is the greatest thing which the American business man

WHILE there is much that is impressive about this early morning worship of a mendicant priest before the sanctuary of a Buddhist temple. Mr. Pelley found that a glance at the face of most Buddhist worshippers reveals a fatalistic blank and hopeless expression compared with the more sensitive and human faces of Japanese Christians.

must do to win the favor and dollars of the Far East?" I asked him. And I got my note-book ready.

"Live in his trade practises the ethics of Christianity!" he replied in perfect book English.

"Christianity!" I gaped. "But what do you know about Christianity? You are a business man!"

"Very true," he told me. "But I am a business man—and a successful business man—because one of your missionaries took me out of a hovel in a forgotten little village far up northward, sent me to a mission school where I got the education my own government never could have given because they did not have it to give, taught me of your God and how to do business on the square because no other kind of business principles permanently succeed, gave me the ambition to go to America and complete my education, then helped me into a position with this house, where later I rose to be its head. What do I know of Christianity? Very much! Very much indeed! It has been the cornerstone of my success!"

I forgot my notebook and nicely sharpened pencil.

"But the missionary people that have come out here—they do not represent America. They have been good people but idealists, theorists, folks who couldn't find a berth at home—"

"They have been good enough for us. They came to us not to secure our dollars by sharp tricks but to help us without hope of any reward but our gratitude and the consciousness of altruistic work well done. They have given their lives to us. It has been a sacrifice we could understand. We could understand, too, the clean moral code which they lived among themselves. The very success of their work necessitated that they practise their own precepts. They were kindly people. They were courteous people. They brought us religion, not theology. We loved them because they helped us. The pity of it is that not all of you who come out here have been like them."

"But—but—" I choked, "—back home we look on those misguided souls who think they are called to make over the heathen as sort of mentally soft—"

"I have been in America," he replied with dignity. "I know. It is because of what we have come to know of your missionaries that we tolerate the rest of you. There must be good and bad in every race, we argue."

"You mean to say that out here you actually endow the missionary with prestige—!"

"The Christian missionaries out here are big people," he told me quietly. "If you don't believe it, go out on the frontier with him and see for yourself the place he holds. He is the salvation of our race in the great race-struggle ahead—the salvation of us, the salvation of yourselves!"

"My Lord!" I gasped. And I stared at the great merchant like a fool.

With a college president I see some contrasting faces

I walked with the president of a great Japanese University—a Christian University—along the street in the cool of the day to see something of Oriental social conditions in the city's so-called slums. We came to two buildings almost side by side.

"Stand here with me for a little time," said he, "and watch the faces. Understand at first hand why I discarded the religion of my fathers and accepted that of the Jesu men who came in ships out of the East. The little building here on our right is a native Methodist Church. The building here on our left is a Buddhist temple. Watch the faces, I say!"

Which I did.

Steeped in my small-town newspaperman's pimply cynicism I began to be angry with myself—because I was forced to recognize something that grated on my cynicism. It was—well, it was just the comparison of those faces.

Those who stopped to worship or tie up their tissue prayers before the shrine were hard, stoical, fatalistic, blank, expressionless, sometimes bestial, always hopeless. Their devotions were squalid. They prayed with type. Their dress, their deportment, their personalities—all were squalid, fatalistic, hopeless like their faces.

And here and there, as one out of ten thousand entered the little church for evening service—the little Methodist Church from out of whose open windows floated sweet music: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," "Down At the Cross Where My Savior Died," "Blest Be the Tie that Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love" and the "Ninety and Nine"—beautiful old-fashioned New England hymns such as I had heard my mother sing back in the hills as she rocked

me to sleep in the twilight—verily I beheld what the University President had wanted me to take note of.

There was a difference in these faces. The squalid, stoical, blank, expressionless, soulless masks of fatalism were gone. What was there? I don't know. But these faces were different. They were softer faces. They were more sensitive faces. They were faces of refinement, self-control instead of self-repression, of ambition, verily of tenderness and worthy of all confidence. They were as faces of human men and women—they *were* human men and women. The rest—the other millions—they were as animated corpses.

Remember, I was not a missionary. I was a tumble-bug cynic, out there to be shown. Missions cost too much money for the results attained. They were sponsored by soft-souled and softer-headed people—by men who couldn't get a berth at home, by women who had sloppy heads of hair and always put on their rubbers when they walked out and couldn't get a man. And yet I could not deny the difference in those faces. They had something the rest of the mob didn't have. What was it?

I try to find the reason

Next day I asked an American oil man what it was. He had just succeeded in skinning the Chinese Government out of seventy thousand dollars and ought therefore to know something about the heathen.

"It's the preposterous idea these religious fanatics have put in their heads that they're as good in the sight of God Almighty as we Western folks," he snapped. "The missionaries have come out here and given them hope that if they live this nambly-pambly Christian code they can amount to something. And I tell you they ought to be packed up, bag and baggage, and shipped back home. Confound 'em, they're absolutely ruining our business—putting these Orientals wise so we can't get away with anything any more. It used to be that if we walked on the street they'd be respectful and deferential to us and step off into the gutter when we passed. Now when we try to show our superiority they shove us off into the gutter!"

"But why shouldn't they?" I demanded. "Isn't it their country?"

He looked at me in disgust.

"Are you another one of them—these damned missionaries out here to wise these yellow swine up to the white man's hurt?"

I did not reply. But I went away thinking.

Back in the mountains I strike the trail

I visited in the pathetically threadbare home of a white-haired man back in the mountains, a man who had given his life for these "heathen." One of these "wily Orientals" had been invited to supper. I was duly presented. The meal was laid. We gathered around the board. The "wily Oriental" was asked (of all things!) to say grace.

He prayed a prayer. It was an English prayer—out of deference to me. His language was ludicrous. But I did not laugh. The man in his sincere and broken phrases was invoking the blessing of the God whom I had first come to know through the simple sophomoric sermons of a white-haired old Christian nobleman on quiet Sabbath mornings in a little village up among the wild roses and ragged lilacs of New England.

Hearing that prayer brought back again the quiet and the childhood peace of those far-off days. Old scenes and faces came before me. I heard again familiar voices. A moment out of the past was brought to me when every hour had been a golden moment and time but a thing to pass away. "Dear Heavenly Father—" Again I heard the white-haired old man as he stood in his plain pine pulpit, with the windows of the little church open, the droning sunshine falling through onto the well-worn carpet, the dragon flies wheeling outside in the Sunday morning humidity, the horses in the circus-poster-covered shed out behind, stamping their tormented feet to keep off the insects.

The Japanese man's voice was mellow, even as that other voice had been mellow. "—and bless those around us, the millions and millions, who have not yet come into the blessed knowledge of thee! Grant that they may come into the light and know the great gifts which Thous hast to bestow!" With my own ears I heard him say it—this contemptible traitor to the gods and shrines of his fathers. . . .

"for Jesus' sake, Amen!" came finally. The heads were raised. I looked him squarely in the face. His skin was yellow. His eyebrows pointed to the two northern corners of the heavens. Bret Harte could have written an epic about him. And yet, slobby sentiment aside, there was something about his

(Continued on page 32)



If Every Church Member in the United States Tithed—

THERE would be something over two billions of dollars every year for the big enterprise of Christianizing the world. Sounds incredible, but we figure it this way: There are over 40,500,000 church members in the United States and the per capita income is about \$500—multiply and take the tithe of it, and you get a result that is astounding.

Sick little children everywhere could have treatment in hospitals like this one in Tokyo. Eighty per cent. of South America's babies would no longer die before they are two years old. Fifty million outcasts in India would find new light and new life. Christianity

instead of Mohammedanism would win 80,000,000 blacks in central and south Africa.

In the homeland, every minister's salary could be doubled—some of them need it desperately!—every church could have its own parish house and community center, while as for benevolences—every great Board could be increased one thousand per cent., except the Board of Education and that could be increased five thousand per cent.—multiplied by fifty!

Go on and figure it out for yourself—the simple matter of giving a tenth of income would mean the beginning of a new world.

Harvey Reeves Calkins

Stewardship— A Basic Fact

By E. W. Halford

STEWARDSHIP as a principle is not Christian. It is not Jewish. It is not pagan. It is just human—a basic fact in life. Every person born into the world is born into stewardship, and is forever under its operation. One does not have to "accept" it. It may be ignored: but just the same Stewardship has you in its grasp.

There are two sovereignties into which and under which all persons are born and must live. One is the preeminent sovereignty of the supreme power which most men call God, but which, by any other name, is the same in essence and in dominion. The other is the sovereignty of the State, which sovereignty functions because of, and only because of, recognition of the fact that the powers that be are ordained of God. In the degree of this recognition human society is more or less civilized and stable.

How we learned that citizenship is stewardship

The great war has taught, in rather a pragmatic and drastic manner, the principle of Stewardship, and has forced men to its practise.

What men "own" and are permitted to enjoy and use, must be limited and controlled by the general good. The Kaiser wrote in the German woman's album, "My will is the supreme law." The war has again made it clear that "*salus populi est suprema lex*"—the good of the people is the supreme law.

The Government takes what it needs. It takes over private property, business, even life itself, in order to maintain and defend the general good. War does not create that right and power. They inhere in Government, and are always ready to be exercised whenever the emergency demands; and, indeed, are continuously operative in degree in time of peace as well as in war.

There is but one law in the natural and the spiritual world. What is true in the realm of the State is true in the realm of the so-called spiritual. In one realm and in the other, men are compelled to recognize the stewardship of life and of service and of property for the common welfare, or suffer the consequences.

The tithe is not a gift

In the State, so far as property is concerned, the sovereignty is acknowledged by the payment of the prescribed tax, and by the proper use of all possessions, whatever they may be. In the other, the tithe is the acknowledgment. No other form of acknowledgment is suggested anywhere in the law of God. The tax is not "given" to the State; the tithe is not "given" to God. Both are paid.

The State has a method to exact the tax if necessary—going so far as to extinguish title if need be, and to prescribe the limits of the use of possessions. God has a way of doing the same thing. Read the story of the King of Babylon, in the Old Testament, and of the rich fool in the New Testament. Men see the processes of the Statelaw, and are keen to pay their tax. They may be blind to God's processes.

The Christian addition to Stewardship is the joyful acceptance of it, and the pouring into it of all the glad content of partnership and of sonship to which the New Testament invites. Many men pay their tax to the State, and use themselves and their possessions with the glad abandon of patriotism, seen so splendidly in the great war. All Christian men and women, with hilarious joy, should enter into Stewardship, and into partnership and sonship, becoming sons of God, with all that such relationship may connote. But to talk of this, without practical recognition and acknowledgment of God's sovereignty, by the payment of the tithe and by the proper use of the remainder, is worse than nonsense.

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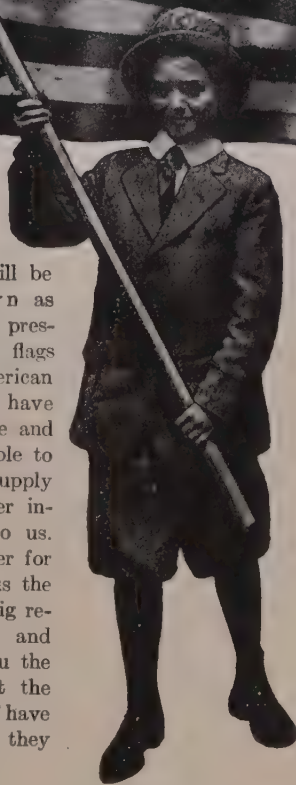
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(2062)

One Good Turn Deserves Another

(Continued from Page 11)

"That's it," he said, "what kind of a freedom are we going to have? Is it going to lead humanity to the mountain tops or will it drag us into mud? No. I have been in this hellish job long enough. I'll fight when it's necessary but what I now want to do is to make further fighting impossible. I've got a girl waiting for me back home and I don't want any children of mine to go through this thing again. You and I can say all we want to about the glory of battle, but we know there isn't anything in it. I hate it. It's just because we have hated it so much that we have been in the fight."

I was riding about last night with another mate who is just recovering from his wounds in one of the New York hospitals. He was at Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and St. Mihiel, shot twice, gassed twice, and yet coming back to good health.

"What are you going to do now, Hugh?" I inquired.

"Get well, first, and then try something worth while. Have you got anything for me in the Orient or South America?"

"Yes," I answered, "there is a school in China to which I should like to see you go."

"I'm on," he said, and gripped my hand.

The nations will be free only when they are made free by the Great Emancipator.

Hugh wanted to know what the Church was going to do to serve the new world. I told him that the Methodist Episcopal Church has already begun to recruit fifty-three thousand new trained men and women to go ahead on a great world program for service by the Church at home and overseas. One thousand eight hundred and fifty men must enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church annually in order to provide an adequate force. The Board of Foreign Missions needs one thousand two hundred and fifty new missionaries during the next four years. China needs teachers, India needs agriculturists, South America must have commercial leaders, Africa must have industrial development, and all of these and others must have the message of the true liberty of Jesus Christ. They will never become free nations until they adopt as their own the ideals of the Prince of Peace.

And I told Hugh, too, that here in America our churches were going to begin more adequately to minister to the communities in which they are and that forty thousand of the fifty-three thousand, for whom the Department of Life Service of the Centenary Movement is searching, will be business men and women who will have a modicum of training in Christian leadership so that they can assist largely in church activity.

True, it means a recreated Church. But only thus will Christianity lead the world into that peace and wholeness of life which the peoples of the earth are struggling to find. "There is a great tide running in the hearts of men"—and this tide is impelling the nations toward "that far off divine vision towards which the whole creation moves."

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(Continued from Page 22)

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In addition to the work of these departments, the foundation maintains a library open to the public, containing over 16,000 bound volumes and 33,000 pamphlets. Special attention has been given to collecting complete files of reports—local, Federal, state and institutional—relating in any way to social work, besides the current reports of over 3,000 miscellaneous institutions, both American and foreign.

Besides maintaining these departments of its own, the Foundation has subsidized worthy activities and organizations doing social work; has made numerous special grants of funds to important investigational undertakings, among them the Pittsburgh Survey; and has published numerous books and pamphlets produced outside its own departmental activities.

In a sentence, the Russell Sage Foundation is an institution which seeks to realize its chartered purpose of "improving social and living conditions" through the application of scientific method to the study of such conditions plus such a spreading of the facts gathered as to make them as far as possible a basis and force for intelligent constructive action.

"At the Gates of Socialism"

AN error was made in the transcription of the title of the picture on page 25 of the January issue of *WORLD OUTLOOK*. It should read "At the Gates of Socialism" instead of "At the Gates of Freedom." And the slogan on the banner carried by the crowd is a Russian inscription of the final words in the famous Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, published in 1848, "Proletarians of all nations, unite!" The picture was brought from Smolny Institute, the seat of the Bolshevik government in Petrograd, by the Rev. George A. Simons, to whom we owe these corrections.

An Announcement

OUR activities for the past year have been nearly 100 per cent. devoted to war production of vital importance to the Government, compelling us to discontinue regular manufacture in practically all of our lines.

The cessation of hostilities has now enabled us to begin the readjustment to a peace-production basis. While this adjustment must be gradual, we are pressing it with all possible speed in order to satisfy the requirements of our normal trade at an early date.

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Lo the Poor Cynic

(Continued from Page 26)

face that I knew I could trust . . . the same as even the most skeptical might trust any amount of his fortune to Abraham Lincoln or Woodrow Wilson.

The plates of food were passed. I saw he used his right hand only. His left he kept hidden out of sight under the table. All through the meal he used but one hand. After the meal we discussed the Higher Criticism. When he had gone I asked if paralysis was responsible for the heavy kerchief wrapped around his left wrist. "No," my informant replied, "thirty years ago some of his people put him to torture to make him renounce the foreign religion he had sworn by—the hated Jesu doctrine. He sacrificed his hand but would not sacrifice his convictions. He would not give up the something which had come to him."

The something which had come to him! What on earth was that Something? Religion was a blooming farce! All the so-called church folks continually squabbled and bickered over it back home. Yet this poor duped fool fell for it out here and gave up his good left hand for it! Oh what an addled world! As I pondered, the words of my host came to me: "—out here there are no finely-cut hairs over the niceties of religious dogma. We preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Jesus Christ is very real and vital out here. The sacrifice of the Christ, giving Himself to die on the cross for those whom He loved, is something these people can understand. It reaches home, for sacrifice is ingrained into their fibre. No, we simply preach the message of the Master and try to be decent and kind. Let no man say that the Oriental has a heart of leather. We who have spent our lives with him know differently. He has the heart of a child. But he is afraid to give vent to his emotions. For six thousand years he has been taught self-repression. You can't change half a billion people over into self-expression in a year or a decade!"

We preach simply Jesus Christ and Him crucified out here! The Christ sacrifice is something they can understand!

I thought of the Bancrofts back home and what a town joke it was because being Baptists they wouldn't walk on the same sidewalk Sunday mornings with the Harrisons, who were Unitarians. Over and over in my antagonistic soul—fighting not to be "roped in,"—came the demand: What was the Something which had come to this Japanese Christian gentleman that had changed his face, mellowed his voice, cost him his hand?

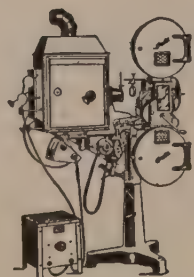
(To be Concluded)

To Our Patient Subscribers

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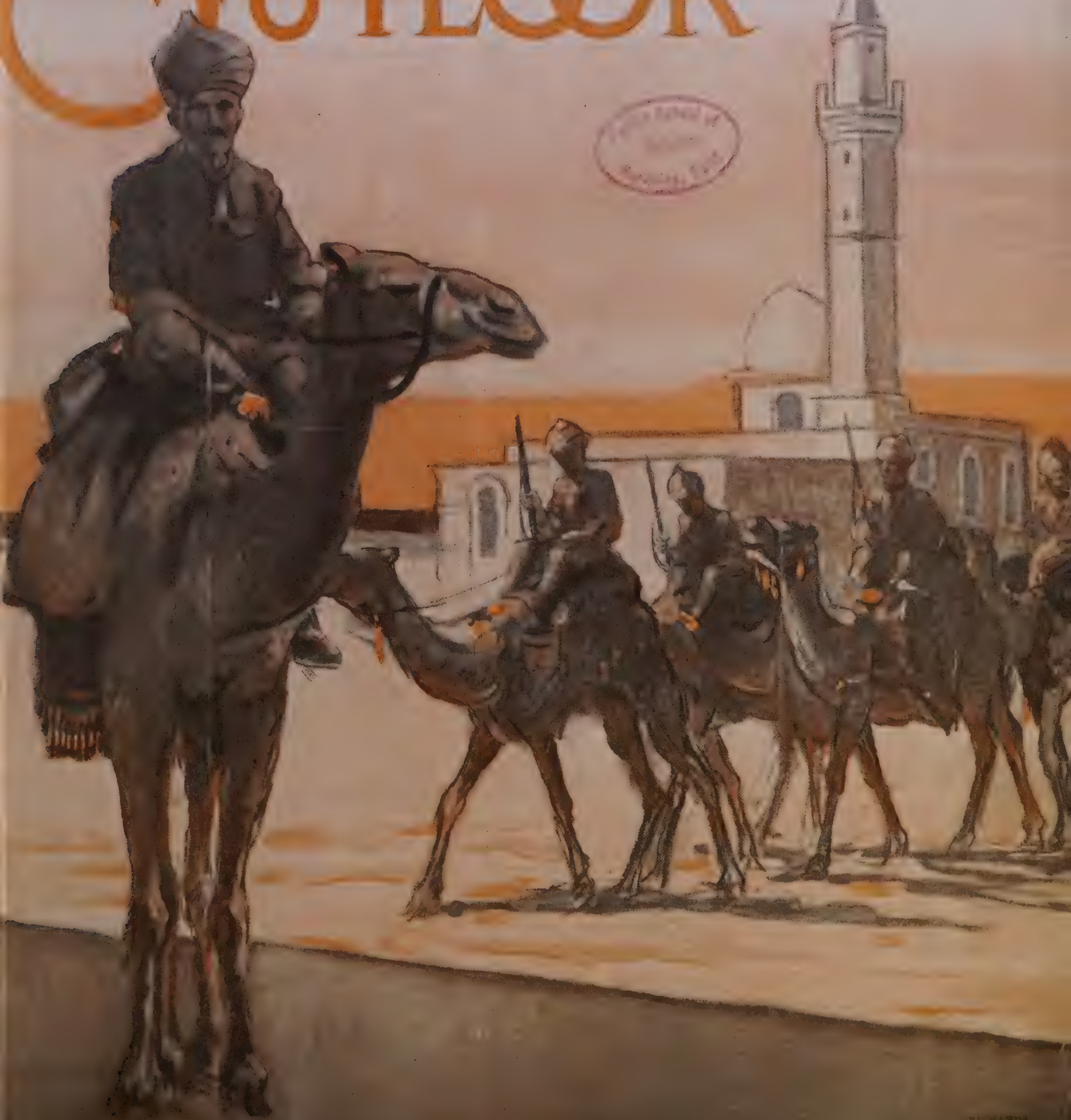
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Landing army stores on the coast of Palestine

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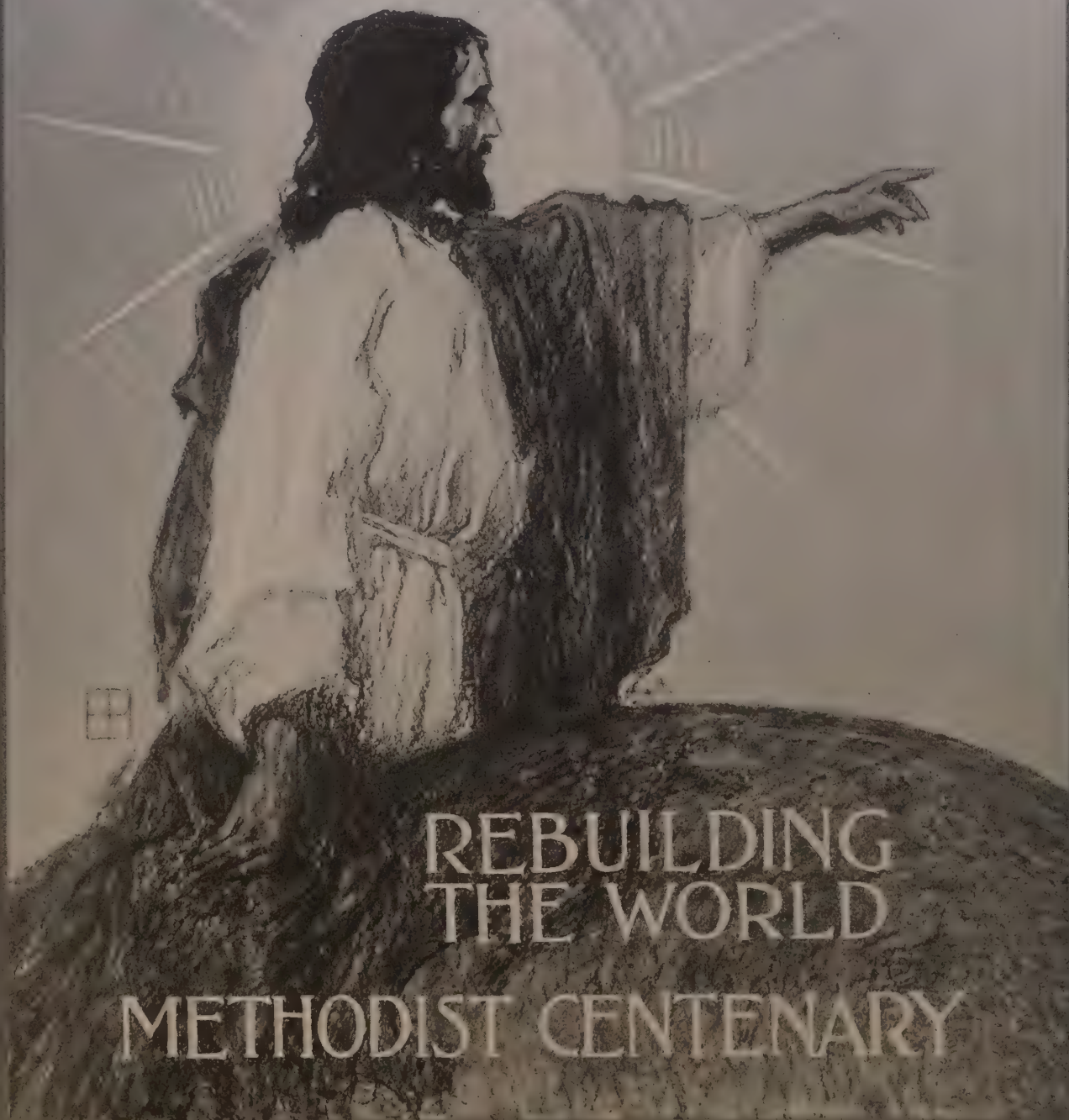
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WILLARD PRICE

Editor

IN MY NAME



THIS poster, by Herman Pfeifer, large and beautifully colored, is one of the many that will be used to advertise the Centenary Campaign on the \$100,000 worth of space on 14,000 boards presented to the Centenary by the bill-posting industries of the country.

Friends: The Centenary!

An introduction to a plan for celebrating past achievements by laying the foundation for a future of immeasurably greater service—By John T. Stone

WHEN John Stewart set forth one hundred years ago this spring, feeling called of God to preach to the Indians, he couldn't possibly have foreseen what the Methodist Episcopal Church would be doing in the spring of the year of 1919 to celebrate this humble beginning of its missionary work.

For that matter, it would not have been difficult to find, say, ten years ago, several thousand far more sophisticated Methodists than John Stewart who would have agreed that such a centenary program as the church is putting over to-day was a fantastic dream.

And you can hardly blame them. Consider the financial side of it only. During that first year of mission work \$823.04 were raised and \$85.76 were spent, probably the first, last and only time that missionaries couldn't find a use for the very last penny they could scrape together. In the ninety-nine years that followed, \$75,000,000 were raised for missionary purposes.

To-day the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South together, are asking for \$120,000,000 to finance for the next five years that work begun one hundred years ago with an expenditure of \$85.76!

The share of the Methodist Church North in this great collection is \$80,000,000 to be pledged during Eastertide this year and to be paid during the next five years.

No wonder those of little faith gasped. But we may paraphrase: they first gasped, then pitied, then embraced. For now the church is practically united on a centenary program that does not consist in sitting back and patting itself on the back for the really encouraging work that has been accomplished during the last hundred years, but has as its motive the launching forth into a new century with an impetus that a hundred years from now will make the present plans look as small to our great grandchildren as the first timid ventures of the Missionary Society look to us.

Missions adopt big business methods

The goal of the Centenary is not, of course, merely the raising of \$80,000,000, but while we are discussing money let us consider that phase of it first.

Time was when missionary boards used to say "Let's get together as much money as we can for missions and then we can decide as best we can how to divide it among the fields." But the Centenary campaign has changed that



DAVID D. FORSYTH



S. EARL TAYLOR



GEORGE M. FOWLES

system. It marks a new and aggressive epoch in the history of mission finance.

Before it was decided how much money was to be raised, a thorough survey was made of the needs of the whole world—no mean task. The Board of Foreign Missions sent questionnaires to every missionary in charge of any field or any institution administered by the Board. "What do you have?" and "What do you need?" were the basic questions.

The answers came back in terms definite and concrete. We need a church here, a hospital there, medicines, a school somewhere else, school-books, a canning factory to save the wasting vegetation.

When all the needs were added and a few subtracted it was found that \$40,000,000 must be raised to meet them.

Similarly, the Home Board made a survey of its field, a more difficult task in many ways because the needs stared everybody so intimately in the face. They decided that they needed \$53,000,000 to carry out necessary work, but this estimate was reduced to \$40,000,000; and the two big boards which grew out of that little Missionary Society started one hundred years ago decided to join forces and campaign together for the \$80,000,000 they needed between them.

Up-to-date machinery for raising that \$80,000,000

So much for how the sum necessary was agreed upon—let us now consider how it is to be obtained.

The committee that has to worry about that, as well as about the other aims of the centenary, is known as the Joint Centenary Committee and has its headquarters at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. David D. Forsyth is chairman; S. Earl Taylor, executive secretary, and George M. Fowles, treasurer. The other members are L. C. Murdock, F. C. Dunn, W. H. G. Gould, F. M. North, Frank L. Brown, and John T. Stone. But they are all too wise to worry alone. The burden of the Centenary has been divided and sub-divided until it rests squarely and lightly on the shoulders of every Methodist. The big central committee works through executive secretaries in the twenty episcopal areas, area councils, conference, district, sub-district and local groups down to the groups of thirty that have been or are being formed in every Methodist church.

The most up-to-date money raising methods culled from the experience of the big Liberty Loan, Red Cross and United War Work Cam-



WORLD EVENTS IN MINIATURE

"ALL the world's a stage," but it is not always that one stage can be the world. That is what this stage in the Coliseum at Columbus will try to be when the Methodist Church, North and South, meet there in June to celebrate the success of their Centenary Campaigns.

The world will appear in the form of two pageants, of six episodes each; one representing the United States, and one all the rest of the globe. These pageants will show not dead and gone battles, but the unparalleled series of events which make this very moment the greatest in history.

In one pageant, for instance, the spectator will en-

circle the revolutionary world of to-day, beginning with civil war in Mexico and ending with the coming of the Great Peace to Europe. This pageant will also include the recent rice riots and industrial crisis in Japan; the collapse of China, beginning with the Boxer Uprising; the movement of the outcaste tribes of India into social and spiritual freedom; and the pan-Mohammedan menace in Africa. In the other pageant the various social problems of the United States will be represented in more intimate and poignant detail, culminating in a great final scene showing the problem of the immigrant and the city, staged against the fantastic skyline of New York City.

There will be two Minute Men in every Methodist Episcopal church in the country and for every church having a membership of more than 200, there will be an additional man for each 100 members. One of their chief duties will be to present the Centenary work in all its aspects through five minute speeches. They will speak in churches, Sunday schools, in moving-picture houses, at public entertainments, on street corners. They will tell not only of the needs of the world but of the means being taken to make the Campaign for their relief a success.

The Columbus celebration, an expression of joy and Thanksgiving

But the Centenary isn't going to be all work and no play, for we don't want to be dull about carrying out this inspiring program. As a climax to the Campaign there will be the greatest Church celebration

ever held in the world's history. The State Fair Grounds at Columbus, Ohio, are going to be transformed for the period of June 20th-July 7th into a giant missionary exhibit. A staff is preparing to convert the buildings into sections that will represent Africa, Europe, China, Japan, India, and all the other missionary areas, not forgetting Latin America and our own United States. There will be pageants and pictures and native guides in costume, everything to make the celebration artistically and educationally complete. Harris Dickson, who has the matter of attendance in charge, has set aside a parking place for 40,000 automobiles and has arranged for day tickets, season tickets and family tickets. He expects over 100,000 people to attend. In the magnitude, the diversity and the realism of the Columbus Celebration the Church will express her great joy in the missionary achievements of the past century, and her much greater joy in launching out upon a new century a program more nearly commensurate with the world's just expectations of the Church than has ever yet been seriously undertaken.

A more dynamic church must take its place in the new world of today

The question is often asked, "What will be the status of the Church after the war?" There is small need in these days for a church with only a status. What is passionately needed is a church that does not *stand* but moves and drives abreast of and in harness with the great needs of the world to-day.

"The sordid materialism that naturally follows a great war" must be overcome by a sacrificial spiritual advance.

Instantly, upon the close of the war, and the mustering out of our great army and navy, has begun the strain of readjustment of industry, relocation of employment, resumption of normal wages and prices, cessation of government control and war-inspired discipline, and relaxation of restraint and self-denial.

These conditions demand a church alert, aligned, disciplined, intelligently informed and wholeheartedly responsive; a church with a Home Mission program adequate to these many varied and perplexing problems.

Our country's influence in world affairs, and our place in the regard of all other nations must also be sustained. Among all the vast foreign populations, the American manufacturer, merchant, and financier will have large opportunities for business; and will doubtless avail of them swiftly and with a great variety of merchandise and of enterprise. Plans and programs are already well advanced, in many lines of business, to be launched and pushed with vigor, the instant conditions become favorable.



AN AMERICANIZATION PLANT

MAKING dreams come true—that is one aim of the Centenary. Down on New York's East Side, where live Russians, Italians, Chinese and Jews, separate and intermingled, is the Church of all Nations. Magnificent in its Americanizing and Christianizing ideals, it is sordidly housed in an old dance hall and lacks proper equipment for its work. A new, modern, community building, like this tentative sketch, is the dream of Dr. Henry, pastor of the Church of All Nations. It would be "a Christian gateway to the world's greatest city," to help the bewildered immigrant understand American ways of living and to provide for his children the wholesome recreation and high moral influence which they cannot get in the street.

The missionary's equipment must compare favorably with the trader's

Shall America's activities in this new day of peace be solely commercial? Shall the word go forth again, all around the earth, that, after all, America is at bottom only a nation of money gatherers? Is there not great danger that such an outcome would give the lie to all our present protestations of unselfishness, and would be interpreted by multitudes as proof of a very long-sighted quality of mercenary shrewdness, in embarking in this war? If America is to prove by her deeds, after the war as well as during the war, that she is sincere in her many declarations of unselfish concern for weaker and backward peoples and nations; and if America herself is to be saved from the unworthy role of mere merchandising and material exploitation in Asia, and Africa, and Latin America, then the Christian Church of America must be ready, FULLY READY, to send forth her missionaries in numbers sufficient and with equipment adequate, man for man, to those of the merchant, the manufacturer, the engineer, the prospector and the banker.

The Missionary Centenary has undertaken a mighty task to transform a Church now largely static into a Church one hundred per cent. dynamic; and thus to reinforce mightily all those spiritual values upon which the human and material elements depend for our triumph in the world-old war against sin everywhere. Every man's shoulder is under the wheel, it is the time for a push all together.

THERE are evidences everywhere of world-wide social awakening. Asia, not less than Europe, is in a ferment and revolution. A dominant moral and spiritual leadership is imperative. Reconstruction on an unprecedented scale is inevitable.

"This is Christianity's opportunity, but, unless the Church now leads in a commanding way, she may awake to-morrow standing powerless on a side track, while radical social democracy whirls by on the main line. It is the hour of challenge to the organized Christian forces of the world."

FRED B. FISHER



SHADES of Haroun-al-Raschid! What would the Caliph of Bagdad, who saw so many wondrous sights, think of these soldiers from far Hindustan stringing "talking wires" in the streets of his city? He would be even more surprised could he see the modern wharves, shipyards and factories these same men are building along the Tigris.

Hindustan's Weight Against Hindenburg's Line

By Brenton Thoburn Badley

WHEN one thinks of India in the war, thoughts come very fast. There are good reasons for this. First, because her sons were on the field in the cause of human liberty three long years before any of ours arrived. Next, because there were so many of them—about a million and a quarter. But, further, because they all came as volunteers—no draft or conscription was required to bring them to the field in the day of world crisis.

Our wonder grows when we recall that India's first blows were so far afield as Flanders. There Hindustan's weight was first felt against Hindenburg's line. Next to England itself, India was the first part of the British Empire to be on the scene of action. Moreover, she was there with an army of seasoned troops, and had the precious asset of a complete field and heavy artillery equipment. Listen to Sir Francis Younghusband, of British fame, when he says that if it had not been for 70,000 Indian soldiers who were thrown into the breach in Flanders at the outset of the war "in all probability our troops would not have been able to stay the German onrush, and our brave little army would have been swept off the continent."

No wonder the world is thinking more of India these days! After Sikhs and Gurkhas had fought side by side with the Canadians at Ypres, Pathans and Rajputs shared death gloriously with the Anzacs at Gallipoli, and later Punjabis and Marathas helped to make possible the thrust from Salonica. Meantime, India's turbaned sons were helping England to do a few more remarkable things in Africa—both West and East.

India's gigantic task in the East

Turkey's entrance into the war meant three more great theatres of operation for India—Egypt, Mesopotamia and Palestine. China and Siberia also saw Indian troops.

It was this world field of endeavor and sacrifice that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, India's leading woman writer, had before her when she wrote of Hindustan's sons in a stanza of a poem of rare beauty and strength:

*"Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered by shells on Egyptian sands
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands;
They are scattered like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France."*

No marvel that we of Aryan extraction turn at last with pride to acknowledge the Aryan blood in India's veins! We look again with admiration at the Aryan brown, standing on the battlefields of Europe under the same flag, side by side with the Aryan white. Wonderful picture! We see the "brave, broken hands" of India, broken for the liberty we hold so dear, and we know that hereafter America will clasp hands with India with deeper feeling, with a new understanding.

How the jugular vein of the British Empire was protected

The Suez Canal was vital to the cause of the Allies—the Kaiser called it "the jugular vein of the British Empire." This waterway England was enabled to keep open largely through the presence of Indian troops—labor corps who filled and piled up thirty million sandbags along its length, and dug miles of trenches in the sand that would almost fill up with sand overnight and have to be redug; infantry that repeatedly wrecked the hopes of sudden attacks of the wily Turk; cavalry, especially the famous Camel Corps, that went swiftly over the desert sands and struck hard at Turkish concentrations.

Overcoming the Mesopotamian enemies with grit and modern engineering

In the meantime an Indian army had already seized Basrah at the head of the Persian gulf, and started the great Mesopotamian campaign. In this memorable undertaking England, very largely with

Indian troops and labor corps, overcame a dozen enemies besides the Turks.

Beyond the imagination of Americans were the heat, glare, dust, flies, thirst and loneliness of those desert regions. Formidable were the difficulties encountered by reason of the malaria, typhus, dysentery, lack of medical supplies and want of adequate transport. When General Townshend surrendered at Kut-el-Amara it was for want of food.

But India was in the thing to win. Basrah was rebuilt, a modern town with wharves, warehouses, shipbuilding yards and factories quickly replacing the old-world, straggling Arab town. Well up the Tigris docks and yards were constructed for the building of watercraft suitable to the shallow and treacherous river.

Most wonderful of all, Indian Mohammedans under the double cross of the Union Jack fought without faltering against their co-religionists under Islam's Star and Crescent. Why ask for any other test of India's loyalty? What were resources, money, life itself, when even religious affiliations were thus deliberately set aside!

When Bagdad fell

Then Bagdad was taken! Who in the matter-of-fact West could realize what that meant to the Eastern world? In India men heard the word and stood still in their tracks. Bagdad fallen! Then might anything else in the world come to pass—thenceforth everything was possible! A mighty thrill went all through India—it was felt even in the harems of the legend-laden, mosque-studded city made famous by the wealth and old-world culture of Haroun-al-Raschid.

We have thought of it only in the setting of the *Arabian Nights* tales—we must imagine it now with telegraph poles, machine-guns and marching troops—soldiers, not with spears and scimitars, but with corps of engineers, bridge builders, sappers and miners, doctors and nurses. The West has arrived! Instead of the gorgeous rugs there will be cement, and in place of Saracenic arches we shall have structural steel! Harems will give place to hotels, narrow, winding streets with quaint, carved balconies will yield to great thoroughfares lined with business blocks, modern school schedules will compete with the programs of the mosques. The railway that was to run from Berlin to Bagdad will now run from Bagdad to Berlin—and then some!

Meantime other thousands of India's sons, under the same magnificent leadership of Britain, were making history in the deserts of the Sinai peninsula. It was not enough to check the Turk at the Canal—it was necessary to reach him where he was strong, and by defeating him make further offensives on his part impossible.

Meeting the Turk in the desert that Moses made famous

The desert had to be crossed—the same that Moses had made famous. Manna and quails and the gushing rock were not available, but from the same source came the courage, science, skill and determination that took the "Children" of India, Australia and England across those awful desert wastes. Water was brought in pipes from the Nile, and followed the army whithersoever it went. Think of the wonder of sitting in the Sinai desert and drinking water from the mountain-tops and great lakes of the heart of Africa! The greatest caravan of camels that the eye of man ever rested on was set in motion across those same desert sands—carrying supplies, light field pieces, machine-guns, ammunition, having riders with eyes of hawks and nerves of steel.

But nothing short of an iron road could meet the needs of an army advancing across the desert. Hundreds of miles of railway tracks torn up from the plains of India, and thousands of India's freight cars helped to solve the problem. To-day the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem that used to take eight days by caravan can be made overnight.

(Continued on page 32)

The War Came to India Bringing Gifts

By Oscar MacMillan Buck

MARMALADE, jam, butter, oatmeal, tinned beef, mutton, biscuits, boots, khaki drilled cord, helmets, jerseys, puttees, socks, coats, shirts, cigarettes, tobacco, galvanized iron tubs and buckets, lanterns, lamps, brushes! No, we are not reading from the catalogue of a Chicago mail-order house but a list of the *new industries* of India. The armies of the Allies in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Palestine were well supplied with all these articles and got them every one from India. Men of India labored that the soldiers in Palestine might have butter on their bread, and marmalade on their butter, unless they preferred jam.

And this is not all. Add to the marmalade, etc., munitions! Munition factories sprang up out of railway and other workshops. By the end of 1916 the output of shells in India had increased 1200 per cent. Fifteen hundred miles of railway track made in India were laid down somewhere in the desert for the winning of the war, and 250 Indian engines pulled 4500 Indian railway cars over these tracks. From the workshops of India came the river-craft for the Tigris and Euphrates, the machinery that went into the river-craft, and the trained men that went aboard them.

Agriculture did not escape the influence of the new spirit

And more—the oldest industries of all in India were stimulated by the war and called to the rescue of civilization. In 1917 India raised for the Allies and sent to them over one and a quarter tons of wheat, thirty-one million pounds of jute, two and one-quarter million pounds of wool, large quantities of army blankets, and sixty per cent. of the leather that went into British boots.

The war has thus undoubtedly quickened the industrial life of a country whose main interest has been in agriculture. Nor has agriculture escaped the influence of the New, which like the Spanish influenza is universally in the air. We have the New Agriculture with its irrigation, its implements, its scientific farming and animal husbandry. Two native states—those of Gwalior and Bikaner (whose progressive king sits to-day at the Peace Conference in Paris)—are leading the way, thanks to the influence of a humble missionary.

Listen to this recent letter of Sam Higginbottom: "The Gwalior Exhibition has just closed and after it is all over it is said to have been the largest and most interesting on record in Central India. The North India Mission entered on a new era in mission work, for all the agricultural arrangements for the Exhibition were in its hands. Mr. Griffin with his tractors actually plowing, his harrows harrowing, his pumps pumping, his fine crops of pedigreed wheat and grain, proved an attraction superior to the wrestling arena. Dr. Kenoyer in his beautiful research laboratory with experiments of all kinds under way that the Indian farmers could see and understand, his charts, microscopes, seed-testing, was more popular than the Indian juggler who makes the mango tree grow and bear fruit under a gunny bag.

Princesses learn to preserve

"Mrs. Wiser with her demonstrations of fruit-canning and vegetable preservation, showing the people of India a cheap, sanitary and easy way of saving food, was much more popular than the nautch girl. The Maharajah brought down the ladies of the Palace to see and learn her methods. As he was merely a man he could not go in under the canopy which was kept strictly *purdah*. The fruit and vegetables were grown in the palace gardens, the jars were made in the state pottery, common Indian cooking vessels were used and the little common Indian portable stoves gave the fire for cooking and sterilization. A few days after Mrs. Wiser had shown the Ranis and Princesses how to can and put up food the Maharajah sent them back to demonstrate to Mrs. Wiser how well they had learned their lessons. He wanted to be sure they had got it right, as he will have to eat the things they put up.

"Mr. Slater came over with a lot of his chickens from Etah to

manage the poultry part of the Exhibition. It was the best poultry show I have ever seen in India. All the first prizes and grand championships were won, not by imported birds, but by birds bred in the country from imported stock. From now on India will be less dependent upon importations but can develop types suited to her own needs. This is of the greatest importance to the poultry interest of India."

And here is the Call to an All-India Cow Conference to meet in Calcutta in December of 1917! Those who know India as it has been through the centuries jump to the very natural but very mistaken conclusion that the Conference is called by the Hindus to defend the sacred cow from its traditional enemies, the Mohammedans and the Christians. But the object of the Call is "to devise ways and means for the protection and improvement of cattle, especially of cows, for the production of pure ghee and other pure articles out of milk, for the improvement of agriculture in connection with the aforesaid objects, etc."

Outcastes are to be given rights

Not only industrially but socially the war has hastened development and transformation. The spirit of democracy is abroad in India (for India has been fighting for democracy) and democracy for India spells large change. The outcastes are socially dead and buried—their living bodies are to the Hindus as putrid flesh to us. But the Gaekwar of Baroda recently presided in Bombay over the "Second All-India Depressed Classes Mission Conference for the Abolition of Untouchability." The Madras Government recently appointed two special officials, one English and one Indian, to enquire into the economic condition of the depressed classes in certain parts of that Presidency for the purpose of alleviating their lot. The head of the ancient and well-known Brahmin Vedanta School at Kolhapur in the Mahratta country sends out a religious proclamation in English (for he is a University scholar by name and title, Dr. Shri Mahabagavat of Kurtkoli, Ph.D., F.R.S.A., M.R.A.S., etc.) with these words, "We as the Jagadguru deem it necessary to remove the unrest in the country due to Brahmin and anti-Brahmin feelings. . . . We are prepared to give to non-Brahmins their respective rights and privileges." The Christian Church is being overwhelmed by the rush of the outcaste toward a higher social status—again "the kingdom of heaven suffers violence and men of violence take it by force."

Schools for women

Not only democracy for the outcaste but democracy for all castes and classes is on the way and her advance agents are seen in India. Hindus and Mohammedans have joined hands for the achievement of autonomy for India as allies in the great tasks of the new Indian nationalism. India's sons have been passing through the University of Democracy where the campus was the shell-torn area, the trench the hall, and the dugout the classroom, and as Bachelors of Democracy are returning to village and town and city.

And what of Education and the War? The educational life of India has felt the effect of the universal shaking. Barring the war, the most talked-of subjects in India have been Nationalism and the Education of Women. In one year (1916) three significant conferences met in India: a large meeting of Indian ladies representing all branches of Hinduism, orthodox and reformed, in Lahore demanded increased educational facilities for Indian women and girls; a conference of women's societies met in Bombay with similar results, and in Hyderabad, that great Mohammedan native state in the south of India, an educational conference reported that Hindus and Mohammedans there were awakening to the need of education for women. A new Christian university for women and a new woman's medical college, both in the Madras Presidency, are signs of the new trend of events. In the education of men and boys the subjects of greatest interest have been those of increased primary education, a great Mohammedan University, a great Hindu University, and the

(Continued on page 25)

ONE OF THE FIVE MILLION

THE gong means breakfast, dinner, and supper to this Indian fakir. He strikes it to attract the passers-by, who throw their copper coins on the cloth in front of the god.

Of course the fakir himself gets the money. The people know that he will, but still they give, for the curse of a fakir is the last misfortune an honest Hindu wants to bring upon himself.

But the ways of the western world are affecting even fakirs. The coat this man wears was probably cast off by some Englishman. He rides on the new railways, too, for even a holy man must travel, and trains are convenient. In time modern ideas may drive him, and the rest of India's five million religious mendicants, out of business, for the coming of soda water and slot machines provide more exciting penny adventures than a gift to an indifferent god.



Lo, the Poor Cynic!

By William Dudley Pelley

A "plain, hum-drum business Yank, faithful disciple of the great god Show Me" shamefacedly confesses that he was "shown" when in Asia he found a new world in the making. He asks in bewilderment, "What is that something that has changed the faces of these Japanese Christians and mellowed their voices?"

(Concluded)

IN a far province I saw a yellow man arrive at the bamboo and straw hut of the missionary in clothes I wouldn't have thrown to a mangy dog for his bed. Translated, his choctaw announced:

"I have come three hundred miles to hear you tell me about this strange god who take care of my son who is just very much dead. My neighbor Hashimo Togo who is a Christian by the missionary who went away, also lost his son. But he did not feel bad because he said his son was living happily elsewhere. I want you to tell me about your god who takes care of Hashimo Togo's son elsewhere."

I withdrew because it was not fair business to interrupt the missionary's office hours. The missionary began spiling a lot of Sunday school stuff that every Sunday-school kid has heard the nation over in those hours when he sat stiffly before his teacher with a fancy leaflet in his hand and a stiff collar that hurt his neck and a hatred in his soul because the two cents he was forced to put into the collection box for the heathen would have bought a perfectly good all-day sucker at Mrs. Murphy's notion store on the corner. Late that same evening I came back. The same heathen was still there but preparing to go. And I beheld this otherwise sane and decent white man arise and put his arm around the narrow shoulders of that Oriental just as though that yellow man was just as good a man as he was. Awkward? Not a bit of it! The missionary didn't "do it for the grandstand." He did it like a strong man because he felt for the poor ignorant perplexed son-of-a-gun. He did it because he meant it. It came natural. And eventually the Oriental tramped back his three hundred dusty miles.

A while later I understood they had a church up in that province and a missionary was visiting them regularly. They'd subscribed two hundred yen to put up that church with a spire and a bell. The church extension society with money from the hill-town folk back home did the rest.

I went up to see that church when it was dedicated.

"Just a spasmodic outburst!" I told myself. "It'll run for a little while and then die out. You can't get under any Oriental's skin with any such western hogwash. I'll give 'em one even year and bet a hundred that they're back before their idols."

I said this before I went up to the dedication. The place was one little room done in white and yellow without even an altar rail and benches stiffer than Cotton Mather would have demanded. It hadn't any windows and only one electric light. I sat there wondering what would become of the property when the new wore off the new religion. As I sat there thinking, the crowd began to arrive. Again I commenced to have the props kicked out from beneath me.

The church seated sixty-four. There were a hundred and seven who came. There were two men to every woman. The services were being held at one o'clock of a business-day afternoon and the congregation was made up of working folk. In America at such a time you couldn't get an audience of the janitor and a yellow dog. In northern Japan the place was packed and scattered through the crowd were women with babies.

The service lasted for four hours with two sermons. They did not omit the second and fifth verses of the hymns—they sang them all—ten to fifteen minutes to a song. The Japanese presiding-elder made the prayer. He talked jabberwock to Almighty God, but somehow as I listened something got me by the throat. Almighty God understood all languages—even jibberly-jabberly Japanese. Throughout the prayer came good old-fashioned New England *Amens!* It dawned upon me that these people were taking this thing mighty seriously.

When it was over I began to ask the identity of some of the men present. One of them was the biggest taxpayer and richest man in town. A second was the largest merchant. A third was the head of the local agricultural college—the institution of a Buddhist government.



In northern Japan women like this Nikko farmer's wife are finding vital interest in "the Sunday-School stuff that every Sunday-School kid has heard the nation over."

After ceremonial tea without which no Nipponese function is complete, this last gentleman *without being invited* arose and asked if he might make a speech. He was accommodated. He talked for twelve minutes. The missionary interpreted for me. And what did he say?

He said he welcomed the advent of this Christian church in the community. Although a Buddhist and obligated to Buddhism in such a way that at his age he could not openly become a Christian, he realized that the ethics of Christianity and the morality of the Christian code was the only salvation for the three hundred boys under his care—that there was nothing in any other culture which would train them up strong physically and morally and mentally but the doctrine of the Christians and the great world war and the altruistic position of America—an example of the first practically Christian nation—were proving that by no other doctrine under heaven could boys and men be kept clean for future generations and the service of their country and mankind.

This from a Buddhist! I was thunderstruck. "He's only feeding these folks soft soap for inviting him here," I declared. And the missionary said: "He's too wise to do that. Such sentiments may cost him his job!" I was stumped for a moment. "You don't mean to tell me that he *means* it?" I demanded. "There is no other construction to place upon it," the missionary replied quietly.

So I have wandered to and fro up and down this Orient. I came out here a pert world-wise little hayseed from one of New England's hill towns conceited in my "hard-headedness"—in the inability of

these religious enthusiasts to pull the wool over my eyes, in the determination that I would not be "steered"—that I would go where I wanted, see what I liked, draw my own conclusions. And so I have. And what is the result?

The result is that I have become sobered, that I have had the conceit knocked out of me, that I have become very respectful and attentive, and, if you please, sympathetic. For the last thirty or forty years the Christian missionaries have been making the sacrifice of home and friends and old associations, coming out here filled with the spirit (or the courage of ignorance if you prefer) and have patiently planted seeds that are at last beginning to flower. As we say back in America, they've "gotten away with it." If you are skeptical, spend two or three thousand dollars and come out here and see. The job isn't finished yet—indeed it's only in its infancy. The point is that Christian missionary work has made for itself a great big practical foothold, that religion out here is militant—in short, Christian missions *work*, they are practical, they are getting results.

It would take fifty times the space here at my command to relate some of the proofs of this which I have beheld almost against my will. My idea of missions represented by the ladies of the Walnut Street church meeting Thursday afternoons back in Paris, Vt., to sew for the heathen, or "Doctor" Dodd bothering our linotype operators with his stereotyped press notices, or the young red-headed missionary on furlough making a plea for our hard-earned funds after steeling himself for the ordeal with a meal of parsonage chicken, has all been knocked into a cocked hat. Half a world is awakening out here. Five hundred millions of people are sitting up and rubbing their eyes. And when I think of proud, lethargic, isolated America looking on Asia as a continent of shirt-washing rateaters and letting it go at that, there's a sneaking little prayer of grateful thanksgiving in my soul that the destiny of the missionary movement has somehow found its way out of the hands of the Walnut Street Church's ladies' meeting and is in the hands of strong men, big men, far-sighted men, Christian men—men with virile red blood in their veins who have come to realize at last that in the great program of nations ahead the ethics of the Man of Sorrows who once paced the shores of Galilee, despised and cast out, are the sole and

only ethics on which that program can be constructed to endure the tests of time and the illnesses to which human flesh is heir.

I confess I have forgotten about the possibilities of selling American cooking stoves to the Burmese; I should worry whether Yankee paint manufacturers can make the Oriental see his dwelling place as others see it.

As I said at the beginning, I have been grabbed by the shirt-front, slammed against the wall and been made to see that idolatry, heathenism, ignorance, secret diplomacy, the old order of things which made half the world a stink-pot before August 1, 1914, is all a great mountain of flim-flam, rotten in the sills, twisted out of shape, hideously bulged, out of plumb, tottering!

It's all coming down in a mass of ruins right here in this day in which we are living—and the debris is going to sprinkle from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. Then on top of the rubbish heap we're going to erect a purer, better, finer civilization than the world has ever known and the mandates of Jesus Christ for nations as well as individuals are going to compose the top and crowning stone of the whole great pyramid and give shape and symmetry and balance to the whole.

I'm not preaching a sermon. I'm telling you what I'm having hammered into my stupid head everywhere I turn out here in this Orient. Back in my newspaper office this afternoon the boys and girls are getting out the paper. The chief interest in that paper to the folks in my town to-night will be when their boys are coming home. Which is all right so far as it goes. But while the war was being fought to victory in Europe there was another kind of war—a bloodless war but nevertheless as great a war—being fought out here between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. It is still being fought. And the powers of light are beginning to win. Christian missions is no longer merely a subject for a Sunday morning sermon or a ladies' aid society or an illustrated lecture for Wednesday evenings by the returned missionary with tickets at thirty-five cents. Christian missions have become the cornerstone of world statesmanship—the salvation of the nations!

Oh, the blind back home who are leading the blind! What can I write for my paper which will bring home to them the blackness of their blindness? Frankly, I'm up against it! I don't know!



Half the world is waking up out here. Five hundred millions of people are sitting up and rubbing their eyes . . . The great program of nations ahead depends on the ethics of the Man of Sorrows for the only basis which will endure the test of time and the illnesses to which human flesh is heir.



BESIDES giving the Chinese who worked behind the lines lessons in English and arithmetic, the "Y" men, many of them Chinese, helped to stage pantomimes like this where a sailor is making love to a Chinese lady impersonated by one of the men.

With the Chinese Industrial Army in France

By Kathlene B. Winter

"GO TO FRANCE?" said Yio-han Lee, long-limbed son of North China, repeating the words of the British recruiting officer. "Be paid twenty dollars a month for thirty-six months?" Yio-han Lee shook his head. That could not be possible. Was not three dollars a month the largest sum he had ever earned, creeping along under a hundred-pound burden of cotton from eight to fifteen miles a day, like the human pack animal he had become?

There would be a journey on a boat—free; plenty of rice and tea—free; a place to sleep—free; tobacco to smoke—free; a doctor to take care of him if he became sick—free.

What was he to do in this foreign land called France? Perhaps help mend shell-torn roads, perhaps unload food-bearing ships, perhaps dig trenches, perhaps—very strongly perhaps—plough the soil of neglected French farm lands. In short, Yio-han Lee was to take the place of some British Tommy or French poilu behind the firing lines. Yio-han Lee himself would not have to fight. They only wanted him to work, ten hours a day.

But Yio-han Lee, who had often lived within a day of starvation, suspected a trick. These things he was hearing were too good to be true. But no, the Chinese interpreter, a countryman from Yio-han Lee's own province, told him that the Chinese Government itself would reach out the long arm of protection to him in France, would see that the promises the foreign gentleman was making were kept.

Still Yio-han Lee hesitated. Suppose he should die in this foreigner's land?

If he should die in the foreigner's land, his body would be sent

back to be buried in ancestral dust. Moreover, if he should die or if he should be injured, money—indemnity—would be paid his family to keep the many mouths filled. And while he worked in France one-half his wages, ten dollars a month, would be sent back to swell the family hoard.

At last Yio-han Lee grinned broadly. "I go," he said, and signed his name to the contract the British officer had brought.

So the recruiting officers with their interpreters went on through the provinces, into the hill towns and villages of Shantung, Chihli, Fukien and Manchuria, gathering together the man-power which was to plug up the holes in France's industrial army. And when the shrewd, unlettered, slow-thinking Chinese laborers—much like the peasants of yesterday's Russia in economic status—realized what was being offered them, they flocked like children out of school to offer themselves. "A chance for adventure, a chance for sudden wealth," was the cry.

Sixty out of a hundred of these men had to be rejected as physically unfit, and the rejectees were marked with a stamp of purple ink and sent away. But so eager were these volunteers to cast in their lot with their brothers that they rubbed off with sandpaper the telltale badge of unfitness, incidentally scraping away the skin, until it became necessary to take thumb-print impressions for identification.

Between 200,000 and 300,000 Chinese laborers were absorbed into the great military machine of the Allies, and they more than justified the reputation so often used against them of "outworking or under-bidding any other nationality in the world." Under their steady, uncomplaining toil French soil yielded twice and even three times as

much food as it had ever produced before. Chinese good-humor and Chinese brawn did their appreciable bit in hurrying the Allies to victory. Under the British Government these men are contracted for three years of service; under the French for five years. Now that shipping is being released, thousands more of these adaptable workmen will doubtless be recruited to help in the biggest task of all, reconstruction.

But these laborers will not stay in Europe, if only for the reason that they have not been invited. At the expiration of their contracts they will drift back into the villages from which they came, there to be looked upon as walking encyclopædias of all things Western. If Yio-han Lee chooses to tell his kinsfolk that our country declared war

He came to France with two hundred thousand others of his kind to hold "the second line" and because of his excellent work he has been asked to stay and help build up the devastated areas.

on Germany because of the engagement of the princess of France to the heir-apparent of the United States, he will doubtless be taken at

his word. Or he may inform them that all French women are prostitutes and every barrack a gambling den. On the other hand, he may describe to them how rushing waters can be harnessed to the will of men, how the earth can be made to yield up riches in iron and coal, how naked hills can be transformed once more into forest lands.

What Yio-han Lee and his fellows take back to China in the way of intellectual, moral and spiritual currency depends largely on what *we, Western civilization, give them to take back.* The International Y. M. C. A., perennially long of vision where opportunity looms, has interpreted our responsibility in terms of seventy-five educational centres (counting only British work), lantern slide lectures on public health, geography and history,

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Consternation in China Camp

By Paul Patton Faris

CONSTERNATION reigned the other day among the Chinese of three Labor Companies somewhere behind the lines. There was much running about through the mud between the bell tents, much chattering in the age-old tongue of Confucius and Yuan Shih-Kai, with much shaking of heads that once wore pigtails but now boast only of a ragged assortment of short, thick black hair.

To an outsider it all looked perilously like a recrudescence of the Boxer Rebellion or perhaps a plot to place Sun Yat-Sen on the imperial throne of Potsdam. But it was all because they didn't want Mr. Fan transferred.

From the opening of the work with the three companies, Mr. Fan had stood behind the counter, dispensing cigarettes and Canadian biscuits, green gages and golden smiles; he had taught them English and enthusiasm for their invaluable work behind the lines, arithmetic and ambition for the future of their own land.

Finally some one proposed a drastic measure. "Let's appeal to the *tsung-pan!*" he suggested. So it was determined. The best users of English in the three companies were summoned and this petition was drafted.

Sir: We, the whole body of the three companies, C, L, C, at . . . , owing to hearing of Rev. H. F. Fan will be transferred shortly from here, as we beg to respectfully state that he is a nice and gentle and kind man here. As he has been rendering us a great deal of teaching with different kinds of common knowledge, that none of us not gets the gold instructions from him. And every one of us applauds for having got such a good man, besides that he quite behaves himself.

Every day between 7 and 9 P.M. when we had our supper, he generously gives us lessons of English Primer and a little bit of arithmetics. So our brothers are gradually realized anyway, since Y. M. C. A. came to us. As we are very glad to say that to have a nice, cheerful lesson during the times of war is not easily occurred without Y. M. C. A.

We are afraid that the education for us will be in a state of decaying if Rev. Fan goes away.

We therefore beg your pardon most respectfully to detain him here for making us the useful men by his warm teaching, and much obliged indeed.

Accept, sir, yours faithfully,

THE WHOLE BODY OF LABOURERS.





The Oriental campaigns of the war were fought against the heat, glare, dust, flies, thirst and loneliness of de



t regions, as well as against typhus, malaria, dysentery and lack of medical supplies and adequate transport.

Madame Butterfly—War Worker

By Edna Erle Wilson

LIFE is not altogether a matter of gay kimonos and elaborate coiffures and cherry blossoms to the modern Japanese woman. Miss Taka Kata and Miss Michi Kawai, for instance, might have lived out their lives in the seclusion and comfort which is the birthright of the high-class Japanese woman, if it had not been for the fact that their Christian training had given them wider experiences and more freedom than their countrywomen, together with a great desire to be of service in the world—also if it had not been for the war. In spite of their modern ideas they would have been astounded a few years ago if they had been told that they would go a-traveling through Siberia, investigating conditions among Japanese soldiers and women in that land of vast distances and heart-breaking tragedies.

From Tokio to Vladivostok is a journey of only two days and a half. Miss America would undertake this trip at an hour's notice, stuff a few necessary articles of clothing into a traveling bag and bravely start off to investigate anything—even the agitated beating of the red heart of Russia itself. But before two unaccompanied Japanese women could undertake the same trip many centuries of old customs and habits had to be packed away. Otherwise there wouldn't have been enough room in their Oriental traveling cases for even kimonos and straw slippers.

It was the Y. W. C. A. which commissioned Miss Taka Kata and Miss Kawai. Not only their hands and hearts but their trunks also were full when they set forth from home for the cold North. Their duty was not merely to see what they could see and make lengthy reports to their organization, but to carry relief for sufferers, too. Their luggage did not stay heavy long—there were too many calls for the clothing and the comforts they carried, but as the weight left their trunks and boxes it shifted to their hearts, for everywhere they went they found privation and suffering and a million needs which they could not satisfy.

They found Vladivostok full of refugees. Passing the railroad station late at night they saw many people sleeping on the hard cement floors. Compared to them, the men, women and children who were housed in freight cars seemed to be living in luxury, although they were crowded for room and had nothing but scanty straw for beds.

They found a Japanese Red Cross hospital without a single Japanese patient in it. That may sound like an empty building, but it was not. Every one of the narrow white cots was occupied, and the cots were close together, too. Most of the patients were Czechs, with a few English and French among them.

The patients spoke Russian and French and German and English. The doctors and nurses spoke only Japanese. But modern science transcends most things, among them linguistic barriers.

"Talking is bad for them anyhow," one young doctor said. Which would seem to prove that the Japanese have a sense of humor not unlike our own!

All of the Japanese women's most honorable ancestors would probably have risen out of their sacred tablets if they could have seen the two secretaries on their way to the military station at Habarovak. They were the only two women in the special car which carried General Otani and his staff, newspaper reporters, a Buddhist priest and several interpreters.

At Habarovak they met a countrywoman of theirs who had lived for more than twenty years in Siberia as proprietor of a large store. Although she herself was not a Christian she longed for Christians to come to her city. They would, she said, "clean up" the place.

"I am very glad," she said, "that you people have come from so far. There are many deplorable things existing here, and we need workers like you."

Especially did she stress the need for work among the Japanese women in this city, which is full of Japanese, American and Cossack soldiers.

When Miss Kawai returned to Vladivostok she carried with her a vivid impression of the urgent necessity of work among the Japanese soldiers and women in Siberia. Not only was help needed in the barracks and in the cities of the interior but in Vladivostok itself, where out of 4,000 Japanese there were only some ten or fifteen Christians.

But those fifteen are most devout. Through their leader Miss Kawai came to know a few Russian Christians and was invited to speak at their Sunday meeting.

The military authorities were very helpful to the Y. W. C. A. secretaries and put an automobile at their disposal. A second car was provided for the use of the officer who was to accompany them. Looking at her big car and its two tiny occupants, Miss Kawai asked the officer why he did not ride with them. The officer made a formal bow and answered:

"In the Japanese army no military man is allowed to ride with a woman."

So tradition held, even on the trip of these Japanese girls. In time, that rule may go the way so many others have gone. Miss Japan is helping with the work of the world, and when there is work to be done tradition must give way to expediency. The war that has advanced so many causes by sudden leaps has done much, too, for the freedom of Japanese women.



MISS MICHU KAWAI who with another Japanese girl worker for the Y. W. C. A., cast tradition aside and made a hazardous trip through Siberia to find out what the Association could do for the soldiers of her country and the women of the towns.



Photograph, Gilliams Serv.

What Japan Did in the War

By Earl R. Bull



Photograph, Press Illus. Serv.

ELEVEN days after England entered the war, Japan, loyal to her alliance with the island empire of the West, delivered her ultimatum against Germany. A week later, August 23, 1914, she declared war.

As a Belligerent

On November 10, 1914, Japan besieged and took Kiaochow (or Tsing tau), a Chinese seaport which the Germans had leased and were using as their basis of activities in the East. Her casualties there numbered 1,524. The 18th division was used, consisting of 30,000 men. Nearly five thousand prisoners were taken.

Japan at once put into action the largest part of her navy, manned by a force of 57,000.

With it she patrolled the South Seas, the Indian Ocean, the waters of Cape Hope, the Mediterranean Sea and the Pacific Ocean, covering not less than 700,000 nautical miles.

German bases in the South Seas—the Caroline Islands and the Marshall group—were taken by the Japanese navy.

Japan convoyed the troops of Australia and New Zealand to Europe, a distance of 10,000 miles. She insured uninterrupted sailings of all boats back and forth from our western coast.

By freeing the Pacific from the German navy, Japan enabled the Allies to concentrate their energies on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

As a Naval Power

The Japanese naval forces in use were as follows:

1. One patrol force consisting of one cruiser and three destroyer flotillas in the Mediterranean Sea.
2. A second patrol force consisting of six cruisers and one destroyer flotilla in the Indian Ocean.
3. One cruiser in the vicinity of Honolulu.
4. Three squadrons under Rear Admiral Sato cooperating with the war ships of Britain and France especially.

THE most important part of the picture is the man in the upper left hand corner on the step-ladder arrangement which, from a distance, is as inconspicuous as a naked tree. He is directing the firing of a section of the Japanese army, 20,000 strong, now in Siberia. About 7,000 of our own troops have been fighting side by side with the sons of the Mikado.

WOMEN of Japan helped in the war, too. These members of the Female Buddhist Association are getting comfort kits ready for the Japanese soldiers in Siberia. From the opening of the war to the close of it Japanese women held bazaars, gave amateur theatricals, and organized societies for relief in the warring countries.

Up to April 1, 1918, Japan estimated her losses at sea at 55 vessels exceeding one hundred tons, both merchant and naval, making her total loss 193,248 tons. About half of them were torpedoed. The *Hatano* and a number of other vessels were afterwards lost, making this total somewhat larger.

Casualties in the Japanese navy up to April, 1918, were reported as 660; in the merchant marine over 200. This was before Japan's entrance into Siberia.

The destroyer *Kofu* was transferred to England; and a submarine to Italy.

During the war Japan built for America, in exchange for American steel, a total of 373,677 tons of shipping, valued at \$73,259,606.

And ship-owners in Japan rented 153,000 tons to the U. S. government at about one-half the rental price in Japan. The Japanese government paid the owners the difference in rental, amounting to several millions of dollars.

In Russia

Japan showed her friendship to Russia in several ways. She returned to her three of the battleships captured in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905, including the *Sagami* and the *Tango*. In 1916 she sent to Russia six million metres of cloth for uniforms, 500,000 pairs of boots and 200,000 saddles. A short time before this order was filled she sent two million woolen blankets to Russia.

On August 2nd Japan, together with America, each 7,000 strong, entered Siberia. Besides this, parts of the 7th and 3rd divisions of the Japanese army entered at Harbin, and part of the 7th division at Vladivostok. A Washington authority on Japanese affairs places the number of Japanese soldiers in Russia at 20,000.

The cost of maintenance of one division of Japanese troops in Siberia is, according to General Oshima, \$3,500,000 for the first month and \$2,000,000 for each of the succeeding months. This

covers cost of transportation and maintenance but does not include arms and munitions.

As an Industrial Power

Japan's industrial assistance in the war was important. Sixty thousand men in munition factories at Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, and naval arsenals manufactured munitions for Russia and others. They supplied Russia with 700 heavy cannon.

The firm of Okura & Company furnished shoes and woollens; the Japan Ordnance Company, cartridges and explosives; the Japan Steel Company, cannons, machine guns and rifles. These, for the most part, were sent to Vladivostok.

As Financier

The increase in Japan's trade during the war transformed her from a debtor nation to a creditor nation. To the Allies she made the following loans:

Invested in British Government Yen Exchequer bonds, issued to Japanese Government . . . about \$570,500,000.

Financial help extended to Russia since the war . . . about \$127,000,000.

Money loaned to France, \$196,704,000.

Nearly fifteen hundred Japanese have subscribed to our four Liberty Loans the sum of \$5,102,767.

At the last report Japan had raised nearly \$900,000,000 for war purposes at home and abroad.

Although Japan has the reputation of having grown rich during the war, her wealth is still only one-tenth of that of the United States.

As Philanthropist

From the beginning of the war, Japanese women showed great sympathy with the cause of the Allies. Bazaars were opened; amateur theatricals held; and the funds resulting sent to the poor of Belgium, Serbia and Italy.

A "Japan Association for aiding the sick and wounded soldiers and others suffering from the war in the Allied countries" has collected under the leadership of Prince Iyesato Tokugawa the sum of \$970,000 and distributed it in due proportion in Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania. Heading the subscription list was \$50,000 from her Imperial Majesty, the Empress.

One out of every twenty-eight persons in Japan is a member of the Japanese Red Cross Society. It has a total membership of two millions, with funds and properties amounting to over seventeen millions.

"Hakuai Maru" (Philanthropy) and "Kosai Maru" (Humanity) are splendidly equipped hospital ships belonging to the Japanese Red Cross. They dispatched four relief detachments to the Naval Hospital at Saseho and Tsingtau and treated over three thousand wounded prisoners.

For service during the war the society offered:

126 relief detachments consisting of trained nurses and trained assistants. 197 physicians. 330 head nurses. 5,000 trained nurses with attendants. Surgical instruments, bandages, hospital appliances, stretchers, ambulances, etc.

And these are some of the things which the Japanese Red Cross did during the war:

Made 13,000 triangular cloths. Rolled 102,200 bandages. Rolled



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood

DIGNITY—efficiency—slow, steady growth have characterized the Japanese Red Cross Society, which, at the outbreak of the war, was ready for immediate action. Imagine the astonishment with which it saw its sister society, the American Red Cross, jump from a membership of 50,000 to 5,000,000 in two years! The Japanese Red Cross gave cordial cooperation and sympathy to the American Red Cross—and the Japan chapter of the American Red Cross, which includes Korea, gave over \$80,000 to our second Red Cross drive.

159,000 pieces of gauze. Sent iodine, camphor, caffeine in large quantities to England, France, Italy, Belgium and elsewhere. Sent 10,000 pounds of Japanese tea to the Italian Red Cross Society.

Cordial cooperation between the Japanese Red Cross and the American Red Cross is doing much to cement friendship between the two countries.

So is the society which has been organized by Barons Shibusawa and Kaneko and our own Ambassador Rowland Morris for the purpose of promoting friendship between the United States and Japan.

Says Dr. Frank Crane, "Let us extend our hand, cordially and without reserve, to this valiant, high-minded and grave people. Now is the time to sow the seed of an eternal brotherhood."



THIS is a puzzle-picture—find the connection between the Igorot war dance and Philippine embroidery. Give up? Well, these Igorots are celebrating the arrival of their first sewing machine, and they have good reason to celebrate, too. It has meant clothing for them; it has made possible the starting of new industries. The first sewing-machine has led the way for the introduction of machinery for sugar refining, for extracting coconut oil and countless other aids to economic development.

War-Nourished Philippine Industries

By Homer Cushman

INGENUITY in the invention of food substitutes went to the extreme in Germany during the war. It wasn't uncommon, for instance, for restaurants to advertise such delicacies as "substitute for make-believe rabbit." Despite our grumblings, we fared quite well in comparison with that.

One of our most unhappy experiences was watching butter soar toward the dollar a pound mark. It looked as if little Johnny's bread and butter and sugar treat after school would have to be dispensed with, when in stepped the Philippine Islands.

One of the important ways in which those distant nephews of Uncle Sam came to his assistance during the war was in furnishing coconut oil to make butter. Before the war, the Philippines used to export their coconut for the most part in dried, shredded form—copra, technically speaking. The coconut oil industry was still in its infancy. But when the war drew heavily on the world's supply of fats, and butter became scarce and high, manufacturers found that by churning coconut oil with a little skim milk they could make quite an acceptable substitute. An increase of 200% in the manufacture and export of coconut oil resulted.

This is only a sample of the trade prosperity which the war brought to the Philippines. More ships meant the need for more rope, and the Philippines alone could supply rope strong enough for marine purposes—Manila hemp, or abaca, the strongest cordage in the world. Philippine tobacco also began to rise in demand and price. Sugar, needed so badly everywhere, had to pile up on the docks for lack of ships, but even with this handicap the total amount exported last year was only slightly below that of the preceding year.

All this means that the Philippines have in the year preceding June 30th, 1918, reached and gone beyond the hundred million dollar mark in exports—to be exact, \$116,614,611, over twice as much as the average yearly amount in the pre-war period.

But the Philippines are not only selling to other countries; they are buying from them. They spent over eighty millions last year for imports—half of which went for cotton cloth and iron and steel products. They bought silk—twice as much as usual, and larger amounts of cotton laces and embroideries, jewelry and automobiles. They bought machinery to install new processes for manufacturing sugar and extracting coconut oil. But they bought less rice than usual—because they are raising more themselves.

The United States is the Philippines' best customer. In spite of the vast shipping distance between, two-thirds of the goods they export find a market here. Sixty per cent. of their imports come from us. Japan, however, is getting an increasing amount of Filipino trade.

Far-sighted Filipino business men are seeing new opportunities open up, not in France, Spain or Hongkong, but right at home. In one week five firms filed incorporation papers in Manila alone. The Philippine National Bank is continually adding new branches; local ship yards are being contemplated; Manila is to have more piers to handle the increased shipping, and a stock exchange is to be started there.

There is a new dominating interest in the Philippines to-day. "Turn where you will," says the *Philippines Free Press*, "you will find a new spirit in life, something vital which has been injected into the average resident."



Photograph, Bain News Service

They couldn't all get into the picture, but there were 1,500 Armenians in this group who were cared for for five weeks at St. James' Monastery, Mount Zion, on their way to the refugee camp at Port Said. They seem to be as busy as people who go a-traveling always are, but they haven't the bother of pack-

ing trunks. When the Turks sent them into exile, they didn't have time to save anything but their lives, and of the millions of Armenians who lived a more or less persecuted life before the war, a small proportion survived the Turks' murderous fury and the lack of food and water in their long wanderings.

The Nation Which Children Must Build

By Lucy Huffaker

JOHAN MINASSIAN is a boy without a country. When he is a man he will have a country—perhaps. But he will have to make it. And he will have to begin to make it now, although he is only twelve years old. At least the official records say he is twelve years old. But John has lived through so many things and such hard ones that no calendar ever printed could tell just how old he is in the things which really count.

John was born in Armenia, the country which is no more. That is why if he is to have a country he must make it. There is nothing of the old Armenia left, except the hills and the fertile valleys and the villages and towns. In them are invaders who must be made to vacate before John can begin the work of rebuilding a nation.

It is a large task set before John Minassian and the only reason for believing that he has a future is that he has survived his past. Already he has proved his mettle. He was only nine years old when he was driven from his country. His father had been in the army and when the Turks disarmed the Armenians he was put at road making and other difficult work until some one in authority decided that he had fulfilled his usefulness. Then he was taken out and shot. His family was driven from the home which had been theirs for generations, and sent on the long, hard way of exile.

Hundreds of miles John has walked on foot, seeking food and shelter. Sometimes he had both, sometimes he had neither for days.

There were kind hearts and hospitable on those miles but there were so many exiles in need of food and shelter that there never was enough to go around. The old rule which always holds on land and sea when there are danger and privation—"Women and children first"—was observed. That is why the new Armenia must be built by youths. The men have been killed or have died from starvation. It is their children, their very young sons and daughters, who must see to it that their race does not vanish from the earth.

There were in Armenia before the war, something more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. Now at a liberal estimate there are less than 100,000 left in the country. One million were killed by the Turks, and hundreds of thousands driven into exile. In four days, 24,000 were killed in the district north of Lake Van. The Turk did not confine himself to any one method in ridding the country of its population. Merely shooting men down was not enough. There were refinements of torture—such as the drowning of 10,000 men in the Black Sea. These men were loaded on barges and taken several miles out to sea, then thrown overboard to die.

There is said to be a mercy in death. Those who were deported may think so. The tragic tales of their exile will never be known in their entirety. Even if every one of the living Armenians who has wandered through these terrible months, should tell of the hardships undergone, there would still be the missing, whose stories will never

be told. Of those hosts sent out from their land there are 400,000 unaccounted for.

Many of the exiles found refuge in Jerusalem. Soup kitchens, such as are established in this country when poverty is acute, were there, and there were homes and schools for the children. But not all could be cared for, even among the children—it is estimated that there are 400,000 orphaned Armenian children now—and so they wandered on again. At Port Said many have been taken care of. In hundreds of towns and villages in Egypt and the Near East the exiles are living to-day, eagerly waiting for the time when they may once more set their faces toward Armenia and begin the long journey back home.

They have proved their sturdiness

Will they make it?

Not all of them, of course, but the fibre of a race which has stood what they have stood augurs well for the future. When boys and girls have had for food, day after day, only grass and herbs and nuts which they could find along the way, when they have marched miles by day only to lie down on the ground at night without bedding or covering of any kind, they have proved theirs is not a puny race.

The problem of returning the exiles to Armenia looms large. The Turkish government has issued a proclamation to all the deported that they may return to their homes. No help is being given them, however, and aside from this their homes, when they have not been destroyed, are occupied by Mohammedan emigrants from the Balkans and from Syria. These emigrants can not be driven out of the Armenian houses where they have been settled by the Turkish government without great disorder and fighting. The British authorities now in Turkey are advising the Armenians to remain where they are for the winter, holding out the hope that when the affairs of the world are readjusted at the peace table the Turk will be driven out of their country for all time.

To a degree the political future of Armenia can be left to time and the League of Nations to settle. With the Turk gone forever and some nation or all the civilized nations standing back of them, they can work out their own political salvation as they will. There are problems much more immediate. How shall they get home? It is inconceivable that, now the war is over, their return shall be as hard as their exodus was.

America sends aid

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has set for itself the task of raising \$30,000,000, part of which will be used in helping the exiles to return home. The rest will be spent in building up the devastated country.

During the first fortnight of January two ships—one of which carried a cargo valued at \$1,500,000—sailed from New York and others are to follow. Forty-five tons of shoes, 25,000 blankets, ten tons of food, army trucks, agricultural implements, to say nothing of fifteen completely equipped hospital units of 100 beds each—these are some of the figures, which seem so stupendous and yet, in view of the need, are so inadequate.

But even when the last family has been returned to its own city or village or farm and given the means to sustain life the problem will not be solved. How can they suddenly—the John Minassians, who are only twelve years old according to the calendar—care for the industry and the agriculture of the country?

Armenia is a country rich in its soil and in its mineral deposits. But like most of the Orient it has not had the most advanced methods or machinery to develop its natural resources; and during the occupancy of the Turks a deliberate effort was made to keep the people poor and as nearly in the class of slaves as possible. A less sturdy race would have become truly subject; but the Armenian in spirit has never been anything but a free man, however poverty-stricken or persecuted. Some who escaped into Mesopotamia and Palestine have been within the British lines and have been taught, or at least have had the opportunity of seeing new methods of agriculture and industry in operation. The American relief committee has supported about

5,000 refugees in Egypt and the boys have been given manual training and instruction in various trades which will help them to develop their country when they return to it.

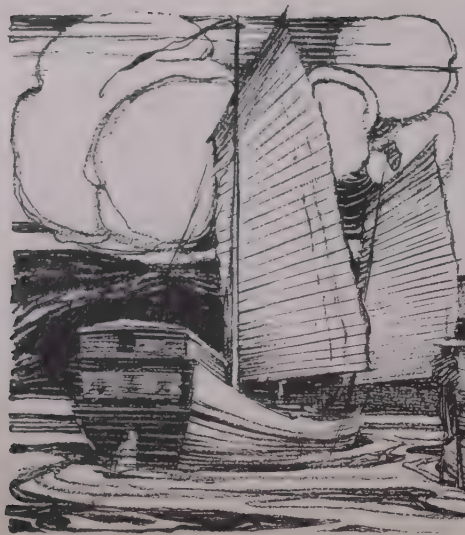
In view of what should have been done, the accomplishment has been small. This statement does not reflect in any way on any of the relief organizations. It simply means that they have had barely enough, when they have had that, to keep the exiles alive. With the death rate, because of exposure and malnutrition, exceeding the birth rate by almost 300 per cent. the societies have been hard pressed to save any part of the population. A careful survey has convinced them that the \$30,000,000 which they are raising will restore the country—give all those who have survived a chance to live until they can become self-supporting once more.

The Armenian has always been quick to learn and to do. If one doubts that, it need only be recalled to memory that Armenia was the first country in the world to accept Christianity. The spirit which made them, seventeen centuries ago, cast aside all false religions and embrace the one of Christ has not died out. It is still their heritage. That is why, somehow, sometime, John Minassian, no longer an exile or a subject, will have a country of his own.

SHE has walked hundreds of miles since the Turks turned her out of her home in Armenia. For days at a time she has had no food except grass. Little wonder she looks happy as she waits her turn at a soup kitchen in Jerusalem.



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood



When Peace Came to Wanchi

By Cecelia Farwell

Every sampan, junk, launch and boat in the harbor was now alert

LEE FA shivered and drew the blanket closer about her. The northwest monsoon had been blowing for a week and the nights were cold. She listened to a soft, purring sound borne on the waves as the sampan rocked gently. It was the harbor patrol, going about softly, as one goes through a house in the dark to make sure that no intruder lurks.

But Lee Fa could not sleep. Wearily her mind went back over the years that had gone, and forward into the day that was to come—all too soon.

It was nearly four years since Wah Lung had gone. Wah Ling had been but a child, playing about under the hood of the sampan. Now he was a great boy, almost nine, and could balance himself on the stern and hold the long pole firmly as the little craft made its way along near the shore—if Lee Fa did not go too fast. But he was of small help yet in the really hard work of the harbor traffic or out in the fishing ways, and Lee Fa's task had not been an easy one. The little cash that came from the chance harbor passenger went for the purchase of the crudest necessities, fish and rice, charcoal and salt. Little clothing was needed, though there were nights when Lee Fa had held the child close to her, that she might keep him warm with her own body.

*Why should the great war
have taken Wah Lung?*

Lee Fa did not understand why it should be so. There was a great war—so much she knew. The big boats came and went in the harbor, the lights were dimmed on shore, new and harsh rules were made by the white man—the fishing fleets must come in before dark, though moonlight was the best time for fishing, as all the Chinese knew! But for all of that why should Wah Lung have gone away on one of the great boats, and sent back no word?

And yesterday a servant of the compradore of one of the big companies had told her that her little boat was forfeit. Wah Lung had owed the tiapan many taels, he had said, and nothing had been paid, and the tiapan had bade him take the sampan and add it to the fishing fleet which went each morning out to the ocean.

And she—what was she to do? She had put the question over and over to herself—she was weary with the hopeless round of it all. She had knelt long in the old temple at Wanchi, and denied herself the needed bowl of rice that she might burn there the red paper before the great altar.

*If they took her sampan
her home would be gone*

For the sampan was her home—she had no other. She had been born on the water, and when she left her father's junk to share the fortunes of the sturdy fisherman, Wah Lung, the sampan had been her dowry. Wah Ling had been born under its low hood, and the sea had rocked him to sleep. But when Wah Lung came back there would be no home. To-morrow they were to come.

She turned wearily on her hard bed. In the east was the faint gray of the dawn.

Suddenly she sat erect. The sampan rocked violently, and was lifted high, striking noisily against the sides of others which lay nearby—the whole little inlet was a mass of tossing boats. She heard the com-

plainings of the disturbed sleepers, whispers and gruntings filled the air, inarticulate, indistinct, the grumbling of the sleepy who felt no interest in the cause of the disturbance, but Lee Fa left her place and crept forward to the bow of her little boat, which lay on the outside of the crowded inlet.

A great battleship was moving slowly, majestically up the fairway. Her sides were painted in grotesque faded lines of gray and brown and green which blended with the gray of the dawn and the sea and made her look like a phantom ship—she might have been the ghost of one of the hundreds which had been sent to the bottom of the deep "without trace"; her crew, hurrying about her decks in unwonted excitement, might have been the spirits of those other crews who slept beneath the waters of the seven seas. She was one of the great fleet which had patrolled the China coast for four years, holding the freedom of the seas and the liberty of the world in trust.

*Lee Fa decides to follow
the strange battleship*

But in the gray dawn she seemed to have come from another world and the weirdness of it all was intensified when suddenly her wireless began to flash—she was calling, calling.

Lee Fa sprang to her feet and grasped the long pole. She would follow. Somewhere far away on the ocean Wah Lung was on such a boat as this—or was this the phantom of that other boat sailing up the quiet harbor? She pushed out from the huddled sampans and junks and found herself in the fairway.

Suddenly across the harbor a great gun boomed out from the land battery. The boat responded, as in the old days, gun for gun. She counted unconsciously, one, two, three, four—then as if to the touch of an electric button the whole harbor awoke. The message had been caught. A whistle began to blow, another and another, a siren sounded, and was answered again and again, the guns boomed on—the harbor had become a rocking mass of sound.

*The bell in the great temple
of the war god signals peace*

Then, rising clear and strong, there came a new note. Even in the wild commotion some paused to listen. The white men wondered, but the Chinese knew that it was the great bell in the temple of the War God, though no living man had ever heard its sound before—not in three hundred years had it been struck. In the streets of the old city men and women fell on their faces and shuddered with fear.

And out in the harbor a lone sampan followed in the wake of the great battleship. Lee Fa was bewildered, helpless. Wah Ling had crept out beside her, and clung frantically, but only subconsciously did she know that he was there. It was as if she had understood the message and become herself a part of its wonderful meaning. No one noticed the frail craft, caught in the wash of the great boat, though every sampan, junk, launch and boat in the harbor was now alert, alive, taking up the message and ringing it out again.

Suddenly in the east the "sun came up like thunder," a great ball of fire thrown from out the waves, and, as at a signal, the battleship dropped anchor from her bow, while from her decks her band rang out triumphantly, "God Save the King."



The sun came up like thunder and, as at a signal, the battleship dropped anchor

For Peace had come into the world again.

As by a miracle the little sampan was still afloat. Lee Fa mechanically threw the pole out, striking the iron side of the boat, and, though it found no hold, it steadied the rocking craft for a moment. Then from above there came a call: "Look alive there! My word—she's trying to run into us!"

The next moment a rope was thrown down to her, and Lee Fa caught it as the sampan crashed against the iron side of the boat. It was instinct that made her catch Wah Ling in her arms, and the two were drawn up, blue-coated jackies helping her over the side.

Dazed, bewildered, clinging tightly to the child, she looked about her, then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, the very purpose for which she had come aboard, as if she had known all the time that she would find him there, she turned to a coolie who had been leaning over the rail to catch the first glimpses of his native town, and who now stood staring at her, suddenly rushing forward and fairly snatching the child from her, putting one arm protectingly about her quivering shoulders. To have shown more interest or affection than that would have been beneath his celestial dignity, but there was pride and love in his voice as he turned to the bewildered jackies: "This b'long my wife. This b'long my lil' boy."

Lee Fa's home is saved

It was a day of peace and of good will. A few hours later when the story was told at the petty officer's mess, with a graphic description of the splintering of the sampan, a young Englishman whose mind had traveled far, far, and who had seen with the eyes of his heart a fair-headed young woman with her arms about his own little son, exclaimed, "Why, that was their home! They live in those rummy little boats, don't you know! The poor beggar won't have any place to take them—and he's been in the service of the king." He laid a coin on a plate and passed it to the man next him, and it went around the table.

The battleship lay in the lower harbor. She was putting on again her dignified coat of drab, covering the ugly lines of green and gray and brown. And lying just off shore, in a little inlet whose waters lapped the steps of the old temple, lay Wah Lung's new "house"—surely never was sampan so magnificent, so stocked with rice and tea and warm, soft blankets. Lee Fa sat in the bow and looked out towards the battleship. Peace had come to all the world.

The War Came to India Bringing Gifts

(Continued from page 10)

new Government residential Universities planned for Dacca and Nagpur.

Politically the war has worked a miracle that, five years ago, no man with knowledge of the situation deemed possible within this generation. Even yet the full significance of it is not apparent. The future descendants of India's 315 millions will look back upon 1917 as the Americans look back upon 1776, and the English upon 1215 when King John signed his name to the Magna Charta. On August the 20th, 1917, constitutional democracy for India was announced and promised in the British House of Commons.

India for the Indians!

It means India for the Indians eventually—autonomy, self-government, home rule, all that India longs to achieve. It means the demobilization of British rule in India, not suddenly but gradually as India is prepared to take control of her own affairs. It is an enormous task, this training of one-fifth the world's inhabitants, whose whole religious and social fabric is utterly unsuited to democracy, but England is pledged to the accomplishment of it. It does not mean the independence of India—for no Indian of any influence to-day desires independence—but the autonomy of India as an effective unit in the British Empire. India is to be full sister of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. India, the handmaid of Great Britain, is to be adopted into the family!

As a pledge of Great Britain's solemn promise, two sons of India sit

at the Peace Conference. One son of India—Lord Sinha, the first Indian to become a British peer (a miracle of miracles itself)—sits in the House of Lords and in the British Cabinet. So great is England's gratitude for Indian loyalty and sacrifice in the dark days of the Great War!

Religiously the war has still further shaken the great faiths of India. The collapse of Turkey has humiliated Islam before the eyes of the world. The returning soldiers are bringing new ideas and experiences to every province that are disruptive of the old. The masses of outcastes are thronging the Risen Christ, pressing upon Him as the multitudes did when He walked in the flesh in Galilee. The educated Hindus are in the stage of eclecticism, which can never be permanent or satisfying. The war has justified and ennobled before their eyes the principles of Jesus Christ. Let the Christian Church in India but show an active sympathy with their desire for autonomy and the Hindu's greatest prejudice against Christianity (that it denationalizes) will vanish. Says one who knows the educated classes, "After being in this work of evangelism among the educated for a year my personal conviction is that we are on the eve of a great movement toward Christianity among them."

What has the war done for India? It has hastened all the processes of transition and transformation, of development and reform, that were already at work in India. In the words of Lord Morley, "we are watching to-day a great and stupendous process, the reconstruction of a decomposed society, parallel to the movement in Europe in the fifth century."

Where Guns No Longer Roar

By Horace W. Scandlin

GENTLY here, precipitously there the hills come down and drink of the water of the River Marne. Clear water now it is and good to look upon. No longer is it red with the blood of man and beast, no longer is its mirror-like surface dotted with swollen things that once answered to the name of man. Smoothly it pursues its course, beautifully it cuts a winding lane through the green and brown of its banks.

High up on the hillsides, clear to the very tips, close down to the river and in places under the water are fields of green and patches of garden, happy signs in a lovely land. For all the world the hillsides look like crazy-quilts as piece after piece of garden touches hands with its neighbor, separated only by fence or wall or hedge. Flocks of birds uttering strange cries and wearing strange garb are showing every sign of making ready for the advent of another spring. Crows by the thousands act as our crows do. The beauty of the scene as it unfolds anew at each turn in the twisting road is thrilling. Surely the valley of the Marne from Chateau-Thierry on over the road to Dormans is one I shall never forget for many reasons.

Quaint clusters of little stone houses burst upon me and thrill me and then disappear. Their bodies are a creamish hue, their tiled roofs red, but both colors have been so beautifully mellowed by time and weather as to baffle clearer description. You are seized with a desire to alight from your motor car and to mingle with the strange families who surely must be as charming as their little homes are delightful. Towns come and go, likewise cities and the pull at my imagination is always the same. If ever God blessed a land with charm and beauty He did this valley of the Marne. Here is a little stone church, moss covered and old—each bit of it sacred. Here a more pretentious one, but green with weather and age. There is a schoolhouse, while there at the cross-roads corner a smithy much like those in my far away New England. Yes, and there in a field is a small herd of cows, while just beyond I see a baby carriage.

Have you caught the picture, my far off American friends? Amer-

ica's best, so far as quaintness and loveliness are concerned, does not measure up to the valley of the Marne.

But listen and then think!

Let your hearts fill up with thankfulness.

Let your eyes fill up with tears.

Go to your babies and your wives, to your brothers and your sisters, to your mothers and your fathers and on bended knees thank God that you do not live in the valley of the Marne!

Only dead men live there!

The ground is pock-marked with shallow graves, singly, in twos and threes, and in clusters. The baby carriage I saw was smashed to bits. The smithy rang not with the blows of the sledge. Not a chimney anywhere gave forth smoke. Not a school was in session. Not *one* house on all that journey was occupied. Not *one* building but what was smashed beyond repair. If ever a region screamed Hell it is the Valley of the Marne. And yet we passed thousands of human beings. They were clad in blue—the immortal blue of heroic France. The cows we passed belonged to them. The grain we saw and the gardens we saw belonged to them. But the people who once lived and loved there—who owned their little homes are gone—gone I know not where—but gone. Even their furniture is gone. Nothing, nothing but misery and ruin and death are left.

And now, may I not tell you the beautiful part of this awful story?

Out from England and Holland and from other parts of France there is heard the tramp of many feet. Slowly but surely an army of occupation is on the way to the devastated areas of France. They carry no implements of war—neither of peace. Yet it is a peaceful army. In twos and threes the roads are dotted with them. They are strangely clad and in bundles in their hands they carry all their earthly possessions. But in their hearts they carry the most necessary possession—a stern determination to win back all they lost and more. They come home in tears but they come—this army of returning refugees.

What will *you* do to help them?

The ground is pock-marked with shallow graves, singly, in twos and threes, and in clusters. The baby carriage I saw was smashed to bits. The smithy rang not with the blows of the

sledge. Not a chimney anywhere gave forth smoke. Not a school was in session. Not one house on all that journey was occupied. Not one building but what was smashed beyond repair.



The Wandering Jew on his Way Home

The automobile is an earnest that modern methods will be used in making Palestine habitable for the Jews who wish to return to their homeland.



THE harps hung up in Babylon are to be taken down at last—for after 1842 years the war decided that the Jew may go back to Palestine. The faithful have prayed for the restoration all these centuries and for twenty-two years the Zionist organization has worked to this end. Then on November 2, 1917, Great Britain proclaimed that Palestine should once more belong to its own people. All the nations have agreed and it needs only the decree at the peace table to make it official.

There are now in Palestine 100,000 Jews, or about one-seventh of the whole population. It is hoped that within a generation there will be 1,000,000 Jews there. The difficulty is not to get them to go, but to restrict immigration until the land is ready for them. Palestine is an agricultural country, but it needs long care before it can yield the necessities of life for a normal population. American Zionists are raising a million dollars to be spent in developing the resources of the country.

In all the world there are 14,000,000 Jews, 3,000,000 of whom are in the United States. Already ten per cent. of the Jewish farmers of this country (the class most needed now) have made application to return to Palestine.

There will be no more kings of Judea. Instead there will be a republican form of government, probably under the trusteeship of Great Britain. It will be a mixture of the oldest and the newest governments, for the plans are for a nation based on the principles of the United States; but as far as feasible, laws relative to divorce, relations of parent and child, inheritance and occupancy of the land will be based upon the old Hebrew laws. Specifically the outlines of the government proposed, are summed up under the following heads:

- One:* Equality, Regardless of Race, Sex or Faith.
- Two:* Public Ownership of Land, Natural Resources and Public Utilities.
- Three:* Individual Initiative Guaranteed.
- Four:* Co-operative Principle the Basis of Economic Organization.
- Five:* No Land Speculation or Financial Oppression.
- Six:* Free Public Education in all its Grades.
- Seven:* Hebrew the National Language.





In the Kingdom of Hedjaz

A New Arabian Knight

By Helen E. Anderson

ANOTHER chapter to "Arabian Nights" is unfolding. From Arabia, land of the desert, birthplace of Mohammed, comes Prince Feisal, son of El Hussain ibn Ali, king of Hedjaz—not in search of a beautiful damsel to be rescued, but to settle state affairs.

For Arabia wants to be "the youngest independent state in Asia."

Fired by the spirit of self-government, Arabia wants to set up its own kingdom, and, above all, to be freed from the hated despotism of Turkey, the rule of a meagre three thousand Turkish officials over three and a half millions of sons of the desert.

The Arabs have never borne Turkish supremacy with meekness. In the eighteenth century they won an independence which lasted for a hundred years, and as late as 1906 there occurred an Arab uprising so serious that it drew 100,000 Turkish soldiers into the field.

And while Turkish military success was at its height in the great war, Arabia bravely commenced hostilities. Her soldiers fought side by side with English Tommies, and the British recognized her independence. In the last offensive they not only took forty thousand prisoners but by a rapid march cut off the Turkish line of retreat, enabling the British to capture seventy thousand more.

Prince Feisal, delegate for Arabia to the Peace Conference, voices the hopes and ambitions of not only Hedjaz but of the other provinces of Arabia—Yemen, Nejd, Syria, and upper and lower Mesopotamia. Their dream is a great federation of all Arab states from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf—free from Turkish dominion and possibly under the protection of the United States.

"The youngest independent state in Asia will be self-supporting," says the prince of Hedjaz proudly. "Arabia has large quantities of

copper, iron, mineral oils, and a little coal. With irrigation much of our desert land can be changed to fertile farming country."

Disowning the leadership of the Caliph of Constantinople, spiritual head of the Mohammedans, Prince Feisal from Arabia, the cradle of Islam, is turning toward a western civilization, a Christian country. "We have complete faith in America," he says. "At this moment the eyes of the whole East are turned toward her. It is up to her now to show that our faith is not misplaced."

The new chapter in "Arabian Nights" may mean a new era in the fight of Christianity against Mohammedanism.

Arab Wisdom

Your friend should pay day by day,
If your friendship is to stay.

He's a donkey when his tongue talks,
And a blank wall when it balks.

Tell him his head has lost its hair,
Up goes his hand to feel it there.

To your face some are mirrors;
To your back they are scissors.

Too much is brother to too little.

Repetition will teach a donkey.

Two captains in a ship sink it.



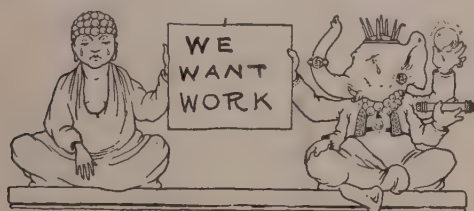
The Romance of China

MY CHINESE DAYS. By Guliema F. Alsop. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 271 pages. \$2.00 net.

"IN China all romance centers in the relation of parent to child," says Doctor Alsop, and then gives us intimate pictures of the life which grows out of this relation.

We see the bride dressed in crimson and pearls weeping behind her veil as she leaves her parents' home. We see the mother happy with her children as she goes to worship at the shrine of the great Goddess. We see the young wife seeking the sanctuary of death because her child is a girl. We see the son perform the supreme act of filial devotion as he sleeps in the new-made grave so that it will be warm to receive his father's body.

Most of the pictures are sombre, in spite of the charm of the telling, and are full of the hopelessness of a land which has known little change since the ages B.C.



Enter Missionary—Exit Gods

INDIA—BELOVED OF HEAVEN. By B. T. Badley in collaboration with Oscar MacMillan Buck and James Jay Kingham. With an introduction by Bishop Oldham. Abingdon Press. \$1.00.

INDIA'S gods are dying. Slowly but surely India is throwing off the weight of centuries of heathenism and beginning to seek the light. Shiva trembles and even Buddha shakes with fear, for the missionary has settled on his doorstep. And it is the missionary more than anyone else to whom India must look for salvation.

Mr. Buck says, "The land you see is brown and parched, but not so parched as the heart of its people. . . . But the healing Christ is somewhere around—His transforming touch is on India."

The authors, true lovers of India, have portrayed for us in short story form the advance of Christianity in that "dreamy, puzzling, lovable, lotus-eating land."



Galleons and Revolutions

RISE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS. By William Spence Robertson. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00 net.

A HISTORY of the freeing of the South American countries from Spanish rule in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The account of the South American rebellion explains the political ideas of the great country south of us, and how they are different from ours.

"But the great revolution . . . which disrupted the largest colonial empire that the world had ever known and reconstructed the map of the three Americas was not followed by the establishment of

stable governments. Under the influence of lofty and mistaken ideals the Spanish-Americans adopted democratic forms of government which were unsuited to their training and temperament."



Tigerless Jungles and Sharkless Seas

JUNGLE PEACE. By William Beebe. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.

"THE peace of the jungle is beyond all telling," says Mr. Beebe, upsetting all our preconceived ideas of thorny vines, crawling snakes, roaring lions and tigers at two inch intervals.

He contradicts a great many of our notions, this naturalist-adventurer. He tells of swimming about in the tropical waters of Basseterre, while the other travellers, afraid of sharks, leaned over the ship's rail, watching jealously. They (the other travellers) had read in many books and they had listened to many tales, and they do not know what we shared with the little nigger boys who dive for pennies—the knowledge that the chance of an attack from a shark is about equal to that of having your ears sewed up by devil's darning needles.

"Over all the world I have swum among sharks: from Ceylon to the Spanish Main I have talked intimately with scores of native captains and sailors and learned the difference between what they tell to the credulous tourist and what they believe in their hearts."



A Tale of Three Peoples

RED, YELLOW, AND BLACK. By Sophia Lyon Fahs. The Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.

"RED" is the story of the Indians of our northwest, and of John Stewart, the Virginian Negro who heard voices ordering him to teach the Gospel. He pushed ahead bravely through swamps and forests until he reached a settlement of Indians. There he began his work. And because of him, and his desire to spread the religion that comforted him, the Methodist churches here formed the Missionary Society one hundred years ago.

"Yellow" tells of the Chinese, and of how Dr. Mary Stone and Dr. Ida Kahn were born in China like so many other little yellow-skinned girls, and yet grew up so different from the rest.

"Black" is the story of the Withey family and their work and adventures in Africa.

These stories are written for children, yet many a grownup will enjoy the tales of pioneer workers in the church.

(Continued on Page 30)

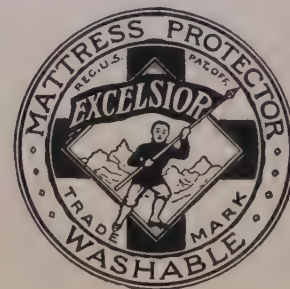
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By GEORGE A. MILLER. Introduction by BISHOP JAMES W. BASHFORD.

"This book should be placed in the hands of every missionary candidate to show him not only the 'Inside of China,' but the 'inside' of missionary work. It is a good exhibit of both, and is interesting to the general reader as well as to the student of missionary affairs."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

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The Reviewing Stand

(Continued from Page 29)



Recipe for a Model Community

THE LITTLE DEMOCRACY. By Ida Clyde Clarke. D. Appleton & Co. 253 pages. \$1.50 net.

DOES your town want to organize a neighborhood club, a community garden, market or kitchen, an open forum? *The Little Democracy* is at your service. Expert workers in the various fields have contributed their ideas in thoroughly practicable form to guide all who are interested in solving community problems "through working together in small units on a democratic basis, beginning in the home and taking the gospel of a true democracy through to the community, the state, the nation and the world."



Touching a Sensitive Nerve

MONEY THE ACID TEST. By David McConaughy. Missionary Education Movement.

"THE pocketbook is like a sensitive nerve," says Mr. McConaughy, "touch it and you will soon discover whether its owner is unselfish or not. . . . Cash is an acid test of character."

Money the Acid Test is a practical textbook on personal economics, and has been prepared in the form of a series of chapters with questions for discussion at the end. With interesting incidents and concrete suggestions, it should be of definite use in helping solve the difficult question of stewardship.

Who Shall Educate Siberia?

JAPAN OR GERMANY? By Frederick Coleman, F.R.G.S. George H. Doran Co.

"THE inside story of the struggle in Siberia" is the sub-heading of Mr. Coleman's book, and the central question is, "Should Japan go to Siberia?"

After a study of conditions in the Orient in 1916 and 1917, Mr. Coleman's answer is "Yes, emphatically yes, if she goes in the right spirit, and if when she goes, a campaign of education and explanation goes with her. . . . Shall the German be the only one who acts with wisdom—Machiavellian wisdom sometimes, but none the less far-seeing—as to the attributes of strange peoples? The Russian is eager to learn, really, and his only school is either dominated by or wholesomely tintured with German propaganda."

Mr. Coleman handles the vexed question in an interesting and impartial way, with definite ideas as to its solution. Narratives of first-hand experiences in Japan and Siberia give color and background to the book.

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(2092)

With the Chinese Industrial Army in France

(Continued from Page 15)

classes in English and French, theatricals, athletics and the many forms of activity which turn men's thoughts away from gambling and unwholesome living.

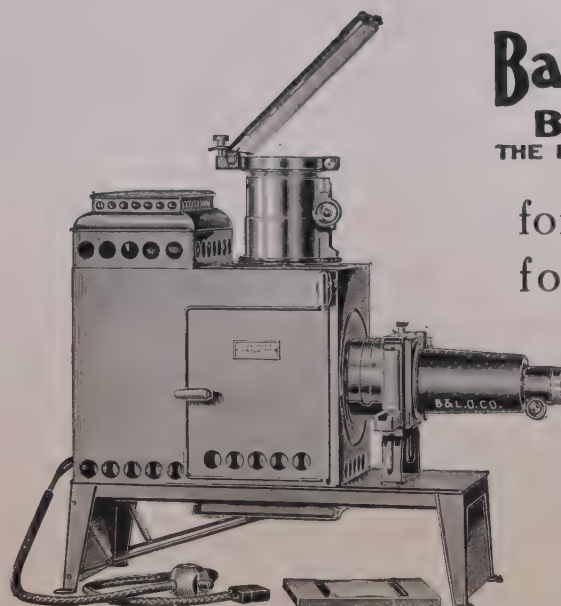
But more inevitable in its influence than the work of individual organizations will be the yeast of observation and contact. For the first time in the history of isolated North and Central China, the people—of whom not one man in ten and not one woman in a thousand can read—are to have rebound upon them, from among themselves, interpreters of another civilization, prophets of another order. For the vision of Yio-han Lee and his fellows can never again be bounded by a bowl of rice and the desire for male offspring.

Will the man who has seen shell-riddled traffic ways made new in a few hours or days, be satisfied with Chinese highways neglected for decades until they have moats sunk beneath the level of the fields? Will the man who has learned that trains can transport troops and supplies four times farther in an hour than the fastest coolie could carry a pack in a day rest until China is seamed with railways and the surplus food of one province can be rushed to feed famine victims in another? Will the man who has been taught the benefits of quarantine and serum stand by while epidemics sweep his village out of existence?

The logical answer is "No." And it seems safe to predict that when Yio-han Lee and his comrades graduate from these mushroom universities of war-time conditions they will become the articulation of China's masses, shoving toward the day when this newest republic will be a democracy in fact as well as in name.

Books Received

- Beebe, C. W. *JUNGLE PEACE*. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.
 Blackwell, Alice Stone, Ed. *THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER OF THE REVOLUTION*. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.
 Brawley, Benjamin. *AFRICA AFTER THE WAR*. Duffield & Co. \$1.00 net.
 Bullard, W. Irving. *WOMEN'S WORK IN WAR TIME*. Merchants National Bank.
 Catlin, A. W. *WITH THE HELP OF GOD AND A FEW MARINES*. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
 Cody, H. A. *THE UNKNOWN WRESTLER*. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.
 De Paeuw, Leon. *PROFESSIONAL RE-EDUCATION OF MAIMED SOLDIERS*. Princeton University Press. \$1.50.
 Gaines, Ruth L. *A VILLAGE IN PICARDY*. E. P. Dutton. \$2.50 net.
 Hall, William H. Ed. *RECONSTRUCTION IN TURKEY*. American Committee of Armenian & Syrian Relief.
 Hough, Lynn Harold. *THE CLEAN SWORD*. The Abingdon Press. \$1.00 net.
 Hudson, W. H. *FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO*. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
 Jusaitis, Kunigas Antanas. *HISTORY OF THE LITHUANIAN NATION AND ITS PRESENT NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS*. Lithuanian Catholic Truth Society. \$1.00.
 McMurtrie, Douglas C. *THE DISABLED SOLDIER*. The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
 Masfield, John. *THE WAR AND THE FUTURE*. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
 Merrill, William Pierson. *CHRISTIAN INTERNATIONALISM*. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
 Phelps, G. Sidney and others. *THE RED TRIANGLE IN THE CHANGING NATIONS*. Association Press. \$75.
 Robinson, Emma A. *AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS*. Methodist Book Concern.
 Russell, Charles Edward. *UNCHAINED RUSSIA*. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Sartorio, Enrico C. *SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF ITALIANS IN AMERICA*. Christopher Publishing House. \$1.00 net.
 Sneath, E. Hershey. *RELIGION AND THE WAR*. Yale University Press. \$1.00.
 Tappan, Eva March. *THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE WAR*. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00.
 Tead, Ordway. *PEOPLE'S PART IN PEACE*. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.10 net.
 Trowbridge, Edward D. *MEXICO, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW*. The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
 Wheeler, W. Reginald. *CHINA AND THE WORLD WAR*. The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
 Wood, Charles W. *GREAT CHANGE*. Boni & Liverigh \$1.50 net.



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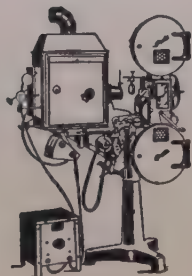
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Hindustan's Weight

(Continued from Page 9)

The desert campaign came to an end with the capture of Beersheba, Gaza, Jaffa and finally Jerusalem.

The taking of Jerusalem was probably the most picturesque event of the entire war. Christendom will never forget how General Allenby, at the head of his modern crusaders, entered the Holy City on foot. Nor should it forget the great part that India had in delivering Jerusalem. Tradition has it that one of the Three Wise Men who came from the East, following the shining of Bethlehem's Star, was from India. And now in our day, as the Star of Hope arises anew in the Bible lands, the man of India is present with his help—not gold, but frankincense, the incense of a great and sweet-smelling sacrifice.

The subsequent campaign in Palestine was vital but took months of preparation. At the end things happened with amazing rapidity. The capture or destruction of the Turkish armies was the chief objective, and in this astonishingly successful undertaking Indian and Anglo-Indian troops were a deciding factor. The taking of Acre, Damascus and Aleppo followed as a matter of course. This was a sequel to the capture of Bagdad, and their fall had more than a moral or sentimental value, though this was great. It meant the cutting of the only communication by rail that the northern armies of the Turks had with the Mesopotamian regions. The Turk was doomed.

This is a hurried survey of the great events in which India's million odd men had so honorable and important a part. It remains to ask some significant questions: What happened after Damascus and Aleppo had been taken and Turkey hopelessly defeated? Answer, Bulgaria surrendered! Why? Because with Turkey doomed, Bulgaria could not longer hope to hold out. And what came next? The collapse of Turkey, for her position was an impossible one with Bulgaria out of the struggle. What was the result of this? Austria succumbed! Why? Because Turkey's and Bulgaria's defeat made it utterly impossible for her longer to hold out. And then? Then all the world knows that it was only a question of days until Germany collapsed, and if it had not been on the West front when it was, it would have been on her eastern front a short time after. Indeed, there can be no doubt that Germany's plight in the West was vitally connected with her desperate situation as a result of the submission of Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Her "back door" was open!

It was England that forced open Germany's back door, but she was able to do it only with India's help—India's millions of money, her food supplies, her raw materials, her manufactured products in cotton, wool, jute, leather—above all, her men. Thus can we understand how India reached out a mighty hand and, after wrecking Germany's plans for extending her empire in the East, helped to smash the vast, hateful, menacing mittel-Europa scheme.

A million and a quarter Indian men have gone back now to mingle again with the 315 million people of their own great land, but they go back different men—they go back to a new land. They are worth following. India faces a great future—it has already begun!

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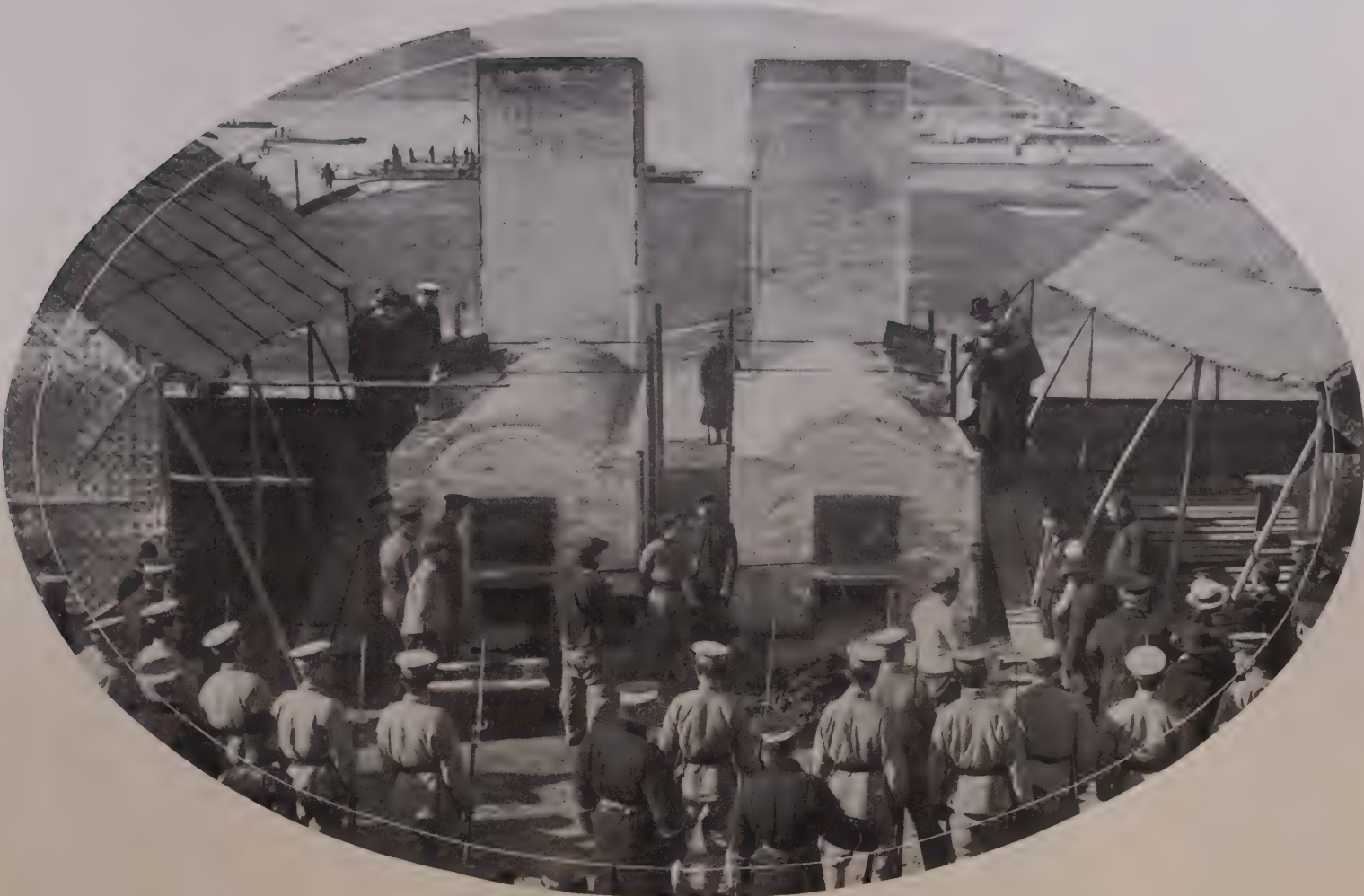
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1. How many of your friends, good business men, reached advanced years with a goodly competence, and in old age lost all or most of it by unwise investments?
2. Have you not known many widows who have lost legacies or proceeds of insurance policies by following unwise advice?
3. What reason have you to think that you will be wiser in your old age than your unfortunate friends, or that your widow will not be burdened by administering your estate even though she does not unwisely invest it?

All of these difficulties may be overcome, and you and your wife may be absolutely protected by means of our Life Annuity Bond plan of investment.

Write GEORGE M. FOWLES, Treasurer, BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City



IT is not every nation that will burn up \$24,000,000 for the sake of an ethical standard. Yet here is a picture of Chinese officials burning that amount of opium in five hundred thousand dollar chunks. The opium had been bought by the previous administration to be sold as "medicine." But the amount of the drug taken from smugglers more than supplies any extra needs for medical use.

THE WORLD EMERGENCY

The Church of Jesus Christ could make democracy safe in Russia, and in Mexico, and in China, but it cannot do it upon the inadequate basis of the past. If God ever called a Church to fulfill national aspirations by carrying on a work which a Nation has so well begun, God is now calling upon the Church of Christ to do that for which the past centuries of achievement have been but a day of preparation.—S. EARL TAYLOR.

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WILLARD PRICE, Editor



"Looked through the jagged hole where a window had once been . . . across the desolate waste of Reims."

THIS WILL REBUILD EUROPE

By Willard Price

AN old man of Reims saw me taking photographs of the Cathedral.

"Come," he said, "you can get a good picture of the Cathedral from my house, upstairs."

The Cathedral had been interesting. This old man and his house were more interesting. We climbed through a street of tumbled ruins, which German prisoners were sullenly clearing away, and entered his house where the front door had once been. The door itself had long since been split into kindling wood by German shells and had been used as such in the family stove. The stairs had been shot away; we ascended by a rickety ladder. The walls were full of great gaps and only by miracle was there enough left of them to hold up the second floor and the roof. The old man and his wife had stayed throughout all the bombardment, living in the cellar.

Now they were going to rebuild their house and resume their business.

We stood on the debris covering the floors three feet deep and looked through the jagged hole where a window had once been, toward the Cathedral, across the desolate waste of Reims. Here and there civilians could be seen pushing their way over the piles of brick and plaster which had once been their homes, perhaps estimating the task of reconstruction. What a stupendous task to rebuild such a city! Thousands of materials would be needed: stone, steel, timber, furnishings, money, labor, endless patience and a half-century of time.

With these thoughts in mind, I asked, "What is needed most in the rebuilding of Reims?"

The old man looked at me with a half smile in his brave weary old eyes, and answered with one word,

"MORALE!"

AN hour later, as I rounded a corner in a side street, I came upon a scene which I shall never forget. A woman and little girl, both in black, stood, weeping, before the ruins of their home. Where comfort and love had been, the weeds were growing atop the churned up mass of household debris and earth, and the scattered bricks glistened under a drizzling rain. A part of the chimney remained; otherwise all the walls, floors, ceilings, roof, everything, had been dynamited to the sky and fallen back to earth in fragments. I do not know what they saw in their imagination, that mother and child, as they stood there sobbing their poor hearts out. There was nothing to see in reality but one great common heap of rubbish. But perhaps, as they looked at it, over yonder was the parlor, and over here the kitchen, and there the bedroom, and on that side the door that used to be watched with such vigilance in the evening because daddy would come home through it. And in the middle, where I saw only a big yellow weed growing, perhaps they saw a table with a colored cloth and a lamp on it and a cozy family gathered around it, and father reaching slyly under the table to squeeze little daughter's hand—a place of warmth and good things to eat and laughter and gay chatter. But the light of the lamp must have faded into the gray drizzling twilight, and again they saw nothing but the weeds and the wet bricks, for suddenly the child broke forth into a new, wild flood of tears. And as I saw those two desolate creatures, I thought again of the old man and what he had said. *Morale!* In the face of such tragedy as this, morale was a superhuman quality. And presently that superhuman quality showed

itself! The mother, seeing the terrible grief of the child stopped her own tears, took the little one up in her arms and soothed her with words of cheer and comfort.

Magnificent mothers of France! The world will never forget your heroism of these years of war. But let the world remember that with the dawn of peace, your heroism is only beginning. "Peace!" A peace of ruined homes, of dead fathers and sons, of wooden crosses under distant rains, of children crying for food, of loneliness, of labor in factory or mill that life may be kept in the small bodies, of the comforting of little ones when your own hearts are bleeding, of tears on your pillow at dead of night when no one can see. Peace!

If morale was needed to win the war, surely it is a thousand times more needed in these coming battles of peace!

In Noyon I saw an elderly woman, whose husband and son had been killed, who had returned now to her home city. But as she left the train and started on her way to discover what was left of her home, her courage failed her, and, dropping her bundles at the side of the road, she stood there, a pitiful figure, sobbing, and wringing her hands.

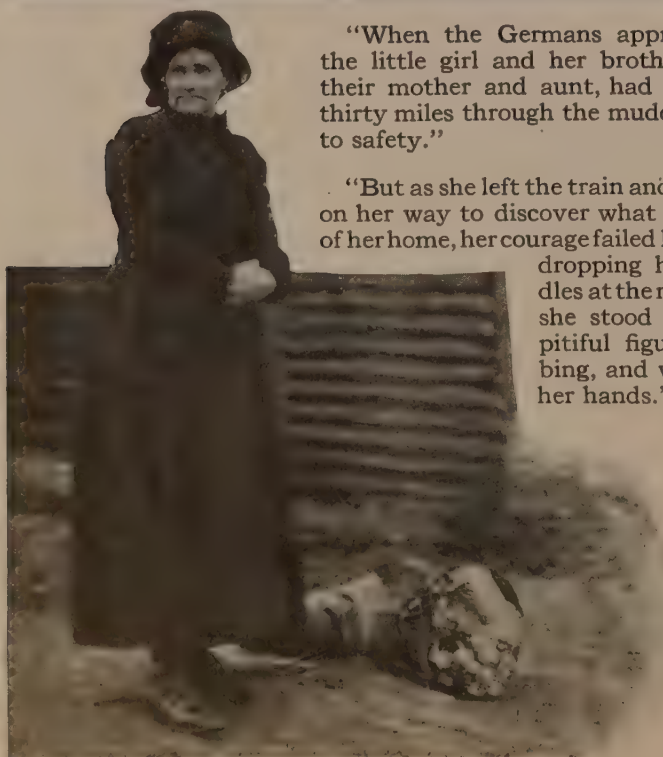
Also in levelled Noyon I saw a little girl playing in a shell hole where a pool of rain water had gathered. Her house was across the road. One room remained almost intact and in it those who were left of the family were living. When the Germans approached, the little girl and her brother, with their mother and aunt, had trudged thirty miles through the muddy roads to safety. The women took



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"An old woman trying to refit the broken handle of her shop door."

a wheelbarrow and a cart heavily loaded with the most precious of the household goods, and occasionally one of the little tots climbed on top for a rest. The men of the family, who went to fight the Huns, never returned—but the others have come back to the one remaining room, have covered the machine gun holes in the walls with tar paper to shut out the winter wind and are beginning to refashion their lives to the pattern that a rough Fate has prescribed.

In widowed Chateau Thierry, where certain streets have been rechristened with such names as "Avenue of President Wilson" and "Place of the United States" in grateful memory of what the American boys did there, I saw an old woman trying to refit the broken handle of her shop door.

The glass front of her store had been shattered. In one window fragments of the old display remained—children's shoes, underwear, several pairs of suspenders, a feather duster, etc., all bedraggled now by months of exposure. The other window and the door were boarded up. But apparently the shop was busy. People were continually passing in and out, and it was awkward not to have a handle on the door. With a piece of shrapnel as a hammer, she timbered until the old handle consented to stay in place and resume its old duties.

There are frequent signs among the ruins in Chateau Thierry announcing that the jeweler or the butcher who formerly held forth at this spot has transferred his business to such and such an address.

Yes, it must take morale, to come back, see one's shop and business gone, stick up a sign, and begin again! Also it takes morale for the boys, like the two lads whom I met at St. Mennehoult whose father had made the supreme gift in the defence of Verdun, to take the burden of their father's business upon their own young shoulders and carry on!

In Belleau Wood, where every inch of the ground is sacred to memory, I saw what had been a beautiful house in the remains of which the owner had erected a little wooden shack, and smoke was cheerily issuing from the temporary tin chimney! In front of the house, beside the road, a magnificent tree has been literally torn off by shell fire, leaving on the stump a mass of strings and threads of wood to show how terrific had been the wrench of the explosion. The giant tree had doubtless been the pride of the place for generations. Now the man of the house, with the spirit that extracts comfort

even from adversity was calmly sawing up the old monarch into short lengths for firewood!

I have spoken of the widows. But there are widowers too in France. It was in the vicinity of Belleau Wood that a French soldier, who had miraculously escaped with his life, returned to his home—to find it in ruins and still smoking from an incendiary bomb. Under the stones he found his wife and two sons. They were dead. He heard the bark of a dog down the road. His little daughter and her dog were coming back from a neighbor's house. The man hurried to meet his child and lead her away so that she might not see the blackened faces and broken bodies of her mother and brothers among the smoldering remains of what, two hours before, had been home. Later I saw the father and the little girl. The child does not know exactly what is the trouble. But there is a nameless burden in the little eyes. The father confesses to long fights against despair.

Morale did most to win the war.

Robertson, Canadian chief of staff, said, "Seventy-five per cent of the resources winning this war was spiritual."

Sir Julian Byng when about to lead his men, nicknamed the "Byng Boys," into action, first made all human preparation—then dropped on his knees.

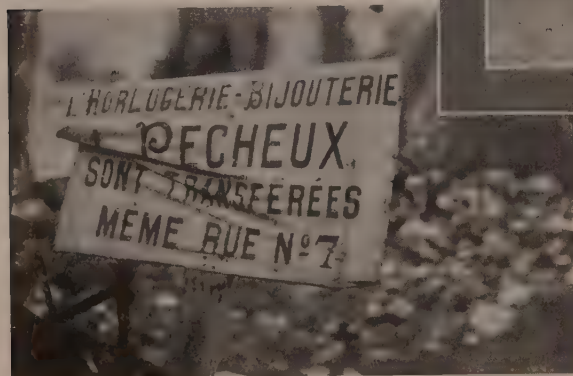
Sir Douglas Haig went on record to the effect that the greatest essential for the winning of the war was spiritual energy.



"The million fatherless children need it."

"There are frequent signs among the ruins in Chateau-Thierry announcing that the jeweler or the butcher who formerly held forth at this spot has transferred his business to such and such an address."

"In front of the house a magnificent tree had been literally torn off by shell fire, leaving on the stump a mass of strings and threads of wood to show how terrific had been the wrench of the explosion."

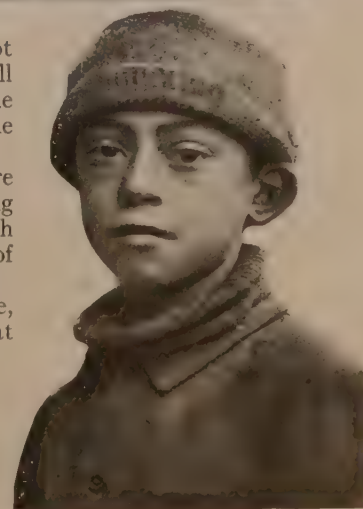
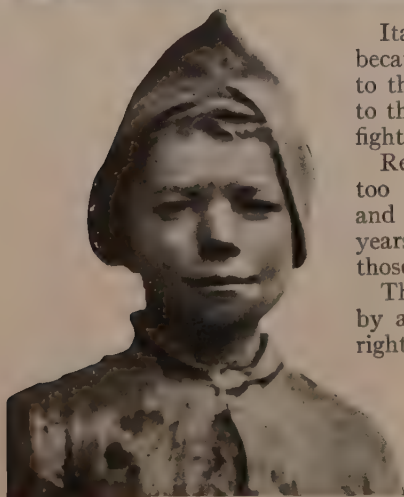


Italy pled for Americans to be placed on the Italian front line, not because she did not have many more men of her own that she could call to the colors, but because she wanted the moral brace-up that would come to the Italian troops when they knew that America had come into the fight with them.

Recently I heard a British officer remark that the Americans were too "rash." Perhaps so, but it was that rashness which, electrifying and renewing the rashness of the other armies grown weary through years of fighting and added to the splendid long enduring courage of those armies, swept the Allied forces through to victory.

The war was won by morale, by the determination of a high purpose, by absolute confidence in the rightness of the cause, by the faith that right was might and must conquer.

"Also it takes morale for the boys, like the two lads whom I met at St. Menchould whose father had made the supreme gift in the defense of Verdun, to take the burden of their father's business upon their own young shoulders, and carry on."





"The folk who are returning now to the 350,000 destroyed homes of France."

"The man hurried to meet his child and lead her away so that she might not see the blackened faces and broken bodies of her mother and brothers among the smoldering remains of what two hours before, had been home."

"Later I saw the father and the little girl. The child does not know exactly what is the trouble. But there is a nameless burden in the little eyes."



And how much more will morale be needed in the long, slow, dull, painful days and years and decades of reconstruction! It takes courage for a soldier to stick to his machine gun and tear down a wall in the face of enemy fire. It takes even greater courage for the woman whose wall or whose house that it is to come back to it and rebuild it stone by stone, and to rebuild life likewise stone by stone with a bleeding heart as a foundation. It will take morale, courage, spiritual faith and fortitude. As an official of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs recently put it, "France needs America's material and financial help, but could exist without it. It is however, a matter of life and death that we should have America's moral and spiritual help—and we need it now."

They need it now—the old man of Reims, the woman and little girl in black, the widow of Noyon, the lads of St. Menhoult, and all the others; all the folk who are returning now to the 350,000 destroyed homes of France; all those who loved and depended upon the two million French fathers and sons who now lie beneath the battlefields. The seven thousand blinded soldiers need it. The two hundred thousand maimed need it. The million fatherless children need it. Greater than any other present need of France, is the need for a ringing Gospel of courage and good cheer. Can America, in any way, help to meet that need?

When Does the Country Preacher Sleep?

Everybody thinks himself the busiest person in the world, but there is one person who can be sure he is. That is the modern preacher in a rural community. It isn't the preaching which takes his time; he seldom has more than four churches in which he delivers a sermon each Sunday. It is settling disputes, repairing pianos, reconciling quarreling husbands and wives, securing good roads, acting as notary, conducting agricultural experiment stations and organizing athletic meets which make him work close to twenty-four hours a day.

By Shepard G. Barclay

"I JUST grabbed this here feller stealing apples in my orchard; he's been doin' it fer some time; I don't know what to do with him so I'm puttin' it up to you; whatever you decide, I'll abide by."

This was far from the first knotty problem presented to the Rev. M. A. Dawber by the farmers of Pike's Creek, Pa., where he holds forth as pastor of the Maple Grove charge—as rural a rural section as there is. Ninety per cent. of the inhabitants in the two hundred square miles have acquired the habit of telling him their troubles, which generally cease to be troubles after he has wrestled with them. Getting a man's wife to return, finding an effective spray for a new kind of potato bug, mending a broken piano or raising money where there is no money—all these argue for his axiom that a man of the Church needs more these days than a "spiritual cure-all."

There is no railroad within eight miles of Pike's Creek. The nearest city, Wilkes-Barre, is eighteen miles away. One old man went to town last summer to watch an aeroplane exhibition; the

Yes, it is a big freezer, but there won't be a spoonful of ice cream left to melt, when the church sociable at



The "old swimming hole" even when it is new is one of the best places in the world. An enterprising country minister who had this one arranged finds it a good recruiting ground for the Sunday School.

Pike's Creek is over. So the minister's wife says, as she packs twenty-five gallons in ice.

This meant twenty-two miles of traveling every Sunday if he was to reach them all. He could hold services in each church on alternate weeks if he wished, cutting down his Sunday engagements to two, but that wasn't his way of doing things. He managed to get an old model Ford car that runs part of the time. When it didn't run he walked twenty-two miles each Sunday. It is a truism among his flock that he is always on time when the car's "in the shop," for he never has tire trouble with his feet.

In this hilly part of Pennsylvania ninety-five per cent. of the population is made up of farmers, the remaining five being the tradesmen who deal with them. Throughout the Maple Grove charge the homes on the average are ten minutes walk from each other. Obviously that means there are no villages or towns. The four churches are located in what might be called "strategic spots"—places within long range walking distance of rugged and plucky country folk. The territory is not on the high road between any places in particular; consequently the people are almost as much isolated as if they were on an island.

Hundreds of similar communities in other parts of the country share the same needs as the Maple Grove charge. Except where the church has come to them, their people are without leadership in matters of common interest. The Methodist Board of Home Missions has supplied many of them with trained workers, but there are dozens of others still in the same shape that Maple Grove was before Brother Dawber went there. They will continue to be so until the Centenary furnishes the wherewithal in money and men to do the task.

A man who had been a contractor, a singer, an organist, and a preacher in England and later in Vancouver, the Rev. Dawber brought varied talents to the Maple Grove charge to back up his zeal.

He had not been there long before he realized the need of a larger spirit of social unity. The people at the various appointments were not mingling with each other, and in many instances people at one appointment knew absolutely nothing about the people at another appointment. This situation was largely overcome by instituting a series of socials for each of which one of the appointments was responsible and to which all the others were invited. In this way the neighborhoods became better acquainted.

Helping the farmer to become more prosperous has been one arm of the Dawber program, and the success of it has won over to him and

to the church some of the most obstinate agnostics and atheists. Only last month he made a trip to the state capitol at Harrisburg and put through a project for the State to spend \$5,000 on improving a road over which the farmers had to haul their produce to market. Last year there was a shortage of seed corn that loomed seriously. Dawber himself purchased a considerable amount of seed corn, which he parcelled out to the farmers at cost, saving the situation.

Beside his parsonage is a plot of ground on which he has developed an agricultural experiment station. Following lines laid out by the Department of Agriculture, he has ascertained what things are best adapted to the soil of the vicinity. Taking his advice and eliminating certain crops in favor of others has meant hundreds of dollars to more than one tiller of the soil.

Last summer the national cry was for more food to help win the war. The Maple Grove farmers couldn't see how they could harvest any larger crops than in the past, especially with so many of the younger men away at the front. Brother Dawber had an answer. He got the farmers to attend two meetings arranged by the Wilkes-Barre Chamber of Commerce in the city, with 400 present at the first and 500 at the second. The city men pointed out the need of more food and got the word of the farmers that they would plant bigger crops, in return for the promise of the city men that they would go forth at harvest time and help the farmers reap the results of their labors. True to their pledge, 300 city men made the eighteen-mile journey several times last October to pick apples, potatoes, etc., and bring in corn.

The gulf, the chasm that has yawned between the farmer and the city man, has been bridged, and the pilgrimage to the farms at harvest time bids fair to become an annual institution. The business men of the city have promised moreover to come out in automobiles, as they did last summer, 200 strong, and take the farmers on a trip to nearby counties where the work of model farms may be observed and studied.

Opposition to the church man's efforts has cropped up in unexpected ways, but it seldom lasts. When Brother Dawber was busying himself on the road improvement enterprise, an old timer cornered him. "See here," he said, "we're paying you to preach, not to mix in politics."

"I'm doing the preaching," he responded, "and I'm not charging you for the politics. What are you kicking about?"

There was no rebuttal, at least not for a while. Some weeks later this old timer startled the preacher with a gift of five dollars to the church work, followed by the remark that "I guess prohibition will be a good thing for us after all." This was more than could have been expected by the pastor, coming as it did from a man who had been one of the few opponents of his work in the vicinity.

One veteran boasted that no preacher had been in his house for ten years and "if that new preacher ever sets foot on my doorstep he'll meet Peter at the gate." He backed this up by letting his big watchdog loose in the front yard whenever he saw the preacher in the neighborhood. Some months later this man's wife left him and he came to the preacher with a plea that "you're the only one who can

bring her back." The preacher took the assignment and made good after half a dozen visits.

An aged former atheist who never had been seen in church began to attend some of the moving pictures, baseball games, social affairs and lectures arranged by the preacher. He gradually got more interested until he finally began attending church. He is a regular now. For some time he stayed bashfully in the back pew, but at the last funeral he asked the undertaker to "Please get me a seat up front where I can hear the preacher."



Just common or garden variety of corn—nothing to make Luther Burbank go out and invent a cobless ear. But it is very good corn, all the same, as the expression on the face of Rev. Dawber, who raised it, shows. He has turned a small plot of ground into an agricultural experiment station where, following lines laid down by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, he and his neighbors have ascertained what crops are best adapted to the soil of the vicinity. This has meant hundreds of dollars to more than one tiller of the soil.

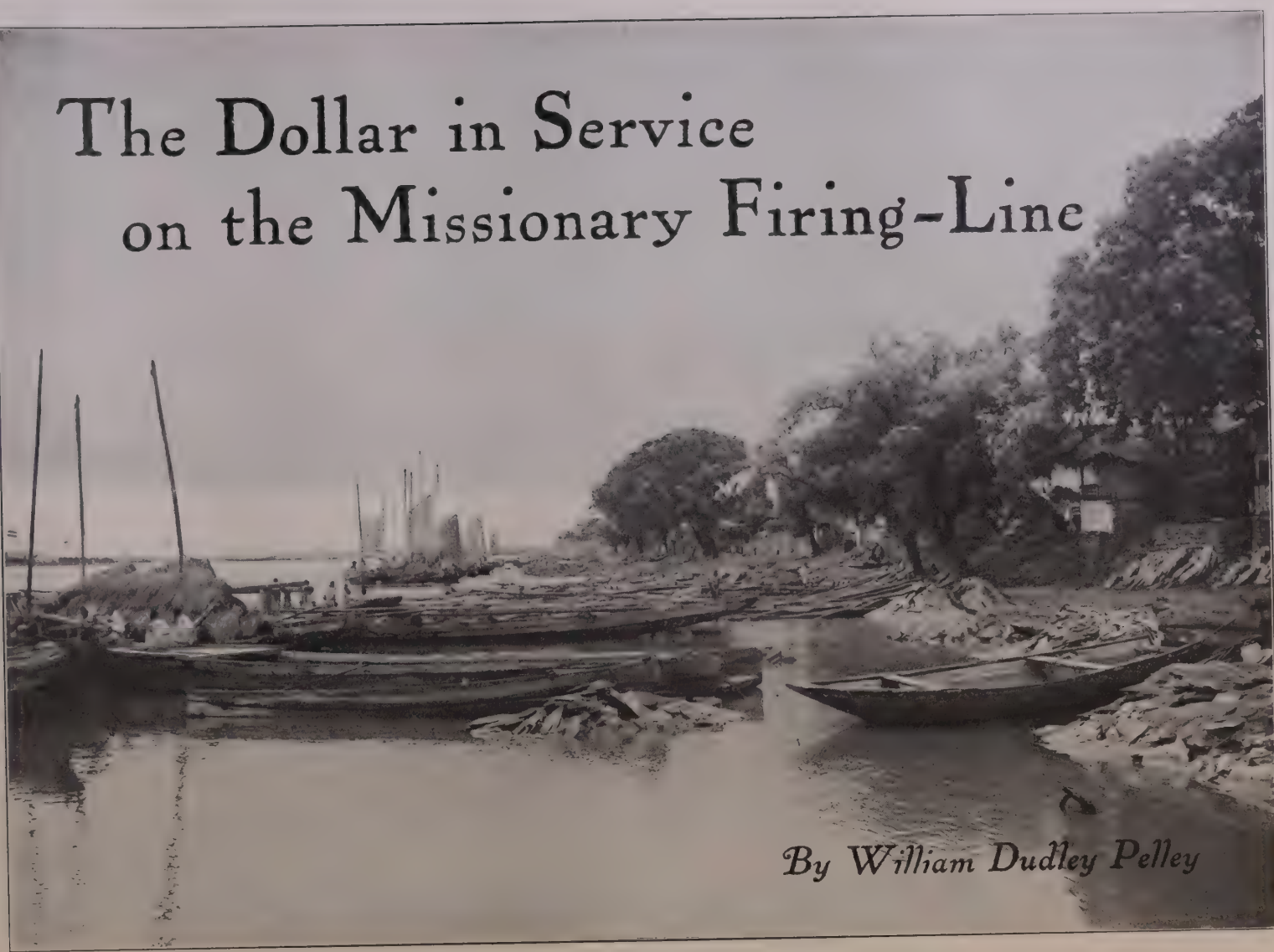
Every Saturday night there is a social event at some one of the four churches, each of which now has its own special hall. One of them had none until Brother Dawber drew the plans for it, made out the bill for the lumber purchase and directed the building, which was done by the farmers. Those who couldn't contribute money gave several days' work. At one of the Saturday turnouts there is a consumption of ice cream that often reaches a total of twenty-five gallons. This is a tribute to the preacher's "right hand man," his wife, who helps with others to make the ice cream. Indicating the psychological and spiritual value of these socials is the fact that, whenever anything interferes with the holding of the Saturday night function, the church is not as full in the morning. The young folks particularly appreciate them. One well-to-do farmer has three daughters who were in the habit of going to the seashore every summer, but they stay at home now, fearing they "might miss something." Life is worth while at Maple Grove now.

The preacher has a few other things to do. He has many young music pupils whom he is teaching to play the piano; he visits each of the eight schoolhouses every month to talk to the children on some subject or other; he is the man always called in when an organ is broken or a piano note sticks; when a violinist friend visits one of his communicants, he is summoned as accompanist; he has organized baseball, football, basket ball and track athletic teams, always carrying his stop watch for timing races; referees the games when he isn't playing himself; publishes a little monthly magazine; built a new chimney on the church; arranged for the State public library to establish four branches with fifty books each; arranged an annual stock judging contest for boys and girls; encouraged the farmers to enter their goods in the Dallas Fair and himself exhibited corn; acts as notary in all war matters in the vicinity; is a member of the draft board; "put over" the various Red Cross, Liberty Loan and other war-time campaigns, and last, but not least, has placed the charge on a basis where in one year it has raised \$3,000 for improvements and \$300 for benevolences.

When the people had given every cent they could to patriotic causes and yet one more call came, he was faced with the proposition of raising money where there was no money. A "Harvest Festival" is what he planned. "Everybody bring a bushel of something" is the word he sent out. "Makes no difference what it is—bring a bushel of it." The farmers came with their bushels of apples, potatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, turnips and what not. They couldn't give a dollar a piece, but they could give a bushel of something worth two dollars. The preacher took the bushels to market, and once more his charge had made good on its quota.

(Continued on Page 31)

The Dollar in Service on the Missionary Firing-Line



By William Dudley Pelley

IF the folks in the little church in Shutesbury, Mass., with its horse-sheds covered with ragged circus posters, could visualize Mrs. Tilly Hayes' egg money and the rest of their hard-earned missionary collection in the one-room grey church in Gorozawa, Japan, with the rice

fields stretching away behind, and realize that the Yamakas and Yamadas are much like the Osgoods and Masons, the great underlying aim of the mission program, the universal brotherhood of man, would be more easily and quickly achieved.

ON the second day of this past September, I removed my shoes outside the door of a little wooden structure in the town of Gorozawa, in northern Japan. The time was one-thirty of a Sunday afternoon and the little wooden structure was the new church of the local Japanese Methodists in which were to be held the dedication exercises. The congregation assembled, the hymns were sung, the Scriptures read, the main address of the afternoon was given by the visiting Japanese pastor—all in Japanese. I sat on a hard wooden bench in a cramped corner and looked upon the scene with mixed emotion. Over and over through that service, this was the thought which refused to leave my mind:

Back in America a thousand little churches scattered throughout the hill-towns have been taking up missionary collections and praying for the success of missionary work in Japan for years and years. The ministers were good men, the horny-handed sons of toil had contributed their hard-earned dollars along with those from other churches for no reason than that this little church building and others like it should be built and dedicated and under its Japanese pastor remain here under the baking sun to do its bit for the work of Oriental evangelization in this part of the universe.

They had done it blindly

those hill-town people. They did not know what kind of town Gorozawa was; they did not know what kind of church was to be built from their money which went to swell the funds of the church extension society; they did not know Mr. Yamaka, the presiding

elder of the district, or the Rev. Mr. Yoshizaki who came down from Amori to assist in the services, nor the young local pastor, Mr. K. Yamada, who was to live with his wife and baby in the one little matting-floored room of a parsonage making the ell on the main church building and augment his slender salary teaching English.

All these people—because their names were Yamaka and Yoshizaki and Yamada instead of Osgood or Whitney or Mason—were merely Asiatic automatons. If they walked down the main street of an American small town, they'd be called "Chinks" and have a crowd of small boys tagging after them giving catcalls. And as these things went through my mind I marveled that the folks back home had given so much. I marveled at the interrogation which would not be stilled:

How much more might they have given

—how many more of these little churches might there be founded throughout the Orient if the folks back in the States could look in on the scene I was witnessing at the moment and see the results of their giving, in concrete results?

On a hill-top in Shutesbury, Mass., is a little white church without even the pretension of stained glass in its windows, with the weather-beaten horse-sheds out behind covered with ragged circus posters. Periodically, that little church's membership has taken up a missionary collection. Out here in Gorozawa, Japan, is a little grey church of one room with the rice-fields stretching behind—which had come into being as a result of collections from such little New England churches.



"The little foxes that spoil the vines" in Japan are passing away. Shrines like this one to "Imara Sama" are growing green with mold and moss.

The earnest devotees who used to tie bib-like votive

offerings around the necks of the little fox gods are getting fewer and fewer. Will the religion of Christ crucified take the place left vacant by the passing of fox-god devotion?

But the link between, the human intercourse

the connecting strand to bind the two together in world-wide religious strength—where was it?—what was it? Was there any, indeed? In New York, of course, was the great executive organization which had solicited and facilitated the transfer of the money from the little church on the hill-top in Shutesbury, Mass., to the little church on the edge of the rice-field in Gorozawa, Japan. But it was a great, big, cold, impersonal thing. The personal touch—the understanding touch between the two churches so near together in religious aims, so far apart in distance and culture—alas!—there was none. It is something that individual Christian people must work out for themselves.

And in that moment it came to me how near together and yet how far apart was the Orient and Occident, how very unfair, after all, was the term heathen.

It is because the rank and file of us know of no personal touch

with the rank and file of these folks on the other side the earth, that we have called them heathen, given to them grudgingly instead of intelligently, then wondered why the results were apparently so meagre for the amounts expended.

Publicity! Publicity! Publicity! Taking the time and making the effort to visualize our dollars on the missionary firing-line! These are the opening Sesames to the evangelization and civilization of a universe!

This little church up in Gorozawa, Japan, is a case in point.

Japan is not a difficult place to visualize

It is not altogether a mystic faraway place of shrines and paper-lanterns and brilliantly-flowered kimonos such as the tourists who call at Yokohama for a few days would lead us to believe. Outside of a few strangely-shaped pine trees which occasionally outline themselves against the sky, Japan looks much like any stretch of country in America lying east of the Mississippi. Hills and valleys and meadows

and mountains!—Japan is no different excepting that the meadows are covered with rice plants like fields of barley grain, that there are fewer great cities smoking on the skyline and that the roofs of the visible buildings are covered with straw or tiles instead of shingles.

Up in the northern part of this very-much-like-America country is a community of thirty or forty thousand people—a great overgrown country village, for there is no roar of traffic in Japan, few trolley systems, fewer automobiles.

The buildings are like those in a sleepy country village back home

—wooden buildings of one or two stories allowed to turn a weather-beaten grey, for there is no such thing as house-paint in Japan. On the eastern edge of this great overgrown but very sleepy and quiet community, runs a street along the edge of the rice fields which stretch away to the eastern mountains.

On this street are located some shops, a big grey and white building used for the post-office, a hotel that looks like a California bungalow. And then on the left-hand side beyond the post-office is a plain wooden structure twenty by thirty feet, which thrusts itself from the other buildings because of the paint with which it is daubed.

The room within is done in bright new yellow and white. The floor is very smooth, for it will never know anything but shodless feet. Up front is a four by four platform, with the pulpit and a chair for the minister. On either side of the middle aisle are hideously-stiff wooden benches.

On the whole it hardly seems a church. It is just a room with a speaker's platform and two rows of seats. Yet it cost fifteen hundred yen, this little building, or seven hundred and fifty dollars, American money. And much of that money was contributed by poor Japanese people to whom twenty-five cents a day makes wages much to be desired.

This is the building to be dedicated, we will say, because the folks back in Shutesbury, Mass., contributed enough to the church extension society to make up the deficiency between the hard-earned yen of these poor people and the cost of the structure.

This church is the concrete result

we will say, which has come into existence because Mrs. Tilly Hayes of Shutesbury put aside half her egg money for a summer to make good her missionary pledge, or because John Page volunteered to give a hundred dollars when he had sold off his south woodlot in order that the church might make its proper showing when the pastor reported to the conference. To visualize it is to have a personal interest in it!

Slowly the new church began to fill. These Japanese folks come in quietly, a bit timidly. It is a new experience for them, this going to church in their own building. Hitherto they have been meeting in private houses. Their *geta* or wooden sandals clatter on the stoop before the door. They leave the sandals in rows outside. They pad softly in, bow low to one another, slip into their seats.

There is a tall old man in flowing robes, who cannot see very well and whose spectacles are skewed upon his nose. He was converted when he was a young man of thirty-four and in all the time since he has hoped and prayed for this day—when the Christians of Gorozawa would have a regular church. He sits against the wall in one of the front pews toying with his fan, anxiously fearing all his people will not attend the dedication. It is not hard work to find his counterpart in Deacon Wilson back home, who peddles milk on weekdays but works valiantly for the Lord ushering folks to their seats on Sunday morning or later being among those who take up the offering.

There are young men from the nearby agricultural school in American dress and white collars a bit wilted and neckties which refuse to stay in place. There are middle-aged men who might be merchants, clerks, railroad men—some in flowing robes, some in foreign costume. And on every face is intent and purpose. On every face is the mark of the student.

It is a very serious thing to be a Christian out here

where one's relatives and customers and townspeople have all worshipped for so many generations in another kind of religion. There is no "hitting the trail" and "following the crowd" out here. Every man and woman is a Christian because they have studied the step which they have taken. They mean business.

The women come in, and seat themselves together on the opposite side of the church from the men. All of them are in kimonos with the pillow-like girdles at their backs. Some of them have children—some have babies—slung between their shoulders. They kneel down and swing the funny little almond-eyed kids off by loosening the kerchief which holds the child in place.

The church fills with these earnest, intense, studious Japanese people. The tall young minister gets his cue from the visiting missionary whose faithfulness has made this congregation possible. He steps up into the pulpit. The crafty, self-repressed Oriental look has

long since disappeared from his features. Christianity does that for these people. In its place is a look of sincere piety, humility, spirituality. He announces a hymn.

One of the young women—who looks like any picture of a Japanese lady ever painted on a screen—pads across to the little box organ, loaned for the occasion. The hymn is "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—the Trinity!—in Japanese. They sing the whole five verses, omitting none.

The presiding elder, dressed like the missionary

in a frock-coat and white tie—a perfect type of presiding elder the world over—reads the Scripture and offers prayer. It seems queer to hear him address the great God in his foreign jargon and something of the fatherhood of God over all races and peoples comes to the foreign listener as he realizes that Almighty God understands prayer in all languages—even the jargon of the islands of the sea.

Then comes more Bible-reading, more prayers, the sermon. It runs on for an hour. But nobody falls asleep. Nobody goes out. The little room holds a hundred and twenty people and every eye is riveted upon the speaker, every ear is attentive not to miss a syllable of the discourse. The missionary leans over and shows the non-understanding foreigner the text in the Japanese Bible:

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." The sentiment of the Christ crucified is the great sacrifice which they can understand. It is very, very quiet in that little room while the visiting Japanese minister preaches.

Outside in the street the wooden sandals scuff

past in the gravel. Now and then a cart passes, the driver leading his horse, the wheels clacking. Sometimes the quick "Hup! Hup!" of the riksha men comes through the sashless windows as they pull their passenger through knots of people on the soft pneumatic-tired wheels which scarcely crunch in the soft road surfacing. The stiff rough bench with its straight back becomes very hard to the foreigner who is used to a church pew with cushions. But these people have not come to be entertained. They have turned to a religion which is militant, vital. Would that the people on Shutesbury Hill could appreciate how much so.

After the sermon, after more hymns, the old deacon with the poor eyesight arises and tells the story of the church. He tells how years ago the missionary came, nursed their sick, led a life of sacrifice for them, won them first by the manner of man which he was in his private life. Three were converted. Then the missionary had to go away. The three studied the new doctrine. When another missionary came back after a long time, he found that the three had converted three more. Then the six gathered regularly for Sunday morning meeting

(Continued on page 30)

Needed—a Social Conscience

CLOSE up to the graves of revered ancestors are crowded the smokestacks of modern Japanese industry. Industry that takes little count of the lives it crushes in its speeding-up systems; industry that, save in a few isolated cases, makes no provision for the welfare of its workers.

"Japan today is like the five fingers of the hand," says Ebara Soroku, Member of the House of Peers. "The army and navy, the schools, the courts, and the factories are like the thumb and first three fingers—all long and strong; but religion and morality are like the little finger—short and weak."

How is the little finger to be strengthened? How is Japan to acquire the social conscience that will make her spiritual growth keep pace with her material achievements?

"I firmly believe we must have religion as the basis of our national and personal welfare," is Baron Maejima's opinion. "And when I look about me to see what religion we may best rely upon, I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the nation and the individual."





Sam Jackson's Better Day

By Sarah Warder MacConnell



*"God's going to move all the troubles away—
Sing the dawn of a better day."*

THE words of the old Negro prayer-song which they had so often sung in camp ran through Sam Jackson's mind to the rhythm of the regimental band, as he, with three thousand negro comrades of the old 15th of the National Guard, marched up Fifth Avenue. Everywhere were gay decorations, and wave after wave of applause came from the crowds which lined the side-walks. White faces looked down from crowded windows and doorways; it was white men that the policemen were pushing back so that *his* regiment could pass. Sam's heart beat high with unaccustomed pride. This *was* a welcome.

He had deserved it, too, he felt. After a record of endurance through ninety days and the worst of Chateau Thierry, his regiment had been nicknamed "Hell-fighters." In Paris his regimental band had ranked by vote as one of the four of the world's best, and every man of his division had won the Croix de Guerre.

The peace before the war hadn't meant anything like this. Life to Sam had been a weary struggle against race discrimination. He had wanted an education, to begin with, but the little rural school in Georgia where he had started to learn was miserably inadequate. No wonder, when, for every five dollars spent on education, four went to that of white children and one to train the negroes. Later, when his family moved to Atlanta Sam tried to remedy his lacks by reading. He found the doors were shut. There were 55,000 Negroes in the town, taxed equally with the whites, but Atlanta's library was barred to them.

A friend of his father's lived in Atlanta, a man greatly respected in the community, and Sam went for advice to him. The older Negro shook his head. He had been ambitious, too; and by hard work had won substantial things. Still he had no voice in determining how his own child or the child of a neighbor should be educated publicly; or whether he should have sewers in the road in front of his house, or a street lamp at the corner. In spite of his property-holding he had not citizen's rights. In the South there were five and a half million more Negroes who were not really "people," even though half of them could read and write and their property was valued at fully \$150,000,000.

"Better go up North, boy," he said to Sam.

Sam lingered a little. He had been born in the South and he loved it. But injustices, sometimes trivial, sometimes serious, kept troubling him. Sam's older friend lost a suit in court because a Negro's evidence was never taken against a white man's; a black man and a white woman were arrested one day for chatting together on a street corner; once, over a small incident, there came an upsurging of the mob. Sam, on the outer edge of the crowd, caught a glimpse of that. Then he came North.

Sam's state of mind was typical of that of many others of his race in the South. Since 1916, 750,000 Negroes, lured by the promise of higher wages and better education, have surged northward—a migration which is the greatest event in their history since the Emancipation Proclamation.

Sam was in the vanguard, and got North before the great demand for men in munition work. Nobody wanted him particularly. When, after long search, he found a job in a factory he lost it again because he did not belong to a union. When he went to join, the union refused him membership! Sam was puzzled. Finally he got a place in a colored barber shop, but the cost of everything was very great, and he could not get ahead. It was hard to find a place to live. In the Harlem black belt of forty-five blocks where he boarded there was an average of 1,500 people to a block. Here, as elsewhere, the poorly paid Negro had to pay more rent for worse accommodations than the white man in adjoining neighborhoods.

It was a lonesome place, this indifferent world for which he had exchanged the friendly fellowship of the South. The only recreational opportunities for him seemed limited to resorts of the worst type. There, to be sure, color was no "bar to opportunity." Like the rest of his people he was social—he wanted church life as he had had it in the South, and the northern churches, trying hard to cope with the onrush of new members, were in many cases sadly inadequate. Discouragement was fast turning Sam into an unsatisfactory citizen when war was declared. He volunteered at once.

Sam found in the training camp library at last a chance to read. Because he had puzzled over so many things that had happened to his race he read everything about them within reach.

He had always heard the Negro spoken of as illiterate and unskilled. He found that not until 1880 were colored children put on the same footing, legally, as the whites. In Louisiana today the length of the colored school term is two months; that of the whites, ten.

In the matter of being unskilled, too, it was much the same. In the North the unions were keeping him from skilled labor, while in the South the cotton oligarchy, alarmed at the constant drain on their field labor, was taking steps to limit the flow of the Negroes northward. It looked to Sam as if the white man, needing his services for roustabout and stevedore and field hand, the heavy tasks of the world, meant to keep him at it.

Sam was proud to see what the Negro had done for himself against all these handicaps. Possessing nothing when freedom came, by 1910 the race had become owners of nearly 20,000 acres of land. Literacy had decreased in fifty years from ninety to thirty per cent; the Negro had contributed \$15,000,000 to his own schools—the larger share of their cost.

Reading on, Sam found there was an increased professional class—ministers, lawyers, teachers, dentists, doctors, bankers, all practising largely among their own race or among the foreign born. And what a heartening long array of leagues for self-improvement the Negro had built up. Four hundred newspapers and magazines published by the Negro alone! Then Sam's leisure for reading came to an end; the regiment went over seas.

Sam, soon in the thick of action was slightly wounded, gassed, and sent to the French hospitals. All the time, surrounded by new and amazing things, he was learning.

The people at home were learning, too—letters from his mother and sister had enthusiastic accounts of a "Home Makers' Club" to which they belonged. They were canning bushels of fruit and vegetables and learning lots of new things about house work. Their little piece of land at home was yielding more than ever before, too, because their minister, who had attended an institute all summer, had come back with new ideas about raising things. "Somehow your dad doesn't put as much stock in carrying around a rabbit's foot for good luck as he used to. The minister told him about a new kind of fertilizer, and it sure does make things grow!"

One of the neighbors who had gone up North at the same time Sam did, wrote that he was getting along better now. He was in Philadelphia, earning good wages; his children were going to a good school; and the church was having lectures and movies for them besides Sunday-school and regular services on Sunday. Some of the church-workers were meeting at the station the Negroes who still kept coming North and helping them find jobs and trying to find them decent places to live in a congested town.

It seemed to be the church, then, around which the Negroes' progress was centering. It was the minister down South who was telling his father about new ways to farm; up North it was the church that was beginning to understand the sort of help he needed, equal opportunities, fair living conditions, fair wages, wholesome recreation.

Back again in the United States, Sam heard a lot about his church's Mission Centenary. Great plans they were making—aggressive ones, worthy of the reconstruction ideals of a great church. Eighty-three new churches for the Negro in the North, with one hundred and sixteen new workers—men and women to meet strangers in a strange town, help them find employment, plan recreation, and lead in community improvement—that was part of the Centenary program. Down South they wanted more schools like those the church had already started; and more model farming communities like the one in Brookhaven District in Mississippi, which was giving lessons in agriculture to pastors, to pass on to their people, and sending out visiting teachers to show women and children about food values and cleanliness and different ways of living.

Old difficulties and discouragements—yes, they were still there, but arrayed against these was this new force—help from the church backed by the Centenary. To Sam the "dawn of a better day" for the Negro at last seemed really near.



International News Service

Back from the war, having given their best, what is in store for them and theirs?

China, Rich and Helpless—Shall

China's riches consist in—



HER NATURAL RESOURCES

NO man has computed them. There is enough coal in the one province of Shansi to last the entire world for some hundreds of years. China has also great iron mines. The copper mines of Szechwan and Yunnan are very rich and may make China the greatest copper-producing nation in the world. She is now producing a large amount of antimony. There are possibilities of gold and silver in North China and in the mountains of eastern Tibet.

There are even unheard of possibilities in Chinese agriculture. Their land is constantly enriched and irrigated, and after 5000 years the Chinese farms still average from two to four crops a year.

To make good, China needs— SCHOOLS

NEW China is asked to choose her fittest men to be representatives at the Peace Conference, and she discovers that they are graduates of mission schools and American universities. But China has room and need for more leaders of their type. The answer is obvious — more Christian schools.

For years China has revered education—for the few. Now she sees its need for the many.



HER

THE finest product of any nation is people, the real wealth is man-power. That is one of the appalling facts underscored by the war. When Foch had enough man-power he dared to plan victory.

China has man-power. One-fourth of the human race is Chinese. And the Chinese are multiplying. It is not at all impossible that, with migration to Malaysia, where they already greatly predominate, and to Manchuria, Mongolia and Siberia, there will be one billion Chinese by the year 2000.

The Face Reconstruction or Disaster?

"China," said Mr. Den Lo-chi to me one day as we sipped our jasmine-scented tea, "is like a treasure house with doors and windows not only unbarred but absolutely destroyed—an easy prey for anyone passing by."—*By James M. Yard*



HER INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES

INDUSTRIALLY China is still in the Middle Ages. In my city of Chengtu (population 1,000,000), one of the great silk producing cities, there is not one modern power-driven loom. The silk industry is carried on in the rear of the compounds with great awkward, wooden hand-loom, and is a family affair.

China's industrial future has not yet quite come to the blueprint stage; it is not even sketched yet. But, given the almost uncountable man-power together with the miraculous resources, one can easily see an industrial revolution as sure as the sunrise and as mighty and as resistless as seatides.

To make good, China needs—

CHURCHES

I HAVE mingled freely with the Chinese students, in both Mission and Government schools, and I know that there is, to a degree, a mass-movement amongst them toward Christianity. They know that China is in a desperate condition, and they hope, they are not sure, that Christianity, if given a chance, will save their country. At any rate many of them are willing to try it. They must be given the opportunity.



PEOPLE

The Chinese workman is not a weakling—he is sober, thrifty, virile and immensely enduring. Watch him on the docks at Shanghai or along the river front at Hankow or under his truck loads of tea on the way to the Lamas of Tibet and you will know that as a laborer his value is superb.

Chinese farmers are amongst the most industrious and intelligent in the world.



Probably the vendor has never thought of himself as performing a social service for the slums. But his toy stand makes a bright spot i



e existence of these busy children. A life that is all work and no play doesn't make the best citizens. Have the churches an answer?

A "Little Mother" Grows Up

How a church that is not "for Sundays only" or Italians only or Americans only or Russians only or Chinese only, but for everybody all the time, made the growing up of one "little mother" expressive of all that is best in America.

Told to a World Outlook representative

By An East Side Italian Girl



J. T. Beals, Photograph

pink-faced little babies, fretful with the heat.

I was wandering, barefoot, up Second Avenue, with the baby on my back, and little Lelia clutching my hand. My eyes were nearly as round as Lelia's at the things we were seeing. There were men sitting at the green tables of the sidewalk cafes drinking from cool, frosted glasses, talking and gesticulating. An Italian funeral marched up from First Avenue, with its band droning mournfully in the heat. We stood on a corner, looking about us, when a man with a camera stopped beside me. He wanted to take my picture!

We had never had any photographs of our family, but I had seen pictures in show cases, so I began posing the children like them. The man laughed and made us stand as we were when he first saw us; he laughed again and shook his head when I suggested hurrying home with the children to put on their Sunday dresses.

One Sunday after that the man who sold newspapers on the corner called out to me that our picture was in the paper. I thought he was joking at first, and when I really saw it—myself with Lelia clutching my skirt, and the baby peeking over my shoulder—I could hardly believe it.

Of course I could not read the paper, and neither could my mother or father. But a big girl who lived in our tenement read it to us. It was called "The Little Mother of the East Side." The story told how I cared for the children—some of it was true, and some of it was not. It said I was only a baby myself, and I laughed at that. Wasn't I six years old? But the last sentence set me thinking. It was: "Isn't New York going to do something for its Domenica Domenicks?"

It hadn't entered my head before that anyone ever thought of doing anything for us children. We were poor, of course, and there were other children who were rich. We used to envy them when they rode by in automobiles. But small as I was I knew those things were only for rich people.

Some of the things which it said in the newspaper should be done for the children of the East Side I didn't understand at all then.

But some of the things—like having playgrounds and excursions to the country I did understand. That story started my imagination working. I had childish dreams of wonderful things being done for me and my little playmates. But the dreams did not come true. I went on living in the same dirty tenement with no place to play but the street. In time, the importance which I had felt about "being in the paper" wore away. But there was something which didn't wear away. Perhaps living on the East Side makes one have thoughts beyond one's age. Anyway, I began to wonder why somebody didn't do something for all of us "Little Mothers."

When I was eight years old, I learned that there really were people who were "doing something for the Domenica Domenicks." I wanted Goldie Rosenbaum to go up to Tompkins Square with me. She said that she was going to a moving picture show in the big building that I had often wondered about, a building on Second Avenue between First and Houston Streets that was always opening its doors to swallow up children, or to let them out.

"Why don't you come along?" Goldie asked. "We have a swell time there—movies an' games an' food an' *everything*."

"Ask me something easy!" I said scornfully. "Where do you think I'd get the money?"

"It's free!" Goldie said. "Us kids go up there all the time."

"Yes, but I'm Italian," I said. "Maybe it's only for Jewish children."

"Say, this place is called the Church of All Nations," Goldie said. "Come along."

I went in with her, and after the moving picture show was over, a woman came over and spoke to us. She asked me my name, and told me to come and play with the children as often as I liked. She was very pretty, and her voice was soft and low—I decided then and there that I wanted to be like her when I grew up.

I was going to a parochial school then, and every day after classes I used to go over to the Church of All Nations. We played games, and learned to sew and cook, and take care of the babies. We went out into the country on picnics, and when Christmas came there was a tree with presents for all of us.

One of the workers there said that my little brother would be a cripple unless he had treatment for his legs. She not only said it but she saw that he had it. Someone else said that I ought to have a baby carriage, or I'd become stunted from carrying the babies on my back. So they bought me one. They were always doing things for the children who went there. I know that they haven't nearly enough money, but in some way they always seemed able to get the most important things.

MAKING EVERY ALIEN A MISSIONARY OF TRUE DEMOCRACY

ACCORDING to the 1910 census, the United States had 12,950,034 foreign-born men and women within its borders; about 4,500,000 have entered the country since that date.

But while the foreign-born population has increased in all but three states, the proportion naturalized has actually dropped.

The number of those unable to read or write any language has risen from 1,287,135 to 1,650,361. Only one out of 250 is sufficiently interested in learning our language to attend night school.

The Church has made comparatively little effort to break through this wall of the spoken word. Every alien who leaves our shores becomes, unconsciously, a missionary either for or against our type of democracy.

The fact that the foreign-born resident may acquire, without much difficulty, a voice in the nation's internal affairs, makes it doubly imperative that he be able to comprehend our principles.

The propagation of our ideals which make for better citizenship, a more brotherly relation to one's fellowmen, and a higher standard of daily life,

can never be considered outside the province of active Christianity.

The Church cannot be satisfied with anything but an evangelism which reaches into every phase of the immigrant's life.

As long as there is a factory which omits safety devices, an employment agency which collects exorbitant fees, a loan shark who preys upon the ignorance of women, or a row of tenements which has earned the reputation of a "lung block," the church has a clear cut duty before it.

A boys' club formed many years ago in connection with a Boston Methodist Episcopal church illustrates the far-reaching results of the influence of work among immigrant children. Encouraged by their leader, many of them continued their education instead of going to work at an early age, as did so many of their little comrades. Today, the alumni of that little club include a doctor, a dentist, an attorney, a high-school principal, a professor of Latin at Harvard, a writer on a New York daily, a man who has made a fortune in the sugar trade, and a judge of the juvenile court. Practically all the members have reached places of distinction.



CONGESTION means unsanitary surroundings, a low standard of living, no proper facilities for recreation, and an open door for vice.

Seventy-two per cent. of our foreign-born population live in the congested city districts.

As they have moved in, the churches have moved out.

But they are not going to do that any more. The Centenary program of the Methodist Episcopal Church for example, plans to stick with the immigrant and give him several million dollars' worth of upbuilding recreation and new and better spiritual ideals through better equipped church plants. Not more churches, but better ones.

My father and mother knew, of course, that I spent most of my time there. Some of our friends warned them against it; they said that these people were Protestants. But my parents knew that I was happier than I had ever been in my life. They had been so poor since they had come to this country, that they were glad of any advantages we children might get. So they said nothing, and every day I went up to the building to play and study.

I learned to speak good English and to read it. Then the Italian teacher said that I spoke incorrectly even in Italian—it was a patois that we spoke at home. So I learned to read and write and speak correctly the language of my family.

Soon it was time for me to go to work. There were more babies, and there was very little money. My people are peasants, and they had never been trained in any trade. Father is a day laborer, and even when he can get steady work, he cannot make much money—it is only the skilled laborer who can do that.

I got a good job as an operator on silk underwear—in the busy season I can average between sixteen and eighteen dollars a week. I owed that, of course, to my sewing classes at the Church of All Nations. That's one of the most important things they do—training boys and girls in trades so that they will not have to work for starvation wages.

I make extra money teaching English, and sometimes Italian.

Not along ago my mother asked me if I would teach her to read. Somehow I had never thought of it—she is always so busy with the babies and the housework. So now we have a lesson every day. It is slow work, of course, because there isn't much time left after she has been working all day to keep house for a family of eight. But she is ambitious, and we were very proud and happy when she learned to write her name.

For a long time I went to mass and later to the Sunday school in the big building I had come to love so much. After a time I stopped going to mass and went instead to the services of the Church of All Nations. My family were not angry because I had broken away from the old church. They even let me take the other children to the services. "After all," they said, "this is America."

A few weeks ago my father asked if he could go to service with me. Of course I was delighted. My father is not a young man any more, and I don't expect him to change his beliefs, but he made me very happy by showing that he sees what a good thing our church is, and that he has no bitterness toward it.

This last year—I am eighteen now—I became a volunteer-assistant to our pastor—the one who preaches in Italian every Sunday. There are four congregations in the church, one of Russians, one of Chinese, one of Italians, and the American. Every Sunday there is a service in each language.

(Continued on page 32)

In case you don't recognize them, these are gods—the “gods that keep away death from the village.” Only they don't. Yet they and the witch doctor with his rattles and in-

cantations are all that millions of Africans have to cure their myriad diseases. Small wonder that only one child in every ten lives to grow up.



War Threw the Spotlight on Africa

IN the discussions that have raged across the peace table about the disposition of the African colonies the thinking man can find more than just a thrill at the extraordinary undeveloped riches of the Dark Continent.

He grows suspicious about the native. What is to be his place in the program of reconstruction? Is he still to be “civilized” by millions of gallons of rum sent annually to Africa by white traders? Is he still to be drawn by the million into the golden whirlpool that is Johannesburg, there to be broken physically and morally in the white man's rush for wealth?

Or, are his natural abilities to be cultivated, his ambitions stimulated and his superstitious orgies transformed by helpful friends and a brotherly hand?

By John M. Springer

ELISABETHVILLE, doubling her output of copper to meet war orders, or Likasi with thirty railway tracks and a great concentrating plant for the treatment of low-grade ores, may sound to the average American more like Arizona or Michigan than Central Africa. But that is because the average American knows so little about Africa.

Of course he knows that there are diamond mines down Africa-way, and rubber and ivory and ostrich feathers. But who in America knows that in the heart of Africa are a hundred and fifty hills so impregnated with copper that no trees will grow there and cattle cannot eat the scanty grass which covers them? Or who knows of the almost untouched deposits of coal, iron, tin, and antimony?

And Africa is no less rich in plants than in minerals. The yearly products of Central Africa in vegetable oils, cocoa, sugar, cotton, and woods amount to nearly \$100,000,000. This amount can be increased many fold, for agricultural investment there gives large returns.

Africa's resources complicate the Peace Conference discussions

These natural resources have made the course of empire take a long leap southward and have complicated the discussions of the Peace Conference. But the real future of the continent does not depend altogether upon whether a single nation or a League administers the colonies, or whether their oils go to make explosives for the Allies or soap for America. There is another most important factor—the native.

In the past this native has lived in a thatched hut which was eaten up by white ants in a year or two. He has had a goat and a few chickens, maybe a slave or two. He had an ulcer on his leg, unidentified pains in his stomach, and fear in his heart. But withal he had a cheerful disposition. Also—like most men everywhere—he was as lazy as he dared be.

“Why should I raise more corn?” he asked, “If I raise it, I may not eat it. Our chief, Mwata Yamvo (The Lord of Death) will take it

from me. Why should I work to fatten the chief, his wives, and his court while I die of hunger?”

Now “civilization” is coming to Africa, is coming for the diamonds and the palm oils. Often it comes with little thought for the African, and he, alone and unfriended, is no more capable of meeting modern industrial conditions than a child is of managing an eight-cylinder motor. Conditions in the Rand mining district of the Transvaal have proved this fact.

Enter Christianity with quinine and plows

There every year half a million natives come from the simple barbaric life of jungle or veld. Twenty thousand of these half million recruits die, many of them of the white man's diseases and vices. Tens of thousands of others find their way back to the kraals, broken in health and morals, “civilized within an inch of hell,” as one explorer expressed it.

That is what “civilization” without Christianity is doing for the African. At the same time Christianity has come with quinine and plows. Its work has been less sensational. But, as one traveler says, “For a hundred miles around you can see the influence of a well-established mission station. The natives have more clothing and better food and less likely to die of starvation during a drought.”

The “Lord of Death” begs for a missionary

This kind of civilization the people of Africa want. Mwata Yamvo, the same “Lord of Death” who took his people's food, begged for a missionary, “a man with medicine.” Now the missionaries have gone to Mwata Yamvo's country and are influencing him and hundreds of the villages over which he rules.

Before the missionaries came this chief buried two live slaves, a boy and a girl, in his mother's grave, but when his favorite wife died recently, the missionaries intervened, and there was no human sacrifice.

A school is built by Kabongo's cannibal prisoners

Kabongo is another chief who wanted a mission station—wanted it so much that he sent out his women to clear the ground and his men to bring in poles and grass to build a house for the missionary who was to come. Then when the missionary came, Kabongo built a school, or rather he had it built by cannibal prisoners he had captured red-handed and brought in to reform.

The natives have done their share, now it's up to the church

Thus the natives of the Belgian Congo show their desire for Christianity, but the Church has been slow in sending workers. We now have only fifteen missionaries in a territory the size of three states.

The future of Africa depends upon how quickly the Church remedies this condition. Without Christianity the history now in the making in Africa will be a sad story of exploitation. The natives will be crushed by a material progress for which they were not prepared. They will become a liability to the world.

Shall Africa become an asset or a liability to civilization

With Christianity they may become an asset to civilization. But Christianity must come now in greater volume and power to accompany the industrial development. As this race of children faces twentieth century industrial conditions, it must have, first of all, the transforming Gospel preached to it. It must have schools, including agricultural and industrial training. It must have sanitation. It must have medical treatment and instruction. It must have social service. In short, it must have the Christ.



H EAP big chief Mwata Yamvo, chief of many smaller chiefs, rides forth on the shoulders of his subjects all dressed up in the bead crown that is the insignia of his rank and his best royal robe that has "Made in Portugal" written across it in what to Mwata Yamvo are magic characters.

Civilization is coming to him by degrees, like the white man's garments. But although he has fore-sworn the witch doctor and begs for a "man with medicine," he still keeps his hundreds of wives, three of whom are chosen daily to minister to him.

The great war has brought him a sight of the white man's aeroplanes and the sound of his guns. Will the reconstruction period bring him schools that will help his boys to a trade, hospitals that will cure their bodily ills, and churches where he can learn of a God who is not a destroyer to be feared but a comforter to be loved?



They're What

When the illiteracy test and the head-tax for Mexican immigrants were suspended, because Uncle Sam needed laborers during the war, our southern neighbors came across the border

By Ralph

JOSE AND MARIA aren't exactly what you'd call clean and they aren't noted for telling the truth. But before going on with the list of their failings, it might be well to hear them or some other Mexican in the Southwest tell of the conditions under which he lives.

There are 1,500,000 Latin-Americans in New Mexico, California, Nevada, Texas and Colorado. Most of them have never known what it is to live under decent conditions. The word "home" is almost a mockery, because its responsibility ends when they are brought into the world.

But the streets, the movies, the saloons and the dance halls are always working. A large part of the Mexicans return to their own country after they have made money in this. What, besides money, are we giving them to take back with them?



IF you hadn't a bed, you'd sleep on the hard floor and if you hadn't a stove you'd eat cold food. Of course you can't imagine living so, but there are thousands of Latin-Americans in this country who do it. Now it is bad enough for men and women to live so, but it is worse that children should grow up without any memories of a pleasant home. Yet there are thousands of children to whom the necessities and the decencies of life are unknown and to whom "home" means an old freight car.

Many Mexican girls marry at thirteen and have ten or eleven children by the time they are twenty-six. The men are employed at seasonal jobs in the sugar-beet fields, on the railroads, in the mines, harvesting beans, in orange and lemon orchards and doing construction work. Drunkenness is common. Babies are born into a world which has no clothes for them, and shirts and over-alls are lacking for the older children. Ignorance and superstition abound.

CRIME

SICKNESS

POVERTY

UNEMPLOYMENT

EDUCATION

IF you spend \$1,271,575.13 for crime, sickness, poverty and unemployment, what are you spending to prevent them! In Los Angeles the answer was found to be

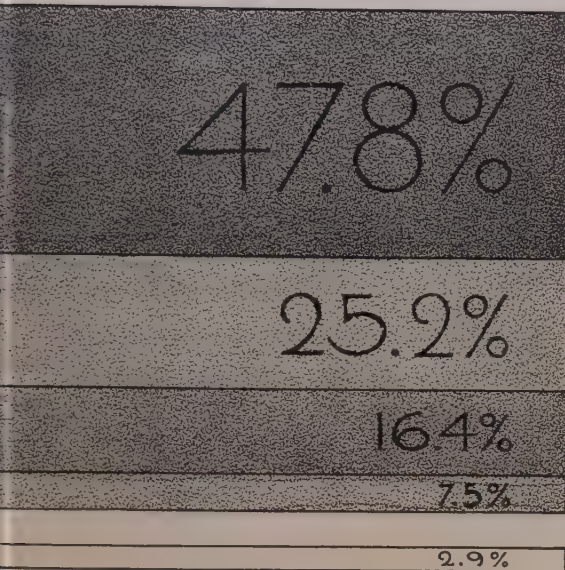


CONSIDER for a moment the conditions under which thousands upon thousands of Latin-Americans live in this country. Out in the country they can get a little fresh air in such courts as this. But in the city, they live in houses 8 feet by 10 feet with one window and

Here— Next?

by thousands. There are two million Mexicans in the country. They are as far north as Idaho and as far east as New York, with large colonies in the Mississippi Valley.

Welles Keeler



\$38,983.14. That is the allotment for education. Crime costs \$627,457.42; sickness, \$330,618.16; poverty, \$215,014.95; and unemployment, \$98,484.60.



floor. Seventy-nine percent of the houses have no baths and 28 percent have no water facilities. Eight to ten families use the same faucet and toilet in the open court. Men, women and children sleep in the same room, without ventilation.

TOOTH-BRUSHES and dish-pans as well as text-books are included in the equipment of the schools maintained by the church for Latin-American children in this country. That is because they need to be made clean and strong of body and to know how to keep decent homes, just as much as they need to learn to read and write.

The little Mexican boy is just as eager to be a Boy Scout as any other boy is and the girls respond to training in domestic science and to music. The Methodist Episcopal church has six schools for Latin-American boys and girls between the ages of 7 and 19, but they take care of only 300 pupils.

IT was in a hen-house at Cherry Valley that the Methodist Episcopal church began its work among Latin-Americans. That was sixty years ago, but most of the churches we have built for those people in the Southwest since then have had little more dignity. Dingy, slovenly halls or shacks often in disreputable parts of the town have not made it easy for people temperamentally devout to understand evangelical Christianity.



HAND laundries in churches! Why not! Men must be clean of body, as well as pure of heart. They believe this out in Pasadena, California, where they recently replaced a rude chapel, which hadn't a pane of glass in it, with this institutional church for Mexicans.

It cost \$6,000. But that isn't much when it is on record that besides the hand laundry, it has a dormitory for men, a day nursery, club and class rooms.

The Centenary of Methodist Missions is planning to build 65 churches of this kind and a great Plaza Community Centre at Los Angeles, also.





The Christian Innovation—Schools

FOR thousands of years not one of their ancestors has ever touched a book. For books were sacred to the Brahmins, and the touch of an outcaste was defiling.

Government schools could not reach them, for the high caste teachers would not instruct "untouchables."

But the missionaries gathered around them a few boys and girls, taught them to read and write, and sent them out to teach others. That is how it came about that

Methodism could educate eighty per cent. of the native church when only about five per cent. of the rest of India was literate.

But the mass movement is changing these conditions. People are coming into the church faster than the church can care for them, and now only forty per cent. of the converts are being educated. In other words, there are in India 60,000 Methodist children without schools.

"Standing Room Only"

By Benson Baker

IMAGINE an Indian village—the sun glaring on its mud walls, a few goats wandering through the narrow streets, a yellow dog slinking into a shady doorway. Parrots scream in the neem trees, and in the shadow of a mud wall a group of waiting men and women—a hundred, perhaps—squat on the ground. As they wait, they sing *Visu Mashi Ki jai*, "Victory to Jesus Christ."

After a while the missionary comes in his Ford. There are more songs and prayers. The missionary talks and asks questions, and the people listen eagerly, unmindful of the intruding dogs or of the washerman's donkey that brays at the edge of the crowd.

Then comes the baptismal service. The missionary places his hands on one bowed head after another. Mothers hold naked brown babies up so that the foreign teacher may touch them.

There is another song. The missionary goes to the village leader's house for a conference with the pastor and some of the Christians. Then he is off to another village where another group is waiting in the shadow of another mud wall.

He would like to stay a year in each village teaching the people what Christianity really means. But in his district there are nearly

three thousand villages where Christians live, and he knows that if he spent just one day in each village, it would be eight years before he had visited every one.

So the missionary leaves the people with their native pastor, himself a man not long out of heathenism, a man with only three years of schooling, and with ten other villages under his care.

That is the problem of a missionary in the areas of the Indian mass movement. It is not the problem of one district only, but of twenty. Men are turning from paganism to Christianity faster in India than anywhere else in the world. Throughout the country six million are asking the church for instruction and baptism. It is like the old phrase "a nation in a day." It sounds well in a missionary lecture, but it is a great big job for the man on the field.

Stated in terms of numbers, it is a problem of long division. Last year in a single district, a territory of sixty miles by a hundred, one missionary baptized 6,000 converts. In addition to the 6,000 there were 22,000 others who were waiting, eager to enter the church as soon as they could receive sufficient instruction. This number might have been 50,000 if there had only been more missionaries and more

native workers to teach them. In addition to the inquirers here were 45,000 baptized Christians who needed continual guidance.

How could one missionary give a personal examination to each of the thousands of inquirers? How could he teach the new converts the difference between Christianity and the paganism in which they grew up? How could he train his 150 native pastor-teachers into effective Christian leaders? Yet one missionary has to divide his time among all these things.

The task is even harder than it would be at home. For it is a long, long road from the worship of Krishna to the worship of Christ, and everyone who makes the journey must have a deal of personal help. When the people are baptized, we call them Christians, but the task is then only begun. At home the pastor has something to build on; in India he has nothing.

His converts are among the "untouchables"—the 50,000,000 outcastes of India who have neither social nor religious privileges, who cannot enter a temple or even speak the name of a god, whose very touch is defiling. Their one privilege is to do the heavy, dirty work of India. Their highest conception of authority is the landlord.

But are these people able to receive Christianity, and does it mean anything to them?

Yes.

Christianity is the only good thing that has ever come into the lives of these people. It gives them a new sense of personal identity, a new feeling of social responsibility. For it they are willing to suffer persecution.

The landlords, who virtually own the outcastes, object to their becoming Christians, for they know that Christianity is the beginning of a social revolution in India. So they put the screws on.

Converts are beaten, their wells are filled, and their cattle are starved. A thousand and one methods are used to force them to recant. In this mass movement work I have had men brought to me with broken arms and with backs horribly beaten, but I have never yet seen one person go back because of these persecutions.

But in the end Christianity is worth while to these outcastes,

worth while in a material way. A missionary invented the little plow which is suited to India's needs, and which is supplanting the type used for two thousand years. Missionaries started the co-operative societies through which agricultural laborers can borrow money

at twelve per cent interest instead of at seventy-five per cent.

Educationally, too, Christianity is worth while. The native pastor-teacher sitting under a tree with a dozen or so boys and girls studying first readers may not be impressive as a "school," but these children are the first among their people for a thousand eras who have held a book in their hands.

But are these outcastes worth while to the church?

Again, yes.

The trouble with the outcastes is that they have never had a chance to come into their own. Trained under Christian leadership, they become successful preachers and teachers, and make good in government and industrial positions. The secretary of the biggest industrial firm in Cawnpore was an outcaste boy educated through the Methodist Church.

With India in transition as it is today we cannot afford to neglect the outcastes. Their present condition is virtual serfdom, and Democracy cannot be founded upon such a basis. On the other hand, the outcastes who have accepted Christianity have risen above caste and are the foundation for a new social order.

If we are going to rebuild the world on a democratic basis, we cannot afford to leave out the one-fifth of the world's population which lives in India. And the mass movement is our greatest opportunity for reaching these millions.

We must educate these native Christians of India. We must give the outcastes a chance to come into their own. If this job

is not done and done right, I can see nothing but disaster ahead of us, and disaster in India now would be appalling.

The mass movement in India is not a matter of fields that *can* be opened up. It is not a movement hoped for as the result of political conditions. It is a question of life and death to a Christian community already established.



"Will You Baptize Us?"

WHEN the plea comes to the missionary in India, "We want to be Christians. We know the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer. We have torn down our heathen *thans*. Will you baptize us?" of course the missionary wants to go to their village.

But how can he baptize more than 6,000 a year, especially when he already has 45,000 native Christians to look after and only 150 Indian workers to help him?

The only trouble with the missionary is that there are not enough of him.

Mohammedanism Faces Disintegration



L*A ilaha illa 'llahu*"—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet.

With this creed Mohammed and his followers fought their way over three continents and gained 200,000,000 adherents.

Then Christianity began the re-conquest of Moslem lands. By 1914 eighty-three per cent of the world's Mohammedans were under Christian rule.

Moslem leaders made every effort to reunite the faithful. The final stroke was at the beginning of the Great War when the Sultan, as ally of Germany, proclaimed a *jihad*, or holy war, in which all Moslems are bound together for the destruction of infidels.

But the Mohammedans of India and North Africa had learned the advantages of Christian civilization, and in spite of dervishes and submarines, conscription and war taxes, remained loyal to their rulers.

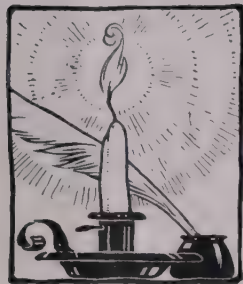
With the failure of the *jihad* Islam as a political unit failed, and, because in Mohammedanism the church and state are one, it is also weakened as a religion.

The crowding of Christian hostels and schools throughout Moslem lands, as well as the fact that Afghanistan is for the first time open to missionaries are evidences of this weakening.

But Moslem leaders are unwilling to admit defeat, and devout Mohammedans, always a race of missionaries, are still spreading the religion of the prophet throughout Central Africa and are gaining three converts for Islam to every one gained for Christianity.



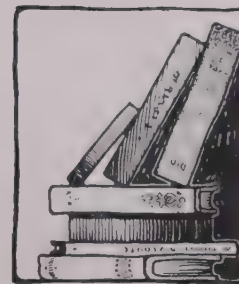
Moslem colonials received decorations just as native Frenchmen did. Army hospitals taught the Senegalese hygiene as well as checkers.



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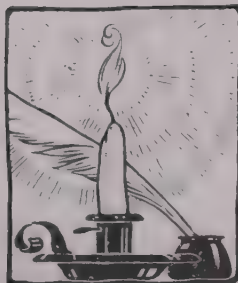
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THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT IN ASIA. By Tyler Dennett. The Association Press. \$1.50.

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SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF ITALIANS IN AMERICA. By Enrico C. Sartorio. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. \$1.00 net.

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The differences between the primitive Latin and the sophisticated Anglo-Saxon are too great to be bridged easily. Neither really understands the other. Mr. Sartorio feels that, except in rare cases, it is necessary for the best results among Italians to have men and women—especially women—of their own land as workers among them. In Italian com-

(Continued on page 29)

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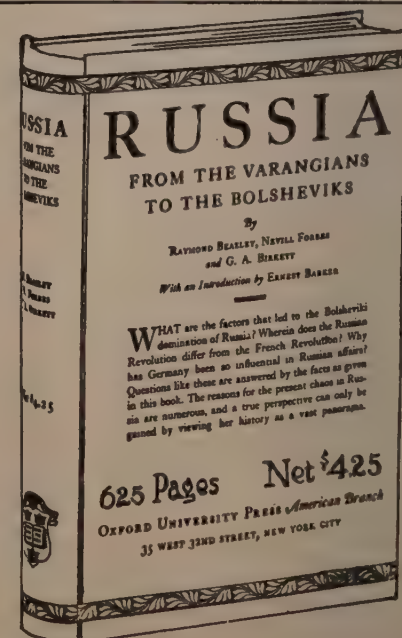
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The Reviewing Stand

(Continued from page 28)

munities it is not considered proper for the women to receive men missionaries unless their husbands are present and even then they sit apart and take small part in the conservation.

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PETROGRAD and Moscow spell Russia to most of the world. "If only people would remember that nine-tenths of the Russians live in villages," says the Russian farmer in "The Village." "In your country tell them—no matter what happens—to remember us, the people in the villages," is his appeal.

Ernest Poole has done what his Russian farmer friend told him to do, voicing the hoping and groping of the country people in Russia. Something of the immensity of the country and the diversity of its people is brought out in this journalistic account of a summer spent in Russia away from the cities.

Books Received

- Anderson, Isabel. ZIGZAGGING. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.50.
 Barron, Clarence W. WAR FINANCE. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
 Beury, Chas. E. RUSSIA AFTER THE REVOLUTION. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.
 Barton, Winifred W. JOHN P. WILLIAMSON, A BROTHER TO THE SIOUX. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.75 net.
 BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.
 Cohen, Rose. OUT OF THE SHADOW. George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.
 Connor, Ralph. THE SKY PILOT IN NO MAN'S LAND. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.
 Gordon, Ernest. THE MAINE LAW. Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$.75. Paper, \$.35.
 Harrington, Charles Kendall. CAPTAIN BICKEL OF THE INLAND SEA. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.75 net.
 Kirkpatrick, F. A. SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WAR. Cambridge University Press. 4/6 net.
 Koizumi, Setsuko. REMINISCENCES OF LAFACIO HEARN. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00.
 Mathews, Basil. THE RIDDLE OF NEARER ASIA. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
 Munday, Talbot. HIRA SINGH. Bobbs, Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.
 Noyes, Harriet Newell. A LIGHT IN THE LAND OF SINIM. Fleming H. Revell. \$1.50 net.
 Ohlinger, Gustavus. THE GERMAN CONSPIRACY IN AMERICAN EDUCATION. George H. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Stockley, Cynthia. BLUE ALOES. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 Stoddard, F. R., Jr. WAR TIME FRANCE. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.
 Sweet, William Warren. HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICA. The Abingdon Press. \$3.00.
 Tippy, Worth M. and Paul B. Kern. A METHODIST CHURCH AND ITS WORK. The Methodist Book Concern. \$.60.
 Towne, Charles Hanson. SHAKING HANDS WITH ENGLAND. George H. Doran Co. \$1.00.
 Vorse, Mary Heaton. THE PRESTONS. Boni & Liveright. \$1.75 net.
 Weeks, George F. SEEN IN A MEXICAN PLAZA. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00 net.
 Wile, Frederic William. EXPLAINING THE BRITISHERS. George H. Doran Co. \$1.00.
 Young, E. Brett. THE CRESCENT MOON. E. P. Dutton Co. \$1.75.
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The Dollar in Service

(Continued from page 11)

and were visited by an itinerant preacher. One feels that he is listening to an account of the fortunes of the early church of Corinth, Thessaly or Rome.

*So the deacon goes on from
year to year*

until he brings the history down into the present. And now they have a church of their own. A church! He lingers upon the word as though the poor pathetic little shack of four walls was a St. Peter's Cathedral, a Brooklyn Tabernacle or a Tremont Temple. And then he ends with the most pathetic of all the things that he has said: Could not the honorable foreigners representing the mother church in great, far-off wealthy America, arrange to have a regular missionary live and work among them again?

It is the old, old call, done into modern Japanese: "Come over into Macedonia and help us!"

*What becomes of the dollar which
goes to foreign missions?*

Oh, that the folks back in Shutesbury, Mass., in Foxboro Center, Vt., in Geneva, Ohio, in Danville, Ill.—wherever Christian men and women contribute to convert the heathen all over the nation, might follow intimately what is happening among these very human folks beyond the seas! Verily might the work go faster and easier!

For the old idea of the heathen must go, and the new idea that all over the planet men and women are somewhat the same kind of folks together but not always understanding one another or getting one another's viewpoint—that must come in!

And when it does come in,

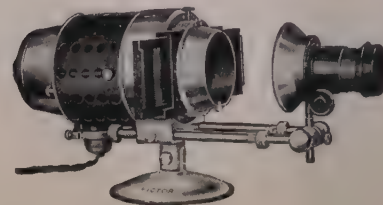
*When we take the trouble to
know one another,*

when we meet together on the ground of some kind of common understanding or otherwise leaven one another by common intercourse, when we accept it that no race or color of people have the exclusive ear of God Almighty or his partiality, when there are no more "heathen" but merely "men and women who may not have progressed as far in religious understanding as ourselves," THEN shall wars cease and racial prejudices and all the bagatelle which creates hate and rancor and distrust and friction between peoples come to a close. Then the Christian missionary movement shall have come into its own and proved itself for what it is: Not a by-product of theology, not an apathetic little spasm of pretty humanitarianism like the Band of Mercy or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Paupers—but as a great social program which has brought the world together and supplied it with a culture upon which all nations and all races can live together side by side forever in peace.

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When Does the Country Preacher Sleep?

(Continued from page 15)

"Teach them to give with what they are willing to give," is his philosophy, and this same method is going to be used to put Maple Grove through with flying colors in the Centenary, thus to help other communities get a leader who will put them in the same shape.

"Find the point of contact between the man and the church and keep your eyes open for a chance to use it," is the secret of his success in winning over to the church those who had opposed it or been indifferent. It is the method he employed on the man who wound up by bringing the apple stealer to him and who said: "Whatever you decide, I'll abide by."

What was his decision? Was it a Christianlike verdict? It was this: "Apologize, beg forgiveness, and, since you have no money, pay back in labor for the apples you stole."

Rural communities by hundreds are in crying need of just such services as are being rendered in the Maple Grove charge by the live young man of Pike's Creek. The Centenary will mean the dawn of a new day for many of them. To grasp the scope of the rural problem, consider the following:

Eighty-seven per cent. of the Methodist Episcopal churches are rural. There are 10,518 rural Methodist ministers, nearly all of them shamefully underpaid. Of these 7,505 receive less than \$800 a year. Less than \$600 is paid to 2,629 of them, and 1,367 get less than \$400. Such salaries are a disgrace to the church, a discouragement to the pastor and a disappointment to the people since they do not draw enough men of the calibre they need.

One arm of the Centenary program contemplates more adequate sustenance for the men already in the field whose effectiveness is hampered by the constant worry to make ends meet. Another is to supply 1,468 new workers in territories like the Maple Grove charge that up to the present have been unmanned or undermanned. An expenditure of \$4,100,055 is planned for this purpose.

Establishing training schools for rural workers, continuing and broadening the work where it already has been begun, erecting new buildings, equipping old ones and conducting a systematic campaign for greater efficiency are other measures to be employed.

A "Little Mother"

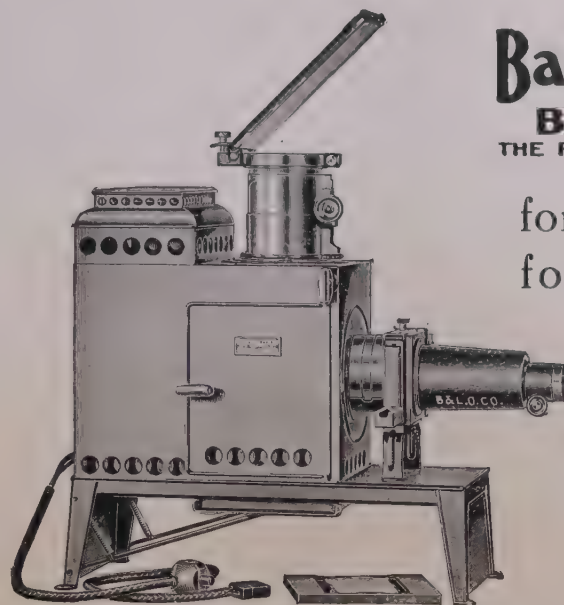
(Continued from page 19)

But there is a great deal of work to be done besides holding services. Our church can't be just a Sunday church—it has got to work every day of the week among the people down here, finding out their needs, their ambitions, helping make them Americans.

It's fun for me to work among my own people. They all know me, and they have known me ever since I was a ragged, barefoot little girl who used to beg ice from the wagons, and carry the babies about on my back. They are not afraid to talk with me, and I can find out what they need, and help them get it.

Some of the girls where I work call me "the old maid." They don't understand why I don't run around with them after work, instead of staying in my own neighborhood. I like the girls, and I like to go off to the

(Continued on page 32)



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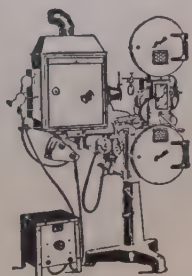
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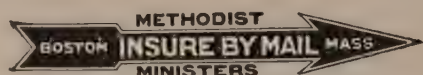
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A "Little Mother"

(Continued from page 31)

movies, or walking about, arm in arm, looking in the shops and talking.

But I can't help remembering all the things the Church of All Nations has done for the Domenick family. It's set us on our feet and made real Americans of us. And I want to help the other Italians who are struggling and trying to get along with all the handicaps of the strange language and strange work.

The Best Man, the Best Advertisement

By James M. Yard

NOT long ago I attended a dinner of American business men in Shanghai at which Consul General Sammons said: "More Americans have come into China during the past six months than during the previous six years—and the quality is even more impressive than the quantity." Big Business is combing our colleges for the best men it can find to send to the ends of the earth.

In a recent number of the Philadelphia Public Ledger the story was told of a large Corporation that advertised in a daily paper for men to represent it in foreign lands. The advertisement brought 1,600 responses. Nearly 1,000 were rejected at once; of the others only 300 were able to qualify.

To these men the Corporation said about as follows:

"We desire to get from 100 to 500 men to go to China, Japan, Africa, and South America to be our representatives. We want the best men we can find in this country. They must do credit not only to us but to themselves and to America."

The Foreign Trade of the church is to be the greatest in the world and we must have the biggest, finest men to be found to go out and represent us, men who on every occasion will do credit to themselves, to the church, and to America. The big sum of money to be raised by the Methodist Centenary for instance, will be of small value if the Life Service Department does not find the big men.

Physicians are needed who will be absolutely pioneers in great sections, men who will build great systems of Sanitation and establish Boards of Health in cities of a million. Surgeons of ability are needed who will find every conceivable opportunity and great hospitals, splendidly equipped, in which opportunities for research will be limitless.

Educators are needed to establish widespread systems of primary schools, men of great administrative ability who will found colleges and write their names big in the history of very ancient peoples.

Men are needed to build and administer great institutional churches and link great provinces together in mighty cooperative movements, which will be foregleams of the Kingdom of God.

The call is for red-blooded men who have felt the grip of God on their souls, men who know Jesus Christ and will dare anything for Him. They must be men who can stand before Governors unabashed and who can open their hearts to little children and be unafraid.

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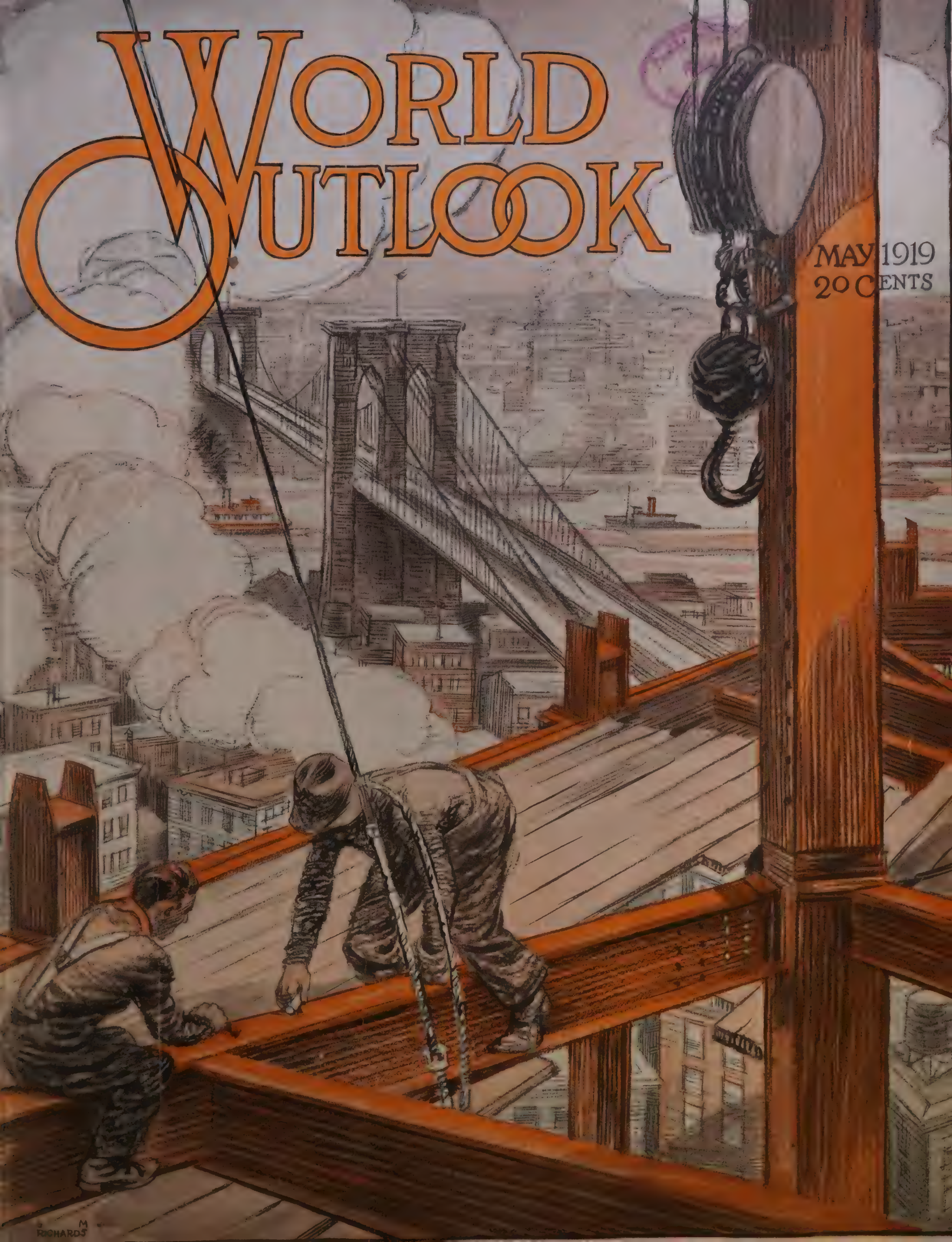
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OUR EDITOR WENT TO EUROPE

He saw famous battlefields and the ruins of centuries-old towns, mediæval castles pulled up by the roots and piles of cinders that had once been cathedrals.

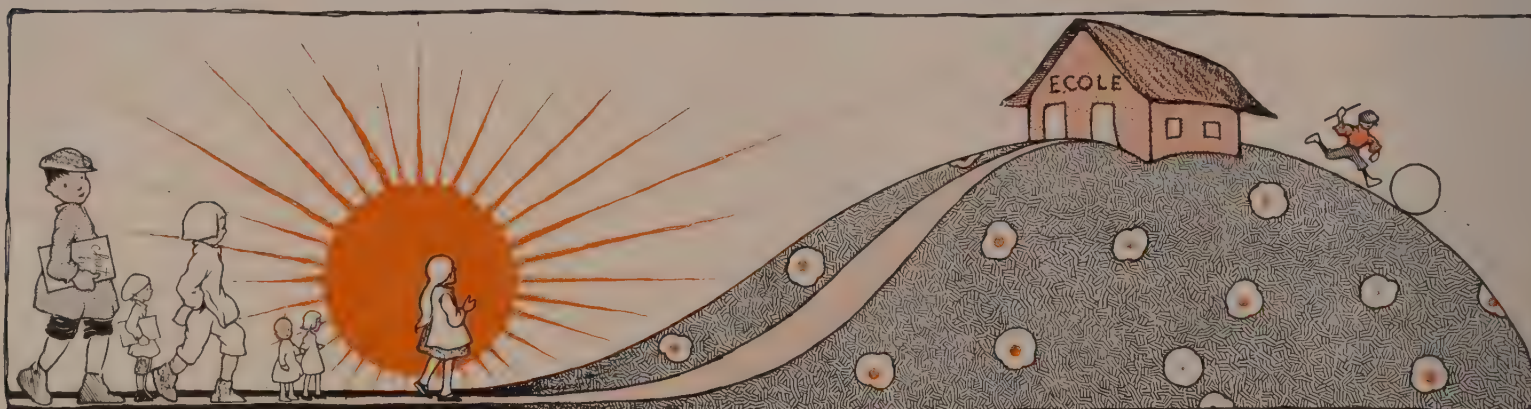
He saw little children making mud pies in shell-holes and old men on crutches starting out to rebuild France with a hammer and a handful of nails.

To see all this Mr. Price had to unwind miles and miles of red tape,

He had to spend whole nights in trains crowded like the subway at rush hour.

He had to pay fifty cents for an egg—not a dozen eggs, but *an* egg.

And you—you can see it all for twenty cents, because Mr. Price took his camera in one hand and his notebook in the other, and because the June WORLD OUTLOOK is going to be full of his best pictures and experiences.



Our June number will be more than a collection of ruins and refugees.

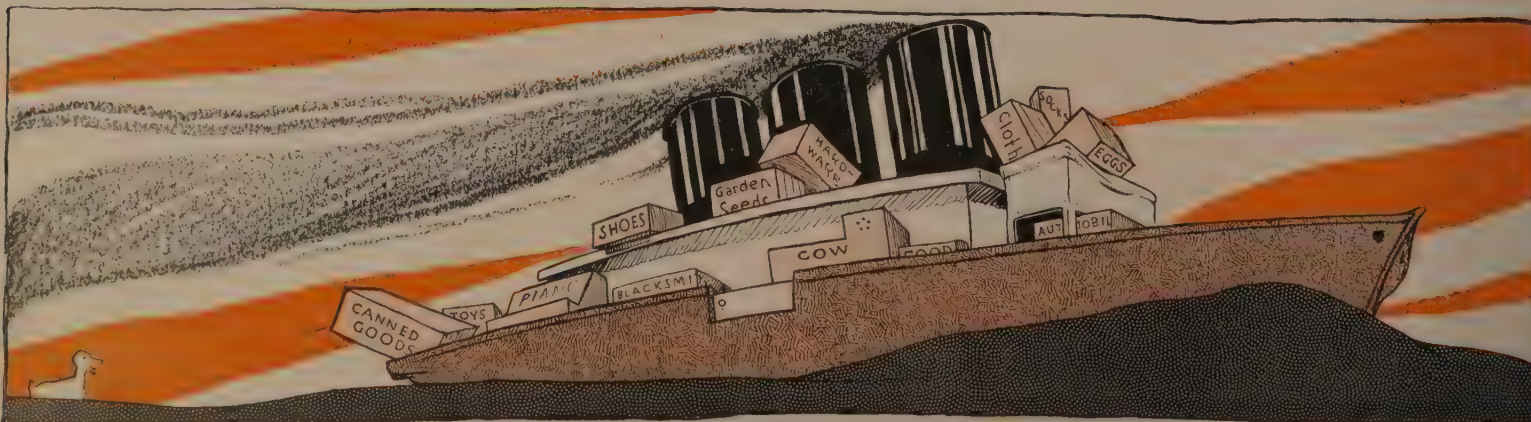
It is all about waging peace, a task as complicated and difficult as waging war.

Fiume, the Bolsheviki, and Article X—all the unknown quantities which have puzzled you in the headlines—you can find out about them in the European Reconstruction number of WORLD OUTLOOK.

You will find out why Uncle Sam cannot retire from the firm of Allies & Co.

You will hear about American relief work, a story of new homes for old, of schools for the children who have lost four years, a story that will make you proud, a story that is not finished yet. There is a certain relief ship—But that's telling.

Just set aside two dimes right now for the June WORLD OUTLOOK, or better still, subscribe for a whole year of WORLD OUTLOOK for \$1.50.



Photograph by Brown Bros.



WE go to press on the eve of several attempts to cross the Atlantic by airplane. The part aeronautics will play in reconstruction, no one can prophesy. We do know that mails are being carried by plane and that the entire war outfit of 350 planes and 1,000 engines, prepared by the

Canadian Government, has been bought by an individual to be used for an air-express and passenger service across the continent. And our training camps have given us thousands of air pilots. In the reconstruction period ahead we may expect to see our wildest dreams about air traffic come true.

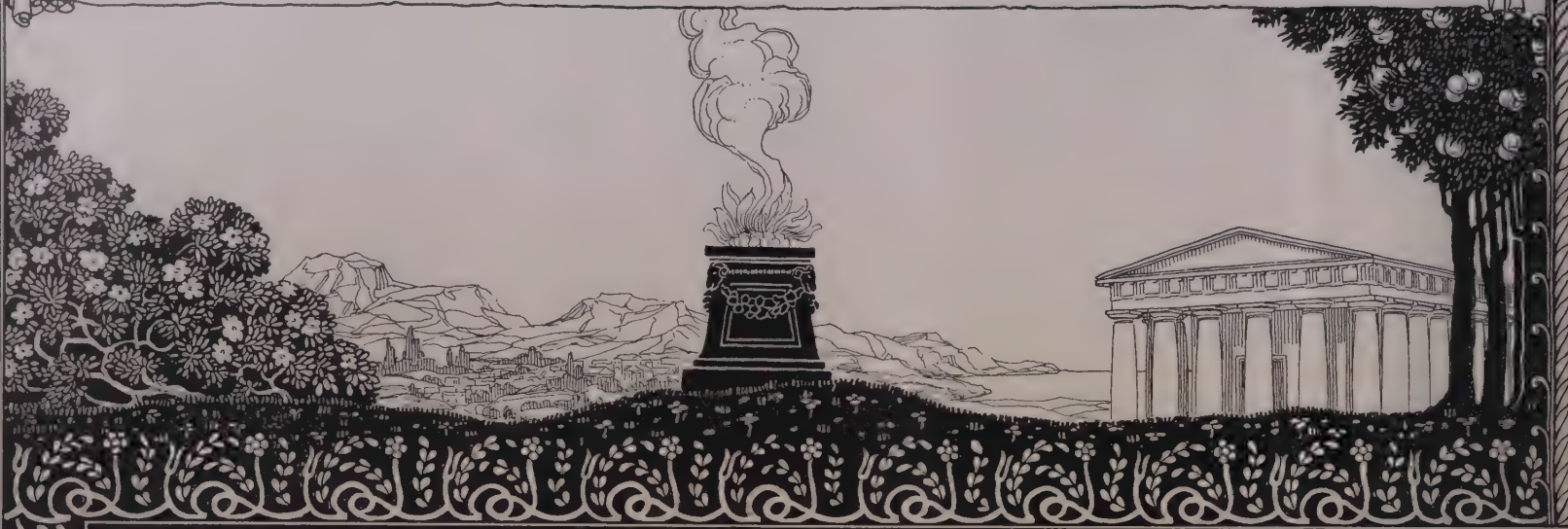
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WILLARD PRICE, Editor

THE CHALLENGE



THE problems of Peace are more difficult than the problems of War.

In War the aim is Destruction; in Peace it is Construction, and it is easier to smash than to build. War means that we go out and lick somebody; it may be hard to do, dangerous and costly, but at least it is simple; there's just one thing to do and when that is done it's all over. But in Peace nothing is ever over; every triumph is but the girding for a greater struggle; it is baffling, complex, vast as Life, while War is simple as Death.

So the task of Reconstruction now before us calls for more brains, more soul, more skill, longer courage, steadfaster devotion—in a word, more man-power, though less brute-power, than War.

The Enemy is not dead, never will die. The German Junkers are finished, but the American Junkers are vigorous yet.

After the Lion, the Jackals.

After the War Monsters have made their kill, out from their holes creep the unclean wolves and hyenas, from their hidden nests emerge the carrion crows.

Greed, fear, jealousy, race-hate, national vanity, contention, ambition for personal prominence, partisanship, come forth to fatten upon the slain,

to snatch what morsels of loot they can in the general confusion.

Bolshevism abroad and Bourbonism at home join hands to slay the Ideal.

It behooves us, "having done all, to stand."

Our two million soldiers made good against the invaders of civilization.

Many more than two million must enlist in the coming fight against the corrupters, the garotters, the poisoners of civilization.

The German war is over. The Eternal war is on, the war for progress, for righteousness, for all the Cross of Christ stands for. There is no discharge in that war.

We must go into Politics seriously.

We have made the world safe for Democracy; but Democracy means Politics.

For it means Self-government, and there can be no Self-government unless citizens actively participate in public affairs.

To say we care nothing for Politics is to speak treason against Democracy.

To excuse ourselves upon the plea that Politics is vile implies that Democracy is a failure.

That is what Autocracy said. "You are incom-

OF PEACE

BY DR. FRANK CRANE



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petent to rule yourselves," it proclaimed to the people, "therefore we, the nobles and high-born, the magnificences and the All-highest, will rule you."

The American Party Boss, the masters of graft through organization, talk the same way.

If you would secure the future of your Country, and make it safer and sweeter for your children's children, you must enlist under the banner of the Ideal.

You must put morals into civics, and take your government seriously enough to put Ideals into it.

You must work, pray, preach, organize, watch and cooperate for a League of Nations.

Not necessarily *The*, but *A* League. Not any one man's or faction's scheme, but Some plan by which the civilized nations of earth shall band themselves to prevent war.

The one resolve that ought to be in every decent man's heart as the final outcome of this war should be: "It must not happen again."

All the forces of American Junkerdom that clamored to plunge us into war in 1914 now rage to keep us out of any program of permanent peace in 1919.

The Bourbon mind, that "learns nothing and

forgets nothing," snarls at every step we take toward the realization of Christ's dream that

"Universal peace

Lie like a shaft of light across the land,

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

Can that Church that has preached the gospel "to all the world," that has obliterated all boundary lines by Christian Missions, that has steadfastly proclaimed the Democracy of Souls all equal in opportunity before the "one God and Father of us all," even during the long darkness of autocracy,—can that Church be silent now, in this crisis, when the world's hope trembles upon the verge of consummation?

The Church has won Prohibition. We have cleaned the nation of the poison of alcohol.

We must go on.

We must mend the broken families, remedy the bad housings, develop wholesome community centers, open the farm lands for soldiers, construct huge public works, win the labor organizations to righteousness, increase schools, strengthen the rural churches, and elect to our legislative bodies men of character and vision, instead of pot-house politicians and expert demagogues.

Forward march!

"Allons! After the Great Companions!"



FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior has a plan to "swap" the guns of those returning soldiers who have learned to love an outdoor life for plows and tractors; and to

transplant men tired of over-crowded cities to a countryside from which the drawback of loneliness will be removed by the central village system.

Farms for Soldiers

By William W. Reid

FOR six years Harry Brown "kept books" in a broker's office. His pay envelop on Saturday evening contained \$18—that is, it did for the sixth year. By hard work and good fortune that amount might be increased within a few years to \$25. Or it might even go to \$27. But beyond that, he could not hope for higher wages. He didn't like the work particularly and the doctor said the close confinement was bad for his health. His complexion was pasty and his shoulders were becoming stooped. But it was the only thing he could do, so he went on doing it.

That was a little less than two years ago. Eighteen months' service in the army—most of the time overseas—has changed Brown in many ways. The snapshots which he has sent home look as if they were the picture of a younger and sturdier brother of the chap who enlisted. The shoulders are stooped no longer. He has gained twenty-five pounds and three inches in chest measurement.

But all of the changes can not show in the photograph. No camera has yet been invented which can show the inside of a man's heart or mind. It is from Brown's letters that the changes in his outlook on life and his growing ambition are known. Just a few days ago he wrote from Germany, where he is with the Army of Occupation: "This life outdoors has been the finest thing in the world for me. I sleep and eat better than I have since I was a kid and I'm getting a lot more fun out of things than I have since then, too. I'm never going to work indoors again. Me for a job that keeps me out in the open. I could never be happy or healthy, either, cooped up in an office, poring over a ledger."

And there are many men coming home now who feel just as Harry Brown does. The out-of-doors has claimed them. They have lived and worked and fought outside confining walls and they have learned that it is a good way to spend their lives. All the books and lectures

in the world couldn't have taught them what those months in the camps and trenches of France proved to them.

But how can clerks and accountants and factory workers live out-of-doors? They can do it by becoming farmers. That may sound like a joke, because how can a man become a farmer, unless he has a farm?

The man who can answer that question is Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. He says that there is a farm waiting for every soldier who wants one. He has figures to prove what he says, too. For there are in this country, more than 200,000,000 acres of uncultivated land. It is perfectly good land, too—or at least it will be when it has been put in shape. Some of it has no water. It needs irrigation ditches. Some of it has too much water. It needs drainage. And this land is not all in inaccessible corners of the country, far from railroads and towns. More than half of it is east of the Mississippi. Even New York and the New England states have acre upon acre of uncultivated land.

The work of making this land ready to bear crops is a stupendous one. Drains, dams, canals, tunnels, fences, houses and barns must be built. Mr. Lane proposes that this work, under government direction and at government expense, be done by the returning soldiers. They are to receive good wages and are to live in barracks which will seem palatial to them when compared with those they knew in France.

Then when the farms are ready for cultivation they are to belong to the soldiers who want them. They are not to be given away. There is nothing remotely suggestive of charity in the scheme. If there were, it probably would fail. For the American soldier is proud. He is not an object of charity and he does not intend that anyone shall look upon him as one. No, the farms are not to be given away; they are to be sold. But the terms are to be easy ones. The payment will be stretched over a period of forty years. At the end of that time the government will have received the amount of the investment, plus a normal rate of interest.

One feature of the plan is that of the "center villages." The soldiers who have been in France have seen the villages which are set in the midst of farming lands and which provide a social life for the

farmers and their families. For years there has been a hue and cry in this country because young people refused to stay on the farms and insisted on going to the cities. It was not because they preferred an office to a meadow, or bending over a desk to plowing. It was because the city offered them amusement and the country did not. It was a natural desire on the part of the young people. It is not to be overlooked in these plans of the government. Instead of isolated farmhouses, there will be what is known as community settlements, each containing not less than 100 farm homes surrounding a town. These will insure near neighbors, good roads over which to carry the crops to town and a market within a short distance of the farms.

Many of the soldiers who may want to take up farming know nothing about it. For them provision is to be made. Men who have had scientific training in farming will be stationed in each district to teach would-be farmers to get the best returns from the land.

It is not only the soldier who will profit by his farming. The whole country will be benefitted. In the first place, it is obvious that to let millions of acres lie unused is wasteful. We have been gradually changing from a nation of producers to a nation of barterers. If a few people do the producing and the many live on their produce, the high cost of living will go higher and higher. There will be wealth in the country, but it will belong to the few, while the many will be on the poverty line or below it. Social discontent springs from hunger more quickly and surely than from mental deformity. Socialism, anarchy and Bolshevism are the product of the city, not of the country. With hundreds of thousands of new farms and farmers throughout the land, and a more even balance between producers and barterers, there will be less poverty and there should be no hunger at all.

The nation that can best support itself without depending on outside supplies, can best withstand the hardships of a long war. Ours is a country of such varying climate and soil that it can raise almost all the necessities of life. In our resources, perhaps more than in our man power, lies our strength as a nation. But if we fail to make the most of our resources, as Russia has done, we will be poorer than if we never owned them; for countries as well as individuals are covetous and will fight for what they covet. If, however, we become a

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YET MILLIONS OF ACRES ARE UNOCCUPIED

It is their own fault if these men haven't even "elbow room". Farms are crying for workers. Soldiers who prefer broad fields to streets like this may have them if Secretary Lane's plan meets the approval of the next Congress.

Training Tomorrow's Leaders

By Ralph E. Diffendorfer

IF an architect should draw the same plans for a house on a narrow city lot, and one for the side of a mountain, what would you think of him? He might not be crazy, but he wouldn't be a very good architect, would he? You wouldn't want to back him financially.

If Bill wanted to become an electrical engineer and Tom wanted to become a mechanical engineer, they wouldn't expect to go to the same college classes all through their course, would they?

But for years the man who wanted to become pastor of a suburban church and the man who wanted to preach to lumber-jacks have been receiving exactly the same training—systematic theology, Greek, Hebrew, Biblical instruction and church history. When they graduated they were sent to a country church or a city mission parish to "start out." Their qualifications and the special needs of the parish were not taken into account.

Basically, all preachers need the same instruction; a sound general education and a sound religious education. But from that point their paths separate according to their work. The man whose work is going to lead him to a farming community needs a thorough understanding of scientific agriculture. If he knows their job better than they do, the farmers are more than willing to allow that he knows his own, and listen to what he has to say.

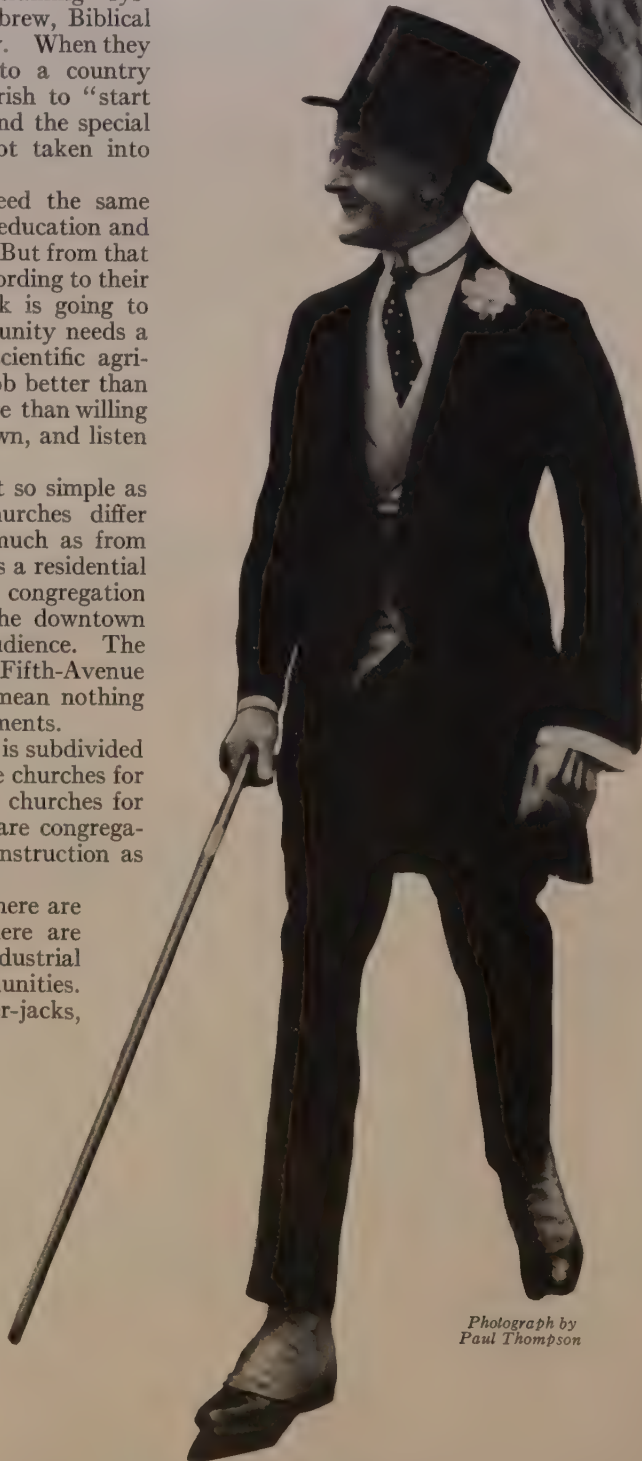
The division of work is not so simple as city and country. City churches differ from each other almost as much as from country churches. The one is a residential section, with its permanent congregation has little in common with the downtown church and its transient audience. The sermon that would interest Fifth-Avenue dwelling parishioners would mean nothing to the people who live in tenements.

Even the downtown church is subdivided in its interests. There are the churches for foreign-speaking peoples; the churches for "down-and-outers." There are congregations that need physical reconstruction as much as others need spiritual.

In the non-city churches, there are even more subdivisions. There are the towns, the villages, the industrial centers and the farming communities. There are the miners, lumber-jacks, and other seasonal workers, as well as backward people like the mountaineers, the Orientals, and the Mexican refugees.

In some places the church must go to the people; in others the people must be brought to the church. The church has to follow the lumber-jacks through the forests. In a farming country the scattered population will hop into jitneys and go to the strong central church that in the near future will take the place of the four or five small weak churches that have been scattered

Should a man who wants to become pastor of a Fifth Avenue church and a man who wants to preach to fishermen receive the same kind of training?



Photograph by Paul Thompson

over the countryside. This new central church will have a program so interesting that people will come from miles about. Central schools, in these communities, have proved their value. So will the centralized church—given a strong, well prepared man to establish it.

The modern preacher has to be more than a good talker. If he lives in the city slums, he must understand industrial conditions, be able to help his people secure work at a living wage under healthful conditions. If he is in a lumber camp, he must be able to render first aid in time of accident or sudden illness. If he is in a factory town, he must understand the problems between labor and capital, and be able to advise impartially and wisely.

All this means work and extensive training. It puts preaching in a class with any other specialized trade. The day has passed when any man who has good ideas and is eloquent in his expression of them, is fitted for all types of religious ministry.

It means that the strongest and finest men and women of America are needed for the job of carrying on for the church. Social service makes a strong appeal to youth. Youth, with its accompanying energy and enthusiasm is what the church needs.

The supply of adequately trained workers does not equal the demand. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, in order to maintain the ministry, 5 per cent. should be added to it each year. Instead of that only 3½ per cent. has been added. And as a result, 25 per cent. of the charges of Methodism are without ministers. To carry out its ambitious reconstruction program which plans better and stronger churches throughout the country, the church might well advertise as follows:

WANTED—At once, 1,369 men. Life positions. Only men wishing the same, need apply. Specialized training and highest references required. Positions in cities, country, and industrial centers. Address, Life Service, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WANTED—At once, 606 women. Conditions same as above.

Of the 1,975 workers advertised for, almost half may be laymen.

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Mending Broken Homes

By Lucy Huffaker

Photograph by Paul Thompson



Not money, but comfort, is needed by the young mother. Her husband has been missing since Chateau Thierry and she is asking to have him traced.

"Homes" said Jane Doe. "Homes broken by the war."

"But—"

"If you don't believe it," she said with a little flash of spirit, "come with me."

WE entered a large room with benches and chairs in it, which looked like an employment agency. The words "Home Service Section" on the door added to that impression, although it seemed strange that the big Red Cross symbol should be beneath the words. Also, many of the women looked like neither mistresses nor maids and the men, most of whom were in uniform, did not look like butlers or footmen. It wasn't nine o'clock but there were thirty or forty men and women and a number of children in the room. I wondered if they mended homes or if they had homes which needed to be pieced together. Before the day was over, I discovered that most of them went on both lists.

THERE was a pile of memorandum slips on the desk in Jane Doe's little office. She ran through them hurriedly, reached for the telephone, put in a long-distance call for New Haven and then asked to have a bright-faced boy of twelve who had been waiting for her brought in. To her question as to how he was getting along in school, he answered "Fine."

Then he went on eagerly: "And Miss Doe, I came to tell you that Johnny Smith ought to be kept in school, too. He had two brothers killed at Chateau Thierry. They never had any education to speak of, but they meant that Johnny should have. His mother has had a hard time to get along and it looks as if he'd have to take out his working papers. But when I told Johnny about my getting three dollars a week so I could go on to school, they thought maybe it could be fixed up. Can't it?"

There was that rare light on the boy's face which comes only from hoping and doing for someone else and it became a radiant smile when Miss Doe assured him that she'd look into the case right away and that undoubtedly it could be "fixed up."

Then as he thanked her and went out, she said: "Giving or loaning money isn't the chief thing we do, but we believe that it is a pretty good investment to make it possible for the children of homes broken

Mother's allotment hasn't come, but she won't go hungry to bed. The Red Cross knows babies need milk.

ON the sidewalk sat a man beating on a gong. Beside him was an iron framework in which was suspended a china plate which had been broken and was broken no more. Tiny lines traversed it showing where the glue and been put to hold the pieces together. Attached to the plate was a big block of lead, which looked as if it really weighed as much as the placard on it, said. Perhaps someone or something could break the plate again, but even so the glue was vindicated, for the weight of the lead could not make the china fall to pieces.

Jane Doe hurrying to her office, stopped to look at the plate. Thoughtfully she shook her head, but she smiled as she did it.

"Perhaps," she said, "We'll find something like that for our mending."

"You mend—?" came the question.

by the war, to get a training which they'd miss otherwise. That boy stands so high in manual training that he is going to be a skilled workman, instead of a day laborer, as his father was."

JUST then the long-distance call came in. She asked the Home Service Bureau in the Connecticut city to do something immediately and then she explained: "Private Blank has been home from the other side several weeks ago and had begun to get desperate because he could find no work. He has a wife and two small children. He had worked for only one employer in all his life, which in itself is a good recommendation. But the man for whom he worked as a janitor and caretaker, died while he was in the service and the family left the city. There are so many men wanting work that without a recommendation he could get nothing. Now he has a chance to go to work right away if he can get someone to vouch for him. Finally it occurred to him that his employer's sister who lives in New Haven would do it. He doesn't know her address, so he can't write to her. However that difficulty will be a small one for our branch in New Haven. I'm sure they'll have a statement from her before the day is over, which will make it possible for him to go to work, tomorrow."

A PRETTY little woman who looked too young to be the mother of the twin boys with her, came in next.

"I brought this month's payment on my loan," she said, "and I wanted to tell you that my husband is expected home soon now. Won't he love our flat?"

One would have thought to hear her speak of it, that she lived in an apartment *de luxe* on Fifth Avenue. Well, everything in life goes by comparison and to her the two little rooms in a cheap neighborhood, seem a palace.

When her husband went into service, she and her children went to live with her husband's father and mother. They not only made a slavey of her, but the old woman drank and was a bad influence for the children. The young wife was anxious to leave but her allotment from the government was slow in coming and she had no money to take her furniture out of storage and rent a flat. A loan from the Home Service was arranged. She has paid it back regularly, a few

dollars each month, and a real home awaits the husband and father on his return.

"I AIN'T come for anything for myself this time," said the next caller, a big colored woman, as she waddled (no other word will describe it) into the office. "No, I'se all right and so is the baby and I'se expecting my man home soon. And I'se smart enough to know how to get my allotment money"—this with a guffaw of laughter—"cashed without sending for you-all like I used to do, and probably scaring you into thinking I was dying. But there is something, Miss Doe, which I wants you to help me in.

"I'se working for a nice woman and she is so unhappy that I feel sorter wicked because things are so all right with me. She's got plenty of money, but she ain't got nothing else. She comes from the South, but she ain't got any folks at all, anywhere. She is a shy little thing and she and her husband hadn't been here long when he went overseas, so she hain't got any friends. He's been missing since October, leastways she ain't heard from him and he always wrote to her regular like.

"I try to cheer her up, but I ain't no real company for her, of course, and I'm afraid"—the smile had quite dimmed out of her face—"that she may go crazy or do something terrible. She says she don't want to go out or to have anybody coming to see her, but I know she needs it. So I thought I'd tell you about it. She don't even go to church now and the one she did go to, is so big I guess they haven't missed her. But maybe, you could tell the preacher about it and he and some of the nice quiet women—you know the ones that seem sorter like mothers whether they are or not—would come to see that poor little mite.

"I thought I was in trouble when I was so sick and without my money coming to me before the baby was born. But I had it easy alongside of what she is having. You got things going for me, and now you will for her, won't you?"

I HADN'T said a word until then—I had been too busy listening. But when the colored woman, big of heart as well as big of body, had gone out, I said to Jane Doe: "Just how many different ways of mending homes are there? I've been here just a little while and every case seems different."

She reached for a printed slip in her drawer and after glancing at it, she said: "Well, I would say that in the month of February, we found there were 27,624 different kinds of mending to do. At least, our records show that we took care of that many cases. Some of them, I suppose, were similar in a way, but of course in this work, just as in any other where the human element comes in, no two are absolutely alike.

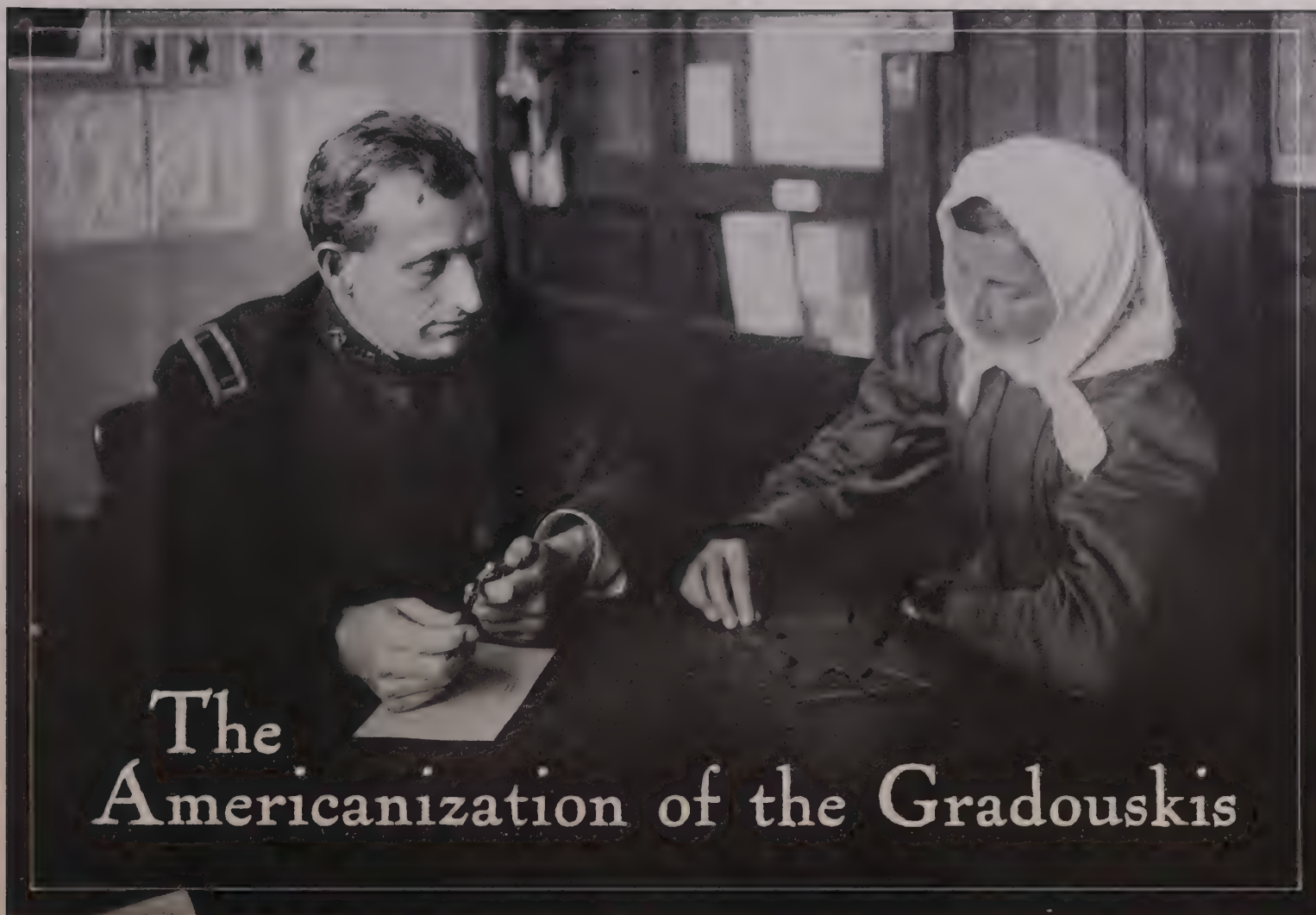
"You see a lot has been said about keeping up the morale of the fighters. That was all right, but it should never be forgotten that something had to be done to keep up the morale of the women whom

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All kinds of people come to the Home Service bureau of the Red Cross for all kinds of things. Some want loans, some friends, some legal advice. Something which many want—only they don't know it—is morale. It is furnished, as well as the other things.



Photograph by Paul Thompson



The Americanization of the Gradouskis

The fitness of immigrants to take adequate part in the life of our country is determined by a series of simple tests at the entrance gate.

By C. W. Blanpied

ANTON GRADOUSKI walked slowly down the main street of the Polish village where he had been born—Austrian, it was called on the maps. Anton was a tall, angular youth; he stooped a little, and his calm blue eyes held a look of surprise at his sudden manliness. It was only a few years since he had been like the little boys he passed at the market-place.

As he walked on between the rows of white-washed cottages, he scowled. The summer sun poured its golden rain over the villages; it drenched the orange and scarlet and blue dresses of the Polish women; it turned the moss on the thatched roofs into lakes of melted emerald.

But Anton Gradouski did not care about that; only vaguely he noticed color, the warmth of the village. But there were things that cut a deep impression on his mind; the signs with their German lettering, the despised uniforms.

In a short while, he, too, would be herded with the others, dressed in the uniform of the Austrian soldier. Austrian!

As he reached the door of his cottage, he stopped and listened. His grandfather was sitting on the step, smoking his long pipe, and the three younger children were huddled at his feet. He heard his grandfather's voice, droning the century-old story.

"And the devil laughed, and scattered the corn which had been left for them by God's angels. He thrust it into the ground with his black horns, and trampled on it with his wicked hoofs. But there was enough corn left to nourish Adam and Eve, and lo, in the fall there was a plentiful harvest of yellow corn.

"And thus, although the Polish national existence, her freedom, and her glory, have been buried deeply by the three evil ones that surround her, they will yet arise in greater power and majesty than before."

The children smiled with delight, half pleased with the story, half pleased by its meaning. Anton slammed the door as he burst into the house. It was the old fable of the Polish warrior-poet, Goveski.

Inside the cottage sat his father, resting his head on his hands. Anton looked at him for a moment, hesitated. As his father looked up, he was frightened by the determination in Anton's eyes, by the hard line of his mouth.

"I'm going—to America!" said Anton.

AND so he came, and landed with hundreds of others in New York.

He had no definite plans; he knew only that he could no longer bear the oppression of Austria. He had come to a land where he might escape military service, where he might earn money to send back to Poland. Some day, perhaps, he would visit the village he had left. But if he liked America he would make it his home, as so many of his countrymen had done.

He went first to the "Sokol," the Polish Lodge, where he talked with men from German, Russian, and Austrian Poland. There he learned many things about the United States. It was not difficult for him to find employment—he had brought with him to America a magnificent physique, muscles hardened by years of farm work.

One day at a lodge social, he met a young Polish girl. She had come from Russian Poland to escape conditions even worse than those he had borne in Austria. She was a servant; a rather pretty domestic sort of person. For a time they went together to moving picture shows, or sat on park benches, talking of Poland and America.

SOON they were married, and took a flat in a tenement house in the Polish quarter. They were very poor, and as children came,

the struggle became harder. Anton was disappointed in America; he was not welcomed as he had expected.

Americans looked down upon him as a foreigner. As his children grew, and entered public school, this became more apparent to him. He realized that perhaps, he had done little towards making himself an American, and he enrolled in a night-class in English. He was always tired, after the day's work, and he saw little of his family. The instructor, too, was tired, and dull. When Anton left the class, no one seemed to care.

Then the war broke. Anton Gradouski was cut off from his family in Austria. As he read, in the Polish papers, of battles, he realized that his brothers were fighting his wife's family in Russia. And they were all Polish. He was troubled, and uncertain. He saw his country trampled by armies. But he had no desire to go back and fight.

WHEN America entered the war. President Wilson spoke of democracy and self-determination for countries.

Anton gave money to the Red Cross. He hoped that it might help his family in Poland. He bought a Liberty Bond, and felt, somehow, that in her hour of need, America had taken him in. President Wilson declared that Poland should be a free nation. It meant the climax of a new day, to Anton Gradouski. He did not want to go back, but he rejoiced that his country should at last be free. He became, more and more, an ardent American. He wanted American ideals to flood Poland.

THE Armistice was signed and men began to return to the quarter. Anton was depressed because, through the war, these men had become Americans, while he was still a foreigner. He was more fired than ever with a desire to read English; his wife, too, wanted to study.

Perhaps it was because he was so eager to become Americanized that he noticed the church at the end of the street. He had no intention of attending it; in Austria he had learned to hate the church, as he hated its head, the Emperor. But one morning, as he was going to work, he noticed that the fencing about the church had been torn down. There was a sign above the arched doorway: AMERICANIZATION HOUSE.

All day he wondered what it meant. When the children came home from school, he asked them. It hurt his pride that he had to ask his children.

"They're gonna have a club for boys," his son explained. "I'm going to belong—all the fellows are."

"They want old people, too," he added. "Next week it's going to be opened."

TIMIDLY, Anton Gradouski and his wife went to the opening of the Americanization House. There were speakers in several languages, and as Anton listened to the Polish speaker, he felt that the house had been opened providentially to meet his needs. He became a part of the program, and gave himself up to the task of becoming an American. His English improved, but that was almost the least important thing the Americanization House brought him.

He felt that he was really becoming an American in the hours when he sat in the room with men of all nationalities and talked about the United States. They talked of the ideals they had brought from their various countries, and the Americans present spoke of American ideals. They talked of the future, and of what they, individually, and in groups, could do for their country.

IN her classes, besides English, and the domestic science lessons, Mrs. Gradouski learned a little of what was going on in America. A new understanding grew up between her and her husband, when he discovered that she, too, could talk intelligently of current affairs.

Quack doctors, dishonest men who opened immigrant banks, crooks of all sorts found that the Americanization House knew its business. Political trouble-makers and the few anti-American labor men found that an understanding of the situation in American considerably lessened their following.

One day the Gradouski family gathered in the parlor to talk over their future. The children were thoroughly American, American born and so, citizens. Anton and his wife felt that as they came to understand American ideals, they grew farther away from Poland. Anton decided to take out his naturalization papers, and become a voter, a part of the governing mass of America.

THE story of Anton Gradouski is very inspiring, no doubt. If you didn't know how rare it was, it would be more pleasant. Naturalization has fallen off

considerably in the last years. Of the foreign-born in New York, 58 per cent. were citizens ten years ago, while only 41 per cent. are naturalized today. In Missouri there has been a drop of from 70 to 54 per cent; in Delaware from 60 to 42 per cent. In only two States has the percentage increased. And the number of foreign-born unable to speak English has gone up 142 per cent.

And it isn't as though the matter of the foreign-born was a small problem; over seventeen millions of our population are immigrants from other countries.

WE call today "the period of reconstruction." There's a great deal of it to be done. In these days of revolution, it is not

(Continued on page 26)



THE Polish immigrant transplants his native custom of washing clothes in the river to his new home in America. But the function of wash tubs is only one of the small things his new neighbors should teach him. If he is going back to help make over his country he should be given an understanding of America's best ideals to take with him. If he is going to stay, he should be taught to fulfill his part in the government of his adopted land.

How About Your Town?

By
H. D.
Wehrly

HAS it learned that swimming pools and tennis courts and decent houses do not make factory employees work less? Or is it still using the excuse of "war conditions" to explain its dirty alleys and

squalid hovels? Read what a returned soldier boy saw in his home town and then prowled about yourself—perhaps with a new vision—and see what you can see.



IF you had been "somewhere in France" for so long a time that you were privileged to wear three gold stripes upon your sleeve—If you had thought longingly all that time of your city as being in "God's country"—

If you had gone into the trenches with the belief in your heart that when the war was over, the world would have been made safe for democracy—

How would you feel when you were back home again?

After the shouting had died away, after the flags had been taken in, just how would your home city look to you?

Perhaps you have never thought of the judgment to be passed on us, who have stayed at home, by the boys who have been so long away from home. If not, you may be interested—perhaps a little shocked—perhaps a little hurt—when you know how Sandy Sanders felt.

Now it should be stated as a first premise that nobody ever considered Sandy either a radical or an idealist. He would have scoffed at anyone who said he was either. And if anyone had ever dared to call him a sentimentalist, Sandy would have knocked that person down. No, Sandy was just a healthy, up-standing, average young American when he went away to make the world safe for democracy. He is that still—plus.

Just what it is that has been added to Sandy it is hard to put in words. Perhaps nothing, really, has been added. It may be only

that he has developed. Probably no one can look death in the face day after day without having a deeper feeling about the value of life. But that sounds abstract, and Sandy himself, being just a healthy, up-standing, average young American, is not given to philosophical abstractions. He is concrete. Or as he would put it, he "gets down to cases." So it may be best to let Sandy speak for himself.

It was a few days after Sandy came marching home, that he told how his home town looked to him. He lived in one of the most bustling industrial communities in the country.

"Say," he exploded one late afternoon, "has it always been like this?"

"Like what?" came the answer.

"Like what I've been seeing," was the counter-answer. "I wanted to see the home town. Well, I've prowled all around it and I've seen it! I'm thinking I never saw it before—and I was born right here, as you know, and I went to school here and I worked and played right in this neighborhood, until I enlisted. I thought I knew this town, especially this old Twelfth Ward. But I never did.

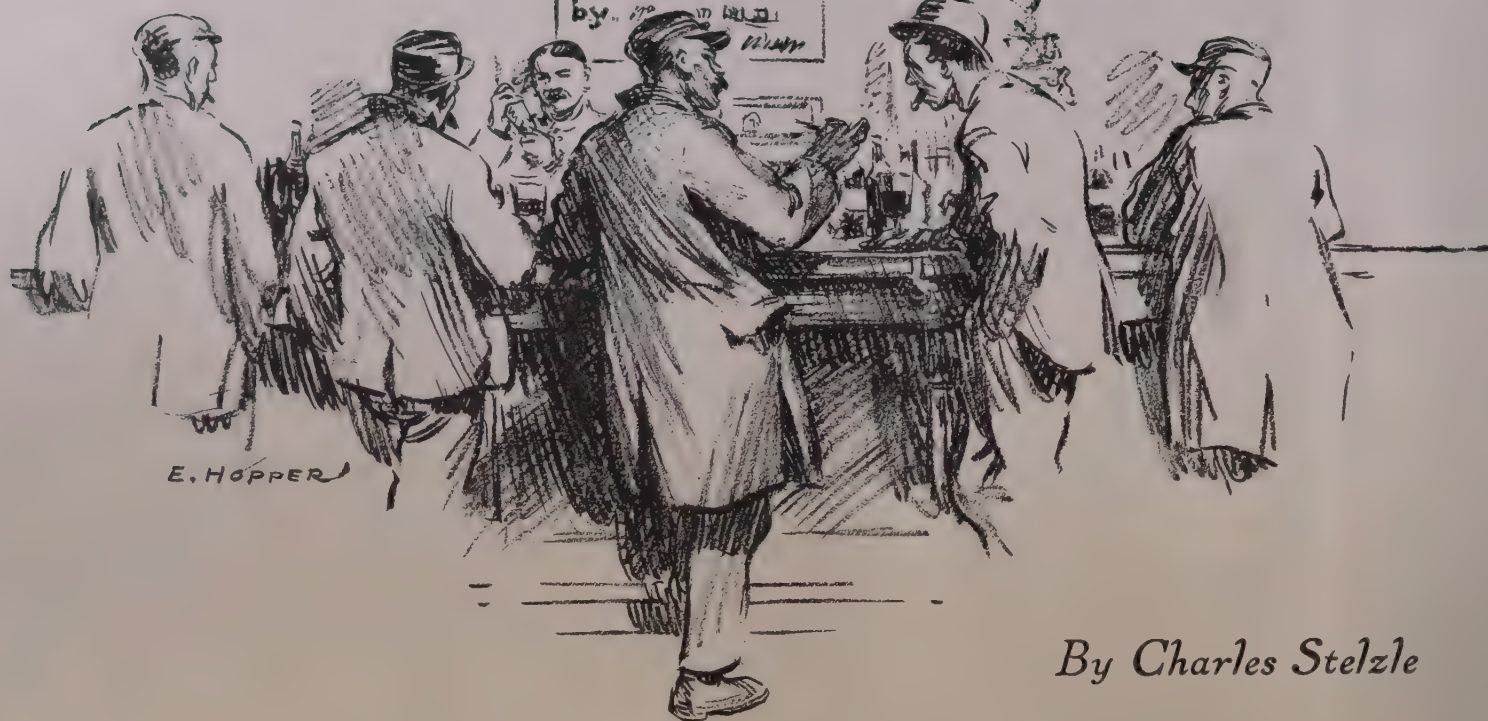
"Why, do you know a lot of people not five minutes walk from here are living in dirty alleys? I thought when I was in the trenches that a little thing like dirt would never bother me again. But it does, when I see folks living in filth all the time. You see it couldn't be helped over there. It just had to be put up with. But there isn't any war going on here. And there isn't any excuse for people having

(Continued on page 19)

Instead of

Going out of business. After July 1st this space will be occupied by...

John Barleycorn



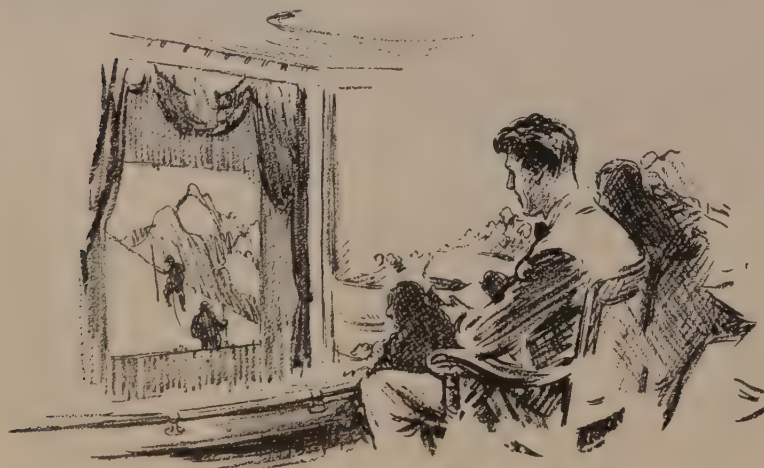
By Charles Stelzle

HOW are we going to keep the good things of the saloon, when the bad things are gone? Whiskey and beer alone did not give the saloon its strong hold. Free and easy social intercourse, amusement, comfort and desire for "some place to go"—

all these things made the saloon popular. The demand for them when prohibition becomes a fact will make it imperative that there shall be saloon substitutes. The question is—what shall these substitutes be and how can we provide them?

"Going out of business. After July 1st, this space will be occupied by—"

THIS is the sign which can truthfully be hung up in every saloon throughout the United States. There is no question that the saloon is going. The only question is—what is coming in its place?



Movies give cheap, democratic amusement

Something is coming, of course. The saloon has played too big a part in life to pass out of existence without a substitute being put in its place. The first thing to be done is to decide what the good features of the saloon have been and to use them in its successors. For the saloon has done other things beside serve drinks. These other things have helped to give it its charm for those who patronized it. They must be continued.

Perhaps the chief rival of the saloon has been the "movie." The motion picture house possesses many of the virtues of the saloon and practically none of its vices. In it is the free, normal atmosphere to which the average man is accustomed. He may come and go as he pleases. There is no one at the door to bid him an embarrassing

welcome or speed him a confusing farewell. He doesn't have to talk about himself and his affairs, nor about his family. He doesn't have to "dress up" to go to a moving picture theatre. It is a place where he can have amusement at little cost.

"Free lunch" may not be given by saloons now, but good food at small cost has been furnished. As a result, 10% of the workingmen in large cities eat their noonday meal in saloons. Why should not employers furnish cheerful rooms in which their employees may eat their luncheons? Hot tea and coffee, milk and other soft drinks should be served. But one thing is most important—there must be no hint of paternalism. Every feature of the enterprise must be conducted in a democratic spirit and as nearly as possible upon a self-supporting basis.

"Comfort stations," or public toilets, are one of the greatest needs in the average city. Many men go to saloons to use the toilet facilities which are freely offered. Of course they feel they must buy a drink when passing through the bar-room.

It may sound paradoxical to say that men go to saloons to drink water. Yet many of them do. And, of course, they feel they must



Restaurants with good food at small cost



Saloons used to give horses a drink, too

buy a drink of something else, too. In parks and recreation centers there are always drinking fountains, but they are all too scarce. There should be many of them, especially in the poorer and more crowded parts of the city.

In small towns, saloons have furnished drinking troughs for horses. And once again, the man who has used the accommodation of the saloon, feels that he must buy at the bar. When the saloon has gone, some provision must be made for the comfort of horses as well as their drivers.



"Workingmen's clubs" without the evils of the saloon

The saloon has been called the "workingman's club." That is why those with stalls are especially popular. In them, a number of friends can meet and talk. This social side of the saloon must not be overlooked when considering the substitutes to be provided.

Social centers which provide gymnasiums, bowling alleys, card tables and games, baths and swimming pools, will make good saloon



A chance to "talk back" at the speaker

substitutes. There should be rooms for refreshments and lodge and club rooms for rental at a nominal price.

Open forums are another suggestion. There men will find that which so universally appeals to them—the chance to "talk back" at the speaker. One of the joys deepest ground in man is the chance to express his opinions and convictions.

"Labor Temples" have become exceedingly popular, especially with the organized workingmen. These practically become social centers for the members of the trade unions and their families. Not only does one find the regular headquarters of the union in these buildings, but frequently special social affairs are conducted. Lectures are given and the smaller rooms are used for parties of various kinds. In many parts of this country stock companies for the purpose of erecting Labor Temples have been organized and it is suggested that

wherever possible those interested in furnishing saloon substitutes for workingmen help these organizations by purchasing stock, thus making it easier for the workers to realize their laudable ambitions. In most cases such stock will provide a fairly good financial investment. But even though no financial returns are received it would be a good investment anyway, from the social standpoint.

We have not begun to appreciate the value and attractiveness of the drama for the people. The theatre is tremendously appealing and there are great possibilities in this field to depict the life and the hopes and the aspirations of workingmen, which have not yet seemed to grip those who are in a position to develop dramatics among the working classes. With a combination of semi-professional and amateur performers gotten together for the presentation of plays of various kinds, of tableaux, and even of vaudeville of a high order, attractive programs may be worked out in local communities. For those who have talent in this direction there is abundant opportunity to serve the people.



Let amateur fun succeed unclean vaudeville

Music is a most appealing feature. Why may not concert halls in which high-grade music is regularly furnished be provided as a saloon substitute? These concert halls should be placed not so much in the so-called "uptown" districts, but in great halls in the center of the section in which the poorest people live—i.e., in the same districts previously occupied by the saloons. Choral unions composed of the young people from the churches or any others who desire to learn how to sing may become the center about which such concerts might be organized. Other musical organizations will readily suggest themselves. Wherever it is not possible to organize an elaborate musical society or even to furnish an orchestra or band, one may still rely upon a first class phonograph or even an orchestron. The phonograph has in it great possibilities for furnishing high-grade music. A pianola may also be employed with good effect.

The average American workingman prefers to pay his way, and this spirit should be encouraged and heartily commended. True, he may not be able to pay his just share of the expense of the enterprise that may be organized for his benefit, but he should be asked to pay all that he can afford for his own sake, as well as for the sake of securing a larger measure of support for the work.

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Better music than the saloon can give

Supplementing the State

By James C. Baker

"On religious matters we are silent," say the state universities. "The thousands of graduates who go out yearly to all corners of the world ought to have a lively conception of the great ideal causes of the world," says the Church. "The Wesley Foundations make this possible," says the director of the one at the University of Illinois.



In buildings like those to the right, with their club rooms and church, our university men will be kept in touch with the best in the social and religious movements of the day.

WESLEY FOUNDATION
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA - CHAMPAIGN - ILL.
TOLBERT AND ROCHE ARCHTTS.



AS Americans we are proud of the development of our system of education from the little red school house on through our high schools and normal schools up to our Universities. This system, especially in its higher reaches, had been developing with wonderful strides in the last generation.

In 1870 there were 6,694 students in all of our state-supported institutions of higher learning; in 1880, 10,000; in 1890, 22,816; while at the outbreak of the great war there were over 150,000.

Practically every state in the Union now has one or more tax-supported universities. In the United States today there are 89 such institutions, with a property investment of more than \$200,000,000 and an annual income of upwards of \$50,000,000.

Where the Church must fight the battles of the future

The hold of the state universities increases steadily with the passing years. Thousands of graduates go out annually to the ends of the earth. The observer must be blind, indeed, who does not see that these are strategic centers which demand wise, statesmanlike planning and action on the part of the intelligent Christian people of the country. If the church loses the battle in such centers, the loss will be irreparable. The most hopeful thing in the present situation is the awakening of the Church to its opportunity and responsibility at these "capitals of culture."

Commencement at any institution is always a fascinating thing, but when the graduates are numbered literally by the hundreds, one's imagination is profoundly stirred. For example, at the University of Illinois, with which I am most familiar, there were in 1917 over 1,200 graduates. Imagine yourself watching 1,200 students march across the platform to receive their diplomas. Separate them five feet and you have more than a solid mile of graduates going out literally to the ends of the earth, trained men and women. They will have a tremendous power in the various communities to which they go.

Study these graduates in the University of Illinois for a minute. They are taking degrees in agriculture, thirteen kinds of engineering, music, law, medicine, business, library, literature, arts, and sciences.

Where do they go? The writer has recently studied a chart showing the distribution of former students from the College of Engineering at this University. Bear in mind that these figures are for only one College and one University. Its graduates are to be found in every state of the Union. There are 62 who work in our territorial possessions outside of the United States (Alaska, Canal Zone, Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico), while in foreign countries there are 339.

And then there are the students from other lands. Many people do not know that there are 7,000 students representing 100 nations other than our own who are studying in our colleges and universities. They are not common men. They are men of unusual ability, destined to hold a large place in the life of their country. In proportion as we see the imperative necessity of Christianizing our international relationships, we will realize the significance of these students in our midst. They will be influential men in the shaping of the sentiment of their respective countries. They may be ambassadors of peace, if we live up to the opportunity which is at our door.

May we not also expect to recruit ministers, missionaries, and social workers in the State Universities? Heaven save the Church if her appeal is not able to conquer here as elsewhere! It is true for obvious reasons that up to this time the overwhelming majority of our ministers and missionaries has come from denominational schools. On the basis of this fact, the conclusion is commonly reached so it must always be. Such a conclusion is both hasty and superficial. It will be less dogmatically held if several things are borne in mind.

First, the Church has made every possible effort to secure leaders from the denominational schools. That has always been the greatest argument for their existence.

Second, the Church has made no such organized endeavor in the state university field. She has not expected or planned to secure

leaders from these institutions, and her reaping has been according to her expectations.

Third, where the university field has been cultivated in recent years, an increasing number of choice young men and women have offered themselves willingly for vicarious service of various kinds. There are an usually large number of Christian Association secretaries and social service workers going out every year from the state institution. Where aggressive efforts for recruiting leaders has been put forth the results have been prophetic. What may we not expect to reap when the tradition of going into Christian service has established itself along with the traditions leading students into other professions? It is practical infidelity of the worst sort to say that the claims of Jesus and His Kingdom cannot command the strongest young life anywhere in the world.

Nowhere will a readier response to the great ideal causes be found than among students of state universities, if the appeal is made in the vocabulary of the twentieth century so that each may hear in his own tongue.

The writer knows that the foreign work of the Methodist Episcopal church is getting an increasing number of recruits from our state schools. Twenty-two state university graduates went out in 1917, which was a little more than 19 per cent of the total. In 1918, 25 per cent. of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church who went out to the foreign field were graduates of state universities.

The Church is especially interested in the state supported institutions because we have insisted as a people upon the separation of church and state, thus making it impossible for state supported institutions to offer any formal religious instruction. Moreover, we recognize that even if there were not the legal barrier, such instruction could not be given satisfactorily in institutions supported as these are by peoples of all faiths and opinions.

There is the constant danger if the Church shirks her resultant

responsibility to supplement what is done by the state that Christianity will not be brought to bear upon the student life of the country. Student life needs the motives, ideals and dynamic of religion at its noblest and best. It is well for us to recall President Faunce's warning, given in his Yale lectures: "Here then is our national peril, that the extremely important task of our generation will fall between Church and State and be ignored by both. The Church may say, 'Education is no longer in our hands'; the State may say, 'On all religious matters we are silent.' Thus millions may grow up—are actually growing up in America today—without any genuine religious training. It is time, therefore, for church and school to co-operate, as army and navy co-operate, in defense of our common country."

A working plan on a big scale

The Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois is the answer of Illinois Methodism to a careful study of its opportunity and responsibility at this one state university. It is an attempt to work wisely at a great center from which thousands of graduates go out every year to the end of the earth.

After long study, the Foundation was organized under the chairmanship of Bishop McDowell, and represents all the official bodies of Methodism in the state. It is also affiliated with the Church's Board of Education. Bishop Nicholson is the present chairman of the Board of Trustees and Bishop McDowell continues to hold his membership on the Board.

Plans have been approved which look to a group of buildings to cost in the neighborhood of \$600,000 and \$1,000,000 for endowment.

The judgment of the Church at large has been put upon the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois by the fact that since its incorporation, eight other Wesley Foundations have been established at state universities.

Religious Experts for Our Universities

By G. Franklin Ream

WITH the coming of reconstruction days, are the universities going to be less responsive to the call of ideals in peace time than in war time?

No, already large preparations for the Christianization and comprehensive training of the new student generation are far on the way.

Church school and state school join hands over the common task of Americanizing the rising generation and equipping it for the kind of service that shall make all the world glad American leaders are alive. It is so big a job that there is no time for rivalries and bickerings.

The seers in denominational schools are astonishing themselves by their readiness to exchange crystallized standards of the past for new, practical, vital standards of the present.

At the state universities the purpose of training experts and harnessing science to the task of human betterment was never so broad as now. The Church is moving up into close partnership and furnishing the essential training in religious principles and life culture, which under the limits of its State nature the university itself cannot give.

At the University of Illinois, as the article outlines, the Methodists are proceeding upon an ambitious program to build a great social center for the benefit of the students and for their training in social service. It is to be supplemented by a large and imposing church where the significance of religion and its power in personal social life will be constantly exemplified. Courses of study in subjects of religion, Christian sociology, and all the range of applied Christianity

are to be taught according to high academic standards, and the home life of the students is to be maintained in an atmosphere conducive to scholastic excellence and moral conservation.

At the University of Wisconsin a beautiful modern stone building stands as a monument to the serious purpose of a progressive Protestant denomination.

A slightly different type of work is represented by the project at the Agricultural college in Iowa. The fundamentals of the plan at this college are the same, but they are adapted to meet the needs of those who are to become leaders in the agricultural interests of the new West.

Another foundation is relating itself to the grand old campus of Harvard.

It takes no prophet to see that in terms of money these policies involving scores of institutions will in the very near future call for an annual expenditure for running expenses alone, of not less than \$500,000.

Besides, it will meet the creation of a new profession—that of religious expert and Christian counsellor at university and college centers. Standing as we do, upon the threshold of the new inter-church world movement, we may safely expect that all of the Christian churches of America will shortly join forces, not only to make forever impossible the devastations of a Germanized and Godless education, but also to offer the whole world a type of cultured Christian leadership that shall meet the problems and the dangers of the new age with calm and commanding victory.

MORE THAN SHOUTING AND FLAGS AWAIT T





Photographs from Times Pictorial Service

YOUR old job is waiting for you," says Mr. Employer.
"Thanks," says the soldier, "but——"

Perhaps he looks down at an empty coatsleeve or points to his sightless eyes as the reason for declining the job. Less often, he refuses it because although seemingly disabled, he has grown ambitious and wants a better position.

It doesn't matter in which group he belongs, the Federal Board of Vocational Education will help him out.

If he needs an artificial limb it will be given to him upon his discharge and be renewed when necessary.

If after his discharge he needs medical treatment on account of his disability, the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance will supply it free.

As to vocational training. A disabled man may have the training to fit him for a job, free of charge, and as long as the course lasts, he will receive a monthly compensation equal to the sum to which he is entitled under the War-Risk Insurance Act, or a sum equal to the pay of his last month of active service, whichever is the greater.

In addition, the family or dependents of each disabled man will receive from the government the same allotment or allowance as that paid prior to his discharge.

The Federal Board, through its vocational experts, will study the particular disability of each man and advise him as to the occupation best suited to him.

The Federal Board has an employment service department and by means of it will assist each man who has completed his training to find work.



EVERYTHING but a baby may be in the bag being taken to the Goodwill Industries. That is the only well-known article never sent in. Sometimes there are things so dilapidated they are thrown away, but those times are rare. "Never too late to mend" is the motto. Disabled soldiers are being taught new trades or professions in the Industries, which have been put at the service of the government in its reconstruction work.



Men and Goods Repaired

SHOES run-over at the heel or a soldier who must learn a new trade to begin life over again, both are taken care of at the Goodwill Industries. It may consume more time to make the soldier self-supporting than it does to mend the shoes; but a good job is guaranteed in both instances.

By Ralph Welles Keeler



BOTH the man and the chair seemed beyond repair, but at the Goodwill Industries, they are being given a new lease on life.

HAT will we do with our Soldier's Homes?

That is a question which for years has been asked by every state. Beautiful grounds, spacious buildings, liberal appropriations—all these were furnished for the old and disabled of the Civil War. Yet the appropriation was none too large. At least, it was not at the beginning. By the hundred and the thousand, men who had fought in '61, entered the Homes. But year by year, the number has grown less. Day by day, the death rate of the veterans has grown. But they are few. Soon, there will be none of them left.

What then, of the beautiful grounds and the spacious buildings where they have lived?

Those who have asked that question have believed that there would be no dependent

soldiers to take the place of those who are dying. Their belief was well founded. When they asked the question first, it was because they held, as did most of the civilized world, that war was a thing of the past. In that, they were wrong. War came again and it is giving back to us men crippled. But these men will not need Soldier's Homes to care for them.

We realize now that a man, however crippled, need not be waste. There is work in the world for everyone to do—even the man who is handicapped. And so instead of great institutions to care for the disabled soldiers of this latest war, there will be many homes—the kind spelled with a little "h"—all over the land. They will be maintained, without help, by the soldiers themselves.

For the government now in giving honorable discharges to its men,

does not feel that its responsibility ends. Instead of pensions, it is giving its soldiers an opportunity to be self-supporting.

Where can the soldier learn his new trade? One place is at a Goodwill Industries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is such a huge task which the government has set itself that to put it through, it is using all the agencies and institutions already established.

The Goodwill Industries has a record of twenty years behind it. The day of experiment is past. So when the first troop ships came home, it was able to come to the assistance of the government. It had a place for the man who wished to be a chauffeur. It had a place, also, for a man who wished to be a cobbler or to make furniture or to fashion tools. It had also the material for them to work with.

The men are being paid for their work, while they learn to do it. Since almost any trade requires a high degree of skill, ordinarily it would seem a waste of material, to say nothing of money, to put unskilled men to making typewriters or repairing telephones or resoling shoes. That is where the extraordinary thing about the Goodwill Industries comes in. It is not new material, but old, with which the worker learns his trade. There is a double economy in this; the inexperienced worker does not ruin expensive material and things which otherwise would go on the rubbish heap are repaired so they can be used again.

For the things to be remade, the Goodwill Industries pays nothing. Bags are distributed throughout the community and in them the housewives and the shopkeepers put everything which they wish to discard.

There is a careful fumigation to make sure that no contagion will spread. Then the things are sorted out. Sometimes, there are things which are thrown away. But those times are rare. The directors of the Industries are optimists when it comes to seeing the possibilities in a piece of old leather or a pie tin with a hole in it, or a

chair which has seen so many better days that it seems to be, literally, on its last legs.

Expert workers are in charge of the different work-rooms to teach the newcomers the best and quickest ways of making old things into new. Then when the pupils can do really good work, they are recommended to shops or factories and new beginners are taken in their place.

A store for the sale of the remade articles is run in connection with the shops. This store also serves a double purpose. It makes an income for the Industries and in it, there is training for those who wish to be salesmen or bookkeepers. Whichever way it is taken, therefore, the Industries is a training school.

Women, as well as men, go to the Goodwill Industries. They may learn how to make dresses or trim hats, how to dye or dry-clean garments. Or, if they prefer, they can learn stenography or how to be chauffeurs.

Like most big things, this one had a small beginning. The first Goodwill Industries was established twenty years ago at the Morgan Memorial Church in Boston. It was run in connection with its mission for "down-and-outs," most of whom were victims of drink and dissipation. Some of the men had been skilled workmen. Some had been merely drifters. Whichever the man was, he needed to be trained to be self-supporting.

The work justified itself to such an extent that Industries were opened in other places. Cleveland, Denver, Brookline and Los Angeles have had their training shops and stores. At Morgan Memorial, students have been trained to install Goodwill Industries in other cities. The Centenary plans of the Methodist Episcopal Church call for an immediate investment of \$305,000 for plants in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, St. Paul and other cities. The one at Buffalo is ready now and soon there will be one at Pittsburg.

In all there will be thirty of these institutions. In them, there will be trained each year 120,000 men and women, between two and three million dollars will be spent annually in wages. The amount to be invested by the Church is a large one. But it will be money well spent. Sending 120,000 efficient workers each year into industry is a good rate of interest on any investment.



HE'S a good carpenter, but he won't be one long. Soon he will be ready to go back to his native Russia to teach. He and the Portuguese, who is a compositor, bless the Goodwill Industries for putting education within their reach.

How About Your Town?

(Continued from page 11)

to live the way they do right here in this ward. Now, I ask you, is there?"

"The city has grown very rapidly and the building hasn't kept up with the demand. The factories have advertised for labor and it has poured in faster than it could be cared for."

It sounded logical in the saying, but Sandy's eyes blazed as he listened.

"I suppose that has been said over and over again until you've all grown smug and satisfied with things," he said. "But it is no excuse for what I've seen. If the city has prospered so, why aren't there decent houses for the people who've made the prosperity possible?"

"Out in front of some old stables, used now for houses, I saw some kids playing. If they'd been just temporary houses, they'd have been bad enough, but I'd seen enough on my walks to be suspicious, so I asked one of the youngsters how long he's lived there. 'Always,' he said.

"Those zig-zag alleys with stables and shacks which look as if they'd been hit by 'whiz-bangs' are bad enough now, but what they must be in hot weather I hate to think. We learned something about sanitation in the army—haven't you folks at home learned that it is necessary in peace as well as in war?"

"In one alley, I stopped to watch a couple of children at play, a little boy of five and his sister who couldn't have been more than three. They had a little boat and they were sailing it down the surface sewer. It wasn't hard to see that it drained off the kitchen sinks

there, was that the children looked as if they'd forgotten how to play—it had been scared and starved out of them. Sometimes when I'd see those poor little kids, I'd think I couldn't stand it. And when I'd be almost crazy because I felt so sorry for them, do you know what would bring me comfort? It was thinking that in America at least, kids could be kids. Well, now I'm not so sure. It's all right to talk about the Belgian orphans and the homeless children of France. I've seen 'em and I know we can't do too much for 'em. But I'm thinking we ought to do something for the children right here at home.

"It is bad enough to know the children aren't having the good times that you and I used to have and that all boys and girls ought to have, but it is more than that. I saw four little coffins carried out of those alleys today, in half an hour's walk, and I saw other children, pinched and pale who looked more dead than alive.

"There's been a lot of talk about democracy lately and some of us gave up months of our lives and risked death, fighting for it. That's all right. I've yet to see the fellow who wasn't glad to be doing his bit. But what I want to know is this—is democracy something which you quit worrying about, when you see that it is needed right around the corner?"

"Oh, things look all right some ways. I passed a lot of churches today. And I met our minister. He stopped and shook hands and said fine things about what we boys had been doing in the trenches. I didn't say much to him. I couldn't. If I had, I'd have exploded. I wanted to ask him what he and his congregation had been doing for

(Continued on page 30)



To Scrub or Not to Scrub

By Louise C. Odencrantz

WHAT are we going to do with the woman worker? That question is staring many an employer in the face, now that the war is over. The soldier must have his job back. Nobody questions that. But what is to be done with the woman who has done his work while he has been away? Is she to have no work at all or is she to be given only the dishpan and the scrubbing brush with which to make her living?

It is easy to say "Let her go back to the place where she was before the war." But, can she go there? And will she go there? There are women who haven't any homes to go back to. There are other women who will not be satisfied with their old jobs.

In the first class, is a conductorette who collected my fare a few days ago. On her khaki sleeve she wears a black band with a gold star. Her husband is one of those who will not come back from the war. So his widow is working.

A young wife appealed to me for help in getting work for her husband. She has a good position, but she wants to give it up and go back to housekeeping. Her husband has been discharged, but is without income or work. He was a promising young lawyer before he enlisted, but his practice has gone to other lawyers and he must make a fresh start. He is willing to do any work, but until he finds it, his wife must continue working.

A milk company found itself with a serious shortage of workers in the bottle cleaning department. Not only had many of the men entered service, but many more had gone to work in a big munitions factory which offered higher wages. Women took the men's place, working at the union scale. That company is giving jobs to its men who return from service, but it is keeping the women. They have proved themselves better than men at the work.

On the other hand, a New York bank has been compelled to let twenty women go in order to give to returning soldiers their old positions. The directors were reluctant to let the women go, for they had proved their worth, but business would not warrant keeping a double force. So these women, now trained for executive and technical work, are among the unemployed.

Women, in great numbers, have worked at all the processes necessary for the making of shells and other war materials. Some required great strength, heavy lifting, continuous standing, even exposure to dangerous fumes and machinery. Women have faced death, in the handling of explosives, loading of shells, and working in the vicinity of such work. The war has taken its toll of the lives of women.

The war has exploded the theory that women are tolerated in industry to earn pin money. The woman worker has been recognized as an integral part of industry necessary to the welfare of the country. War needs brought out the dependence of the world upon women, not alone as mothers, nurses, and home makers, but also as industrial workers for the second line of defense. They helped provide the men on the firing lines with munitions, food and clothing, and did their share in the upkeep of necessary industries.

Is there a clear cut line between "men's" work and "women's" work? The answer which the war has given us, is yes—and no. An old bookbinder once gave us the reason why women did not do case-making, "they just don't." But in the last year women "just have" done work they never did before. They have shown that they have technical skill, executive ability and organizing ability. Blind prejudice and custom have given way before the facts. But there are lines of work for which men are better fitted than women—at least so long as social and industrial conditions are what they are today. It has been found not feasible to have young women employed as messengers at night. A gas company employed women as readers of meters, but replaced them as soon as possible with men, as it was unwise to send women into all neighborhoods. Those were social reasons. On the physical side, it is unwise to have women work on street railways at night, exposed for long hours to all kinds of weather. Lead poisoning, often contracted in chemical work in factories, is especially serious for women.

Why do women who have done what has been known as "men's" work prefer it to the occupations which have been considered their own. For one thing, it is better paid. It is usually more interesting. It oftentimes brings more freedom with it. Her industrial experience has unfortunately (from the standpoint of the housewife) shown the former domestic advantages of a regular work day, of living at home and of leading an independent life. Luring her back into housework can be done only by offering similar attractions.

The employer, if he is to have a place for the soldier who returns, may be compelled to sacrifice the woman worker. If she is of the right spirit she will see the justice of this, even if stepping aside means stepping down for her. The time of readjustment is always hard. But in time business will have made the readjustment. With the return of prosperity and the accompanying need of the best work which every one can do, women will be called back to work side by side with men in open and equal competition and co-operation.

World Citizens in Squedunk



GOING to church is beginning to mean more than dressing up in Sunday clothes, walking or driving a mile or so, and listening to a sermon. People in country communities, shaken out of the rut of conservatism by world-stirring events, are learning

how to work and play together. They are getting a knowledge of the big outside world and a desire to make it better. It is the Church's responsibility to furnish inspired leadership and adequate backing to make permanent this new all-work-together spirit.

By Otis H. Moore

BROTHER BRADFORD, don't you think we ought to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church?" said a pastor in a Connecticut country village to one of the pillars, a white-haired deacon.

"W-e-l-l, Brother Somers, we never *have* done that."

But these are days when people in city and in country have been doing many things they "*never have done*," days when the crust of conservatism is being cracked and broken in the most unexpected places. It is time now to begin making actual world citizens from potential world citizens, to bring the new generation of the rural community into a knowledge of the big world and an interest in making it better.

Even the tragedy of the war has given an impetus to the spirit of progress. Many a hard-shelled old farmer has been shaken out of his narrow rut by the departure of his boy for France and shaken even more at the word of that boy's heroic death for a great and world-wide cause.

Willard Sperry says, in his "Bridging the Gulf," that the first American draft took from a little village in Vermont seventeen of her sons. Before they went away to the war, thirteen of these boys had never slept a night away from home in all their lives. As Dr. Sperry says, "It is not within the bounds of possibility that the experience of these boys in intervening years could leave them unchanged. Life in that Vermont village will forever after be judged

from a different angle." This is true of a thousand other villages.

Up until the 16th day of June, 1917, a certain Massachusetts farmer boy had never been more than sixteen miles from the farmhouse where he was born. Up until the 16th day of June, 1917, the most exciting experience he had ever had was the day when he bought toy balloons and threw five shots for a nickel at the head of a "collud person" at the county fair.

But on the 16th day of June, 1917, Tom drove down to the nearest recruiting station and wrote his name on Uncle Sam's enlistment roll. He was first sent to Camp P——, Mass., then to a South Carolina cantonment. Later he was moved to Camp ——, Montgomery, Alabama. He went across to England from Camp Merritt, N. J. After a period of training in England his regiment was sent to France. He got into the thick of it at Chateau Thierry. When Tom came out of the hospital, though still bothered some by wounds, he was detailed to guard German prisoners who were coming thick and fast. Later he was two weeks with the Army of Occupation on German soil before assigned for coming home. Tom is now back in that little hamlet seven miles from the railway station and settled down to "run the farm for dad."

When Tom went away he was an awkward bashful farmer boy. When his Sunday School teacher asked him to pass the collection box at Easter time, he ducked into the woodshed. He hasn't grown into a saint, by a good deal. But he said to a friend of his a few days



ago, "I found something big enough to die for in France; now that I'm back here, I'm going to help along."

Tom has now got together a bunch of boys in a scout troop. His enthusiastic leadership and the obvious desire he has to "help along" somewhere show that the new spirit has "got him."

But we cannot tell it all in terms of the boys' going away and coming back. Other things besides the selective draft have struck the country communities—Liberty Loan campaigns, war-work drives, no sugar, war bread. People who never used to bother to read the newspaper much have become vitally interested in the news of the day. Neighbors who never really knew each other before have worked together making Red Cross bandages and selling Liberty Bonds and War Saving stamps. They have found out how to do things together and don't intend to demobilize.

The all-work-together idea is extending to the country churches. Church federation in many villages used to be a far-off dream. Now it is actually being realized. There are at present thirty-five federated churches in Massachusetts, twenty-five of which have come into existence within the past two years. The pastor of a Kansas country church announced a short time ago, "When you hear the Presbyterian church bell ring you will know that the Methodist preacher will hold service in the Baptist church." The thing is in the air.

The Portuguese and the Swedes, the Italians and the Poles in village communities helped loyally in war work drives and Liberty Loan campaigns. They could help in other community work besides the raising-money kind. Hermetically sealed little Italys and little Polands will fast disappear before a spirit of really brotherly Americanization, and one of the chief factors in this Americanization is just every-day neighborly "visiting" and getting

Calling the Country Church to Life

By Paul L. Vogt

THE population of the United States increased in the last census decade about 21 per cent. but the increase in church membership of all forms was but about 19 per cent.

The Church has not held its own in the general progress of American life.

Over half of the population of the United States lives in rural communities.

The serious problem today then is that of adjustment of the rural church to modern needs to justify its continued existence.

The old idea was that the church is a place exclusively for worship, but present demands are for equipment adequate for a program of worship, religious education and community service.

Christianity is a far bigger thing than an institution and if the Church fails to provide for the wider expression of the Christian spirit, other agencies will.

The Centenary Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in its home reconstruction program proposes to lay the foundation for enabling the Church to meet its opportunities and its responsibilities in building throughout the land an ideal rural and village civilization on Christian principles.

This program involves, first, encouragement by the Church of economic reconstruction that the rural community may support its educational, religious and other institutions on a basis of efficiency.

Second, reconstruction of the home that the farmer's wife may have an adequate mechanical labor-saving appliances for her work as the farmer has for his; and that the farm or village family may have as comfortable a home as does the city resident.

Third, reconstruction of education that the farmer and the villager may have at least high school facilities.

Fourth, reconstruction of health conditions that nursing and hospital facilities in harmony with present day standards and ideals may be available for country dwellers. Free medical attention for school children on the ground that physical welfare is as important as mental development.

Fifth, reconstruction of social life that the country may have an abundance of recreation suited to rural conditions and that the stagnation of the village and open country may not drive young people away to the lights of the city. The Church looks forward to the time when the community will do away with commercialized amusements of all kinds and will provide for adequate building and equipment of social and recreational life, supervision and program under the auspices of the community expressing itself through the Church, the school, or through a publicly supported civic agency coordinating the interests of all the above as local conditions may indicate to be best.

Sixth, reconstruction of religious conditions whereby people will no longer be separated by narrow sectarianism but will be brought into harmony on a broad basis of brotherhood and community service; wherein each community will have a community church and a resident pastor who loves the country and has an appreciation of his task in serving there.

Seventh, reconstruction of ideals whereby the traditional tendency of church and school authorities and of, unfortunately, in many cases, rural people themselves to look upon rural life as inferior to urban life and upon rural leadership as less dignified and less worthy than urban leadership will be changed to one toward local and community pride and a proper appreciation of the true values of rural life.



acquainted, whether the people in the community happen to be born in United States or Portugal or Sweden.

"They don't understand our language" has been the objection. Out of school hours there are plenty of the younger generation around, for these foreign neighbors of ours believe in large families—and they can talk American fluently enough.

One New England rural church recently invited the Secretary of the American Federation of Jewish Farmers to speak in the church. That resulted in the breaking down of a good deal of prejudice which the Hebrew colony in the community had felt against the church.

Playing together as well as working together is going to help bring about this really brotherly Americanization. Basket ball and Hallowe'en socials alone won't redeem the community, but they *will* help toward a wholesome, normal mingling of its people. The "Full Moon Socials" of a Connecticut country church have become an institution in the whole territory for miles around. The young folks know that on the Tuesday nearest full moon there is always something doing at that church and they often drive many miles to get there.

Farmers are learning to apply the spirit of cooperation to their work—to put aside individualism and jealousy. Successful farmers' cooperative enterprises are springing up in community after community, led by some consecrated parson or layman who has helped to translate Christianity into terms of neighborliness and economic brotherhood.

Reconstruction means many things externally to rural America—new methods of farming, new community organizations, new schools, new roads, but after all, the first consideration is not the new world itself but the builders of the new world. Reconstruction means big folks in little places, big folks in mind and heart, even though they are living at Squedunk Cross-roads.

A Lesson for Peace Times

ON the credit side of the war's ledger must be entered the model villages erected for emergency workers. In addition to attractive houses and pleasant streets, these villages have playgrounds and community centers to insure an efficient and wholesome life.



COULD a greater compliment be paid a house than simply moving into it before it was finished and without permission from anyone? That is what happened in a number of villages built by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, until guards were provided. It is easy to believe when one looks at the pleasant street in Buckman, Pennsylvania. The government doesn't "build by the mile and rent by the foot", but in its villages has striven to avoid monotony.



SLUMS cost altogether too much. War emergency proved how dependent industry is on decent housing for its workers. London, during wartime, demolished thousands of acres of slums and built model tenements. To bring the rental within reach of workingmen, she charged off the entire cost of the land against more prosperous areas. Congress appropriated \$50,000,000 to house shipyard workers. Some villages were uncompleted when the armistice was signed, but in the present congestion they will not be unoccupied.

Jumping Two Centuries in Two Years

"Our contemporary ancestors" was a good description of the southern mountaineers, once. Now it isn't. The world war has changed life even in their mountain fastnesses, for years forgotten by the outside world. And there are other changes to come.

By
Crawford Trotter



HE "allows as how" it isn't necessary to read or write. He has never done either and he never expected any of his "kith and kin" to waste time on such foolishness. But his grandsons have come back from their services overseas "educated." They will live

on the old farm straggling up the side of a southern mountain, but neither they nor it will be the same. Along with the "three R's" they have learned of modern methods of agriculture. They are proofs that two centuries can be jumped in two years.

"I HEV cum tew fetch the papers outern the waste basket tew be burned," said Rachel standing on the threshold of the Southern mountain cabin where dwells a motherly soul who has immured herself in the hills that she may carry a new conception of Christliness to the people of the Appalachian range.

Rachel is a young woman laboring to earn a real metal bedstead to replace the plank on which she sleeps in her windowless hut of logs.

"You may get the basket yourself, Rachel. It is over there by the window."

Rachel did not stir.

Barefooted, with inherent grace, she stood silently and motionless at the edge of the rug which softened the board floor of the missionary's cabin.

She crossed her tanned arms on her breast, and hanging her head, looked down at her bare feet. Then she looked across at the overflowing basket spilling its clutter by the window.

But still she did not speak.

"What troubles you, dear child?" asked the lady who loves the mountain people as "kin."

To Rachel—reared on an earthen floor—that rug was the unbridged chasm of an isolation of two hundred years. In expressing her own dilemma she had phrased the unsolved problem of her people.

Said Rachel: "How d' you all aim fer me tew git acrost?"

"Enough's a plenty" has been the aphorism of the Southern High-

lander who has been carelessly hanging his farm upon a craggy Appalachian slope and sitting down to watch his corn defy the laws of gravitation. He has sought nothing from the outside world. The world for two centuries has brought nothing to him. Rachel of the mountains sleeps on a board and lives exactly as did her great-grandmother. A very scant "enough" has been plenty, until one day a new shiny brass bedstead coming from Kalamazoo to the missionary's cabin upset her mountaineer philosophy of life.

These forgotten tribes of America live in a territory only a few days' journey from New York. The range covers an area as big as the whole German Empire, and has a population equal to that of Switzerland. The untouched natural resources, particularly minerals and timbers, are said by experts to be richer than those of Germany.

There are merely nominal mountaineers who live in the foot-hills of the Smokies, or Blue Ridge Mountains. They need not be considered. There is another class known as the normal highlanders who disprove the sweeping assertions made by reckless writers branding all Appalachia with the stigma of degeneracy, illegitimacy, and stupidity.

There still remains the needy class, composed of the intermarried, illiterate, shiftless, drinking, primitive people whose shibboleths are quaint phrases that belong to Chaucer's day. These are they who most tenaciously hold to the tenet "Enough's a plenty."

Fleas, gnats, jiggers, inertia, isolation, poverty, hookworm, dirt, trachoma, poor seed and worse crops, sow-belly, whiskey, and corn bread

are commonplaces in the life of the people in this last class. They suffer no pangs of self-pity. If the "foreigner" points out their lack of education the answer is simple, direct and all-sufficient to them. "If we uns cain't read nor write we hev a heap o' time to think, and that's the reason *we know more than you all.*"

When Lincoln called for troops, 100,000 volunteers filed down through the Southern mountain passes. Most of them had no better equipment for battle than possession of a squirrel rifle. The war could bring no material advantage to them, but still they came. These hills gave us Andrew Johnson, Admiral Farragut and Abraham Lincoln. That the first Congressional District of Tennessee, which lies entirely in the Highlands, furnished more Union soldiers in proportion to population than any other Congressional District in the United States certainly reflects the spirit of Appalachia.

In a few corners of the hills, the outside news, even today is a decade stale. But by some remarkable process, possibly akin to the methods used by the ancestors of these people—the Highlanders of Scotland—the word concerning the Great World War spread with amazing rapidity to the remotest parts of the mountains, and the mountain men marched once more from their craggy farms to take up arms for the cause of liberty and humanity. There have been thousands of soldiers from these southern mountains in the American troops overseas. As they have been demobilized, the mountaineers have turned their faces toward home, just as they did when the Civil War was over. They have

followed the trails that lead them back into a world of their own, screened off from the rest of the country and from civilization by the dense rhododendrons which they call mountain laurel.

But they have taken something with them. Their world will never be quite the same again. The railroad, forerunner of civilization, is invading their mountain fastness. Foreigners and "outlanders" have already begun to build sawmills and to delve into the solid rock and everlasting hills.

In two years Appalachia has jumped across two centuries.

"Enough's a plenty" may be the philosophy of the generation which is passing, but it will not suffice for the youths who wore the khaki. Travel and contact with the world have changed them. Conditions must be changed to fit their new outlook on life.

The mountaineers are Protestants. In eighty-five of the ninety-eight counties making up the mountainous parts of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, not one communicant of the Roman Catholic Church could be found. Nine hundred and eighty-eight out of every thousand inhabitants are professing Protestants and the opportunity which lies before the church to minister to these neglected people will be seen when it is stated that the population of the mountains is approximately 3,000,000.

And yet the Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, which has a constituency of 300,000 including seven annual conferences, has in one conference no less than 100 congregations without any church buildings of their own! It has not been wholly unmindful of its responsibility, however. For outside its religious work, it maintains in the mountains twelve schools of secondary grade and one college for white people.

This Church's Centenary program for the reconstruction of Appalachia proposes to spend \$497,200 to answer the question Rachel propounded two centuries ago: "How d' you all aim fer me tew git acrost?"



SHE was afraid of the first rug she ever saw; she didn't know there were any floors but earthen ones. But going to school has made her ambitious to live like "quality." She and her cabin aren't exactly attractive yet, but they will be. For here is a sturdy race, needing only to be taught.

Farms for Soldiers

(Continued from page 5)

nation of producers, we shall build up a strong national defense.

A bill asking for an appropriation of \$100,000,000 to put through this plan of reclamation was before the last Congress, but action was postponed temporarily, because of filibustering. It will undoubtedly be acted upon by the next Congress. For it is not a one-man scheme. All sections of the country are backing Secretary Lane in it and already letters are pouring in to Washington from soldiers asking for information. Many of these letters come from France, from men still in the service. They are not all, like Harry Brown, enlisted men. Some of them are officers of high rank. One major wrote a few weeks ago from France: "Tonight I took one company having 148 men in ranks and explained to them, a best could, the idea of the government and terms and conditions under which land could be obtained. Then I asked how many men would be interested and 38, or 25% said that they would be interested. I think that this particular company is representative of this regiment and division. If you cut this in two and said then 10% would come through, I think you would have about a correct figure. Personally I feel that it is the most remarkable chance and I am more or less interested, myself."

If the major's estimate is correct, it means that Uncle Sam will have 400,000 new farmers. To these men must be added thousands of "gobs," who are now beginning to grow used to their land legs; for sailors and marines are to be given the same opportunities as soldiers. But there is land enough for all the Harry Browns who will never be satisfied again to work in offices and shops. Congress willing, it is to be theirs for the asking.

Books Received

- Agar, F. A. DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCH. N. Y. Fleming H. Revell Co.
- Botchkareva, Marie. YASHKA. N. Y. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00 net.
- Brunner, Edmund DeS. THE COUNTRY CHURCH IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER. N. Y. The Association Press. \$1.00
- CHINA MISSION YEAR-BOOK, 1918. Shanghai. Kwang Hsueh Publishing House.
- Colver, Alice Ross. THE LONG AGO YEARS STORIES. Philadelphia. Henry Altemus Co.
- A CRUSADE OF COMPASSION FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS. West Medford, Mass. Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. \$0.50.
- Hancock, H. Irving. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS WITH PERSHING. Philadelphia. Henry Altemus Co.
- Hershey, Amos S. & Hershey, Susanne W. MODERN JAPAN. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.
- Joseph, Isya. DEVIL WORSHIP, THE SACRED BOOKS AND REVELATIONS OF THE YEZIDIZ. Boston, Richard G. Badger. \$2.50 net.
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- Keeler, Ralph Welles & Keeler, Ellen Coughlin. CHRISTIAN CONQUEST OF AMERICA. N. Y. Methodist Book Concern. \$15.
- La Motte, Ellen M. PEKING DUST. N. Y. The Century Co. \$1.50.
- Levine, Isaac Don. THE RESURRECTED NATIONS. N. Y. Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.60 net.
- McConnell, F. J. DEMOCRATIC CHRISTIANITY. N. Y. Macmillan Co.
- McKeever, William A. MAN AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY. N. Y. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35 net.
- Main, Hubert P., compiler. SONGS OF LIBERTY. N. Y. The Biglow & Main Co.
- Miyaoka, Tsunejiro. GROWTH OF LIBERALISM IN JAPAN. Washington. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.
- Murray, Samuel. SEVEN LEGS ACROSS THE SEAS. N. Y. Moffat, Yard & Co.
- Overbach, T. W. FOREIGN FINANCIAL CONTROL IN CHINA. N. Y. The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
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Training Tomorrow's Leaders

(Continued from page 6)

To find these workers, men are visiting the colleges and universities and putting before their students the needs of the time and opportunities for service. Army chaplains have collected the names of soldiers who wish to take up the work. Questionnaires circulated by the Y. M. C. A. have brought in other names.

Appropriations to a number of state universities have been made for training the young men and women secured. At the Baldwin-Wallace College at Berea, Ohio, there will be special training for those who are to minister to Slavonic peoples, and at Albuquerque College in New Mexico, for those who wish to go to congregations made up of Spanish-American peoples. A fund of a quarter of a million dollars has been set aside for fellowships and scholarships for those who cannot afford to finance themselves through college.

In addition to these men and women who are able to give all their time to the church, there must be in each local church at least 1 per cent. of the membership who have had training in what the church must do and how to do it. This 1 per cent. will mean that there are 40,000 of these unpaid, but highly necessary workers who will be trained in short conferences to be held all over the country.

The church needs to be 100 per cent. efficient to accomplish the work it has undertaken. If it is to hold its own in modern life, it must meet face to face the conditions—all the conditions—of the life of today. The time is past when the church could be a thing apart from the everyday life of the people. It must always be a place for prayer and worship. But it must also be a clearing house for every problem and perplexity which communities or individuals can know. The church of today must find nothing too commonplace, nothing too secular to engage its attention. Clean hands and a pure heart were linked together by the Psalmist and after all these centuries, the church is realizing that its business is with one as with the other.

PLEASE HELP US OUT

Our circulation list has been growing so rapidly that we find our stock of the March 1919 number of World Outlook is completely exhausted. If you don't wish to keep your copies for bound volumes or complete files, won't you please mail your March number back to us carefully wrapped?

Does God Have a Plan for Your Life?

You will find a vital answer in McConkey's booklet "The God-Planned Life." Sent entirely free to any one who will write a postal for it to Silver Publishing Company, Dept. A, Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Penna.

The Gradouskis

(Continued from page 10)

a good thing for any country to have an enormous mass of unassimilated, dissatisfied men. The countries that the immigrants left have, many of them, had their revolutions. Some of the restrictions that they emigrated to escape are still evident in the United States. Some of the reforms they failed to find here have been instituted in the countries they left.

Many of them are going to return to their freed countries. We don't want them to have the impression of the United States that a young Greek brought back to Athens.

"The Americans are like beasts," he told a group of university students in Athens. "They work with machines ten hours a day until they become machines themselves. All the time they chew tobacco, with the expression of stupid sheep. Then, after work, they go to a saloon and drink until they fall into the gutter. The patrol wagon gathers them in, just as the dog-catcher gathers stray dogs here in Athens. That, my friends, is America!"

IF the world is reaching a plane of internationalism, we want our returned immigrants to take to the Old World the best ideals of America.

And those who decide to remain here should understand us. They should be taught just what their part may be in bringing about reforms. They should be taught that they are the American government, that the people themselves are responsible for the laws.

The war has shown the great need for Americanization work—there were found in the draft 1,500,000 unable to read or write English, for example. And while the war has shown the general illiteracy and lack of response to American ideals of the newer immigrant, the release of the small new nations has given an impetus to study among these people. With release from political bondage, lofty ideals of democracy have sprung into being among the mid-European peoples. It is to America's advantage that their ideals—whether they remain here, or go back to their freed country—be fostered and put into definite form.

THE "laissez-faire" policy of the government in matters of teaching English and in naturalization has proved inadequate. Machinery will not answer the need—the work has to be on a more human basis.

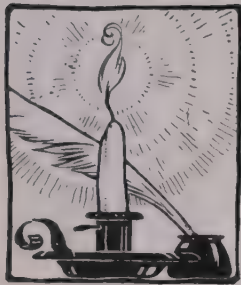
(Continued on page 31)

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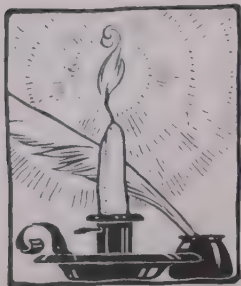
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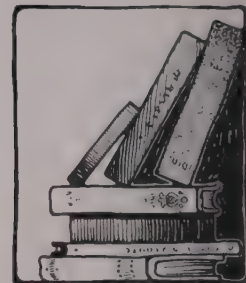
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(Continued on page 29)

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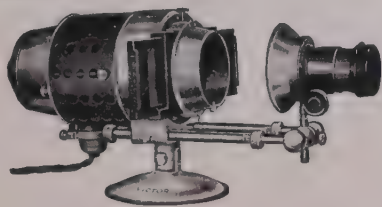
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The Reviewing Stand

(Continued from page 28)

There are many bits of sadness in this record of an unceasing fight against poverty, poor health and bad working conditions, but Rose finally wins her way to happiness. "I remembered that sister once wondered how it felt to be happy. I touched her face. 'Wake up!' I wanted to tell her that I knew."

And when the father sees his children's success—Rose about to be happily married; "sister" managing the store at a profit, and the son finishing his course at the university—"he looked on us silently unbelieving; then he said, 'Ah! After all this is America!'"

Mending Broken Homes

(Continued from page 8)

they left at home. Because that is something which you can't buy in any shop; money has not been the most important part of our work. Of course money is needed, but we have not encroached on the work of any of the regular organizations for relief. There has been no duplication of work. The Home Service Section was organized to help in any way they needed help, the families of fighters. And the work did not end, by any manner of means, with the signing of the armistice. How long it will go on, we can't say in weeks or months. But it will go on until the last man has been mustered out and is back with his family. And for the families to whom the fighters will never come back, it may be necessary to give help for years, even.

"I told you that we had in February 27,624 cases. In dollars we spent \$26,952, which proves what I said about money being only a minor thing. Those figures, you understand, are for Manhattan and the Bronx only. We have about 500 workers, many of them volunteers.

"Practically every Red Cross group in the country has its Home Service Section. As I said, we don't duplicate the work of any other organization. For instance, there are the hospitals and orphans' homes already equipped to which we send cases. The churches have helped greatly also. One important part of our work is to discover what people need and then send them to the organizations which already have the machinery to care for them. It isn't a showy work we do. But we have learned that it is even more important than we thought it would be. You see it is hard to take up ordinary every-day life again. We are trying to make it a little easier."

DOWN the street I passed the man beating the gong before the plate which had been broken and was broken no more. I stopped a moment.

"Wonderful," I said.

"It surely is," agreed the man looking at me and holding out to me a box of the magic glue. I haven't any dishes at all, but I bought it. But I was thinking of other kinds of mending as I hurried on.

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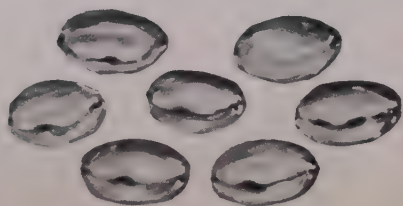
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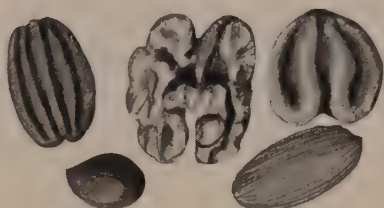
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How About Your Town?

(Continued from page 19)

democracy here at home, while I'd been off fighting for it, in Europe. I wanted to ask him why the churches should be just about the only decent buildings in the ward—and the churches used only on Sundays and maybe one night in the week, and those old rattle-bang shacks lived in all the time?"

Sandy stopped then for breath, so it was possible to slip in the remark— "That's hardly fair, Sandy. The churches haven't done all they should. We'll concede that at once.

But they are doing something. For one thing, they have united and appointed a Better Housing Committee. They have made a survey of the very things you've been talking about. They haven't stopped with discovering how bad things are, either. They have held meetings and they have written for the papers, in order to arouse public sentiment to better conditions."

"They have?" asked Sandy, hopefully.

"Yes. And already there are some results.

The manager of a big shoe factory called up your minister the other day and said his company was willing to cooperate with the committee and had decided to build at once, twenty or thirty model homes for workers.

"It isn't quite accurate, either, to say that the churches are used only for regular church services. If you'd talk with your mother and your sister, they'd tell you that over at the Baptist church, two big rooms are being used all the time for a children's clinic. Every afternoon the mothers of the neighborhood can be seen there, having their babies weighed and getting advice as to how to feed and bathe them. The women of all the churches support that clinic and very soon they are going to have a trained nurse to care for the more serious cases. A number of young women are preparing now to be able to assist the trained nurse. They will call on the mothers in their homes and help them to care for their children properly. Leaflets in different languages have been prepared to distribute among the women who don't understand English, so every mother in the neighborhood will be able to avail herself of the necessary information.

"Did you notice some men at work in that big open space just beyond Green Alley? It has been a dumping ground for years, but it is going to be a playground. The young people's societies of the different churches have combined to finance it. There will be sand piles and swings and a couple of tennis courts and other things which children love. Volunteer workers are to be in charge at first, but the young people are so enthusiastic that they are planning already to have a supervisor in charge, to care for the children and to direct their athletics. Why, they are even talking of draining off the lots below the playground and putting in a pool, for swimming in summer and skating in winter.

"All the good times aren't being planned for the children and the very young people, either.

"There is a Neighborhood Recreation Club, to furnish, or at least direct, amusements for the entire community. They have secured the use of the assembly rooms in the churches and the

public schools. There are to be song festivals and pageants and all kinds of social gatherings.

"We know they are a necessity just as much as good houses and clean streets. The war brought home to us all the prevalence of diseases which come from immorality and we know that good, healthy amusement is one of the surest ways of fighting immorality. The saloons will have to go soon, anyway, but there will still be the low dance halls and the gambling dens, unless we make our entertainments so attractive that they are forced out of business.

"We intend to do that."

"Say," broke in Sandy, "perhaps I blew off without knowing all the conditions. I'm glad if I did. And your talk has made me feel better about being home. It sounds awful, but do you know that except for seeing my own folks and a few friends, I've just hated home since I got back. Now—well, I've been fighting for quite a while for democracy over there.

"Now I'm going to pitch in and work for it here at home."

He picked up his hat and coat, as he said that. "First, I'm going over to see the minister. I didn't tell you all our conversation. He asked me if I'd talk at the Men's Class next Sunday. I was feeling so sore that I said I wouldn't. Oh, I softened it down a bit by saying I never was any hand at talking, but what I really meant was that I couldn't see any use in talking about democracy, when we weren't doing anything for it. But now—well, I want to tell him that if the Church is doing what you say it is, I'm for it. I haven't any money to give—I won't have until I get a job. But I know some fellows who can give money and I'm going after them. And I can dig and help clear out that playground and make the swimming pool.

"Perhaps, I can talk, too—anyway I'm willing to try. Something tells me this fight is going to be one to the finish—and I've rather got my hand in fighting. So me for it!"

The Gradouskis

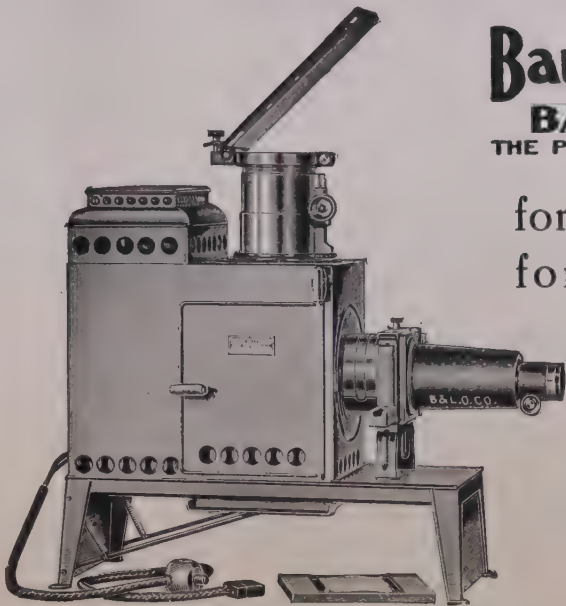
(Continued from page 26)

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CURRENT INFORMATION, Forman, N. D.

Instead of John Barleycorn

(Continued from page 13)

It is also highly important that the enterprise be thoroughly democratized. Anything that is managed purely from above is bound to fail with the average man. So far as possible, plans and ideals should be permitted to emerge from the people themselves, for, after all, the work is conducted to supply their needs and to satisfy their desires—not to give gratification to those who may be its chief supporters or promoters. There must not be too much government, too much discipline, or too many rules and regulations.

It is important that the enterprise, whatever it may be, should not be called a "saloon substitute." The fact that one is trying to "reform" somebody through a saloon substitute immediately makes the "somebody" resent the implied superiority. Therefore, whatever is attempted should be done in the most natural unobtrusive fashion—that is, one may give the enterprise all the publicity that one may be able to secure for it, but the publicity should be given to the work itself and not to the phrase "saloon substitute."

When one discusses the question of what is going to happen when the saloons are closed it is important to have in mind the causes which impel men to go to the saloon, outside of what the saloon has itself to offer. For let it be remembered there are other social evils besides the saloon, in which men may find refuge when the saloons are closed, unless the pressures of life are taken off.

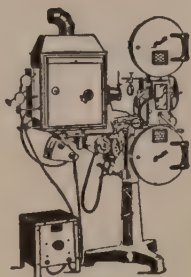
Will the strain of the day's work be relieved when the saloons are put out of business? It will for some men, undoubtedly. Will workmen have better homes to go to? Many will, unquestionably. But for the great mass of men, the ordinary men of whom there are so many, these blessings may be a long time coming, unless society or the state as a whole sees to it that better social and economic conditions prevail. The strong, independent working man will fight his own battles, and he will carry with him many others of his class, but he cannot do it all—the rest of us must help.

It is planned to set up a practical, working substitute for the saloon in the "city street" at the Centenary Celebration to be held by the Boards of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal churches, North and South, in Columbus from June 20th to July 13th, inclusive, which may be duplicated in the average community where such an enterprise is needed.

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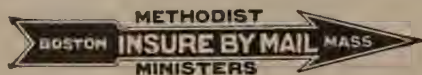
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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"**H**AVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he

what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of every learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law, of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out of the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined

the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches and Jordan is being talked about now as mayor of our little town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

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As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S., and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for the Independent.

WORLD OUTLOOK

JUNE 1919
20 CENTS





She may grow up to be a Galli-Curci—Haven't we all heard tales of how Caruso was a blacksmith's son? The children of Italy have suffered horribly; 300,000 of them have been made fatherless through the war—but, like everyone else, they have "carried on."

Vol. Five
No. Six

WORLD OUTLOOK

June
1919

If one bird's song can mount to Heaven again
What can hold back the song in hearts of men?



From a drawing by A. L. Bairnsfather.

The Rebuilding Europe Number

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WILLARD PRICE, Editor



From a Painting by Corot
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



A million and a quarter acres of Corot's beloved French forests are made up to-day of shattered trees like this.

The Lost Forests

By Percival S. Ridsdale

Secretary of the American Forestry Association

THE train shuffled along, and Yvonne, wide-eyed, watched Pierre, while Pierre watched the slipping, unchanging landscape through the car window. It was not so bad for her; she had seen the country after the Germans had made their first swoop southward. But Pierre had not seen. Of course he had known; he, too, had seen mile after mile of devastated country, but he had not seen the destruction of the towns he knew and loved so well.

The train went on, and Yvonne's staring eyes did not turn from her husband's face; Pierre did not shift his gaze from the window.

They got off the train quietly, walked along the familiar winding road—where the road was left. Occasionally they had to swing about to avoid shell holes. Yvonne stopped first; Pierre looked about him with eyes that did not seem to recognize.

"Here we are," Yvonne said. "You see—our house is not so badly broken as the others. The shells spared it."

Pierre stood with tears running over his brown cheeks.

"We can build it up again, Pierre," Yvonne said. "It will be better than before." She put her hand on his arm, shy, suddenly, because of his tears. "The house isn't so badly broken," she repeated. "Pierre, I will help you. We will all of us help each other. It will not be long. Soon the village will be as it was."

"The trees!" Pierre said dully. "The trees!"

It was not only the little apple orchard that used to stagger crookedly down the slope to the river that was gone. Beyond the river the hills were covered with bared trunks, standing like hairs on a cat's arched back. Beyond the nearest hills, northward, where distant

forests had made purple mist, was sky, and faintly raised against it occasional thin black lines.

France has always been proud of her woodlands; for one hundred and twenty-five years a forestry system has been at work to protect them. And France has been amply repaid for the money her forests have cost her. Had it not been for the defensive value of the forests of northern France, which enabled her to hold back the invaders, the Germans would have reached Paris, would have crushed the heart of France.

The foresters of France have long led the world, and to-day there is before them a problem greater than any previous one.

The average person does not understand the economic value of trees. "Forestry" smacks rather of Robin Hood and the men in Lincoln green. There is something romantic and beautiful about forests, something lovely and apart from the modern machinery of life. Because of this the general reaction to the destruction of the forests of Europe has been one of indignation against the destruction of beauty.

After the armistice was signed, and the allied countries began considering the many reconstruction problems that faced them after four years of the most destructive war the world has ever known, they found the loss of their trees one of the most serious problems.

Great Britain had cut down fifty per cent of her woodlands; every tree would have been dragged to the sawmills if there had been sufficient men and transportation. A forest of neatly sawed tree stumps is not, of course, as heartrending as a shell-destroyed wood, but the economic loss is as great.

Trees

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.*

*A tree whose hungry mouth is prest,
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.*

*A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.*

*A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.*

*Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.*

*Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.*

By Joyce Kilmer, who died in France

Belgium's forests were entirely in the hands of the invaders; there was no restricting hand to spare the young trees. What the actual shelling did not destroy the methodical axes of the Germans cut to the ground.

In Italy, coal cost one hundred and twenty dollars a ton—when you could get it. That meant that the fuel of the Italians was wood. Italy, however, suffered less than the other countries, and will probably be able to take care of her own forest problems.

And France—France had not only seen her forests destroyed in the actual fighting, but had to supply the British, Canadians and Americans, as well as her own army, with all the wood they needed. Wood is as important as food to an army; it is needed for a thousand purposes besides the primary one of fuel.

The allied armies leased the right to cut trees from the forests of France. Where they were government and state-owned the forests were not completely destroyed, for French forestry officials marked the trees to be cut. But the private owners of woods who leased to the armies saw only that they were getting three times peace prices for their timber, and some of them permitted every tree, yearlings and fifty-year-olds, to be cut down and chopped into fuel, or planed into lumber for war needs.

The first and second American armies at Chaumont alone required

about 3,000 cords of wood a day to supply fuel for approximately a million men.

Great armies of workers were engaged in building from the wood of the French forests barracks, dugouts, the sides and floors of trenches, railroad ties, posts to support barbed-wire entanglements, bridges, camouflage of all sorts, a myriad miscellaneous things. And the forests of France suffered.

The destruction of a million and a quarter acres of forest has meant an actual loss of more than \$800,000,000 to France. The damage that will be done by the erosion of watersheds, the climate changes in vineyards and farm lands, is inestimable. The small farms south of the battle line, that were protected by forests from the north winds, have changed in value.

Before the war, France had to import half the timber that was used. Now, when France needs wood for rebuilding as it was never needed before, she will have to import a great deal more timber—and continue so doing for many years to come.

The replacement of the actual losses in timber will be determined in the Peace Conference. Germany, with her unharmed 35,000,000 acres of forest, is capable of supplying France, Great Britain, Belgium and Italy with the lumber lost in the war—lost through shell destruction, through the cutting of trees by the (Continued on Page 11)

French lumbermen don't call themselves "Reconstruction workers"—but this is what they produce from shell-torn Belleau wood.



The Cement of the League of Nations

By Dr. Frank Crane

NOW that we have a League of Nations, of some sort, what shall render it permanent? Will it stick?

Is the compact of the great Governments, that concord which was welded together in the fires of battle on the anvil of France, to be dissolved, as all other Ententes, Alliances and Pacts have been loosed, by the contending passions of men; and are we to drift again into the chaos of rival militarisms, culminating in ever more colossal wars?

It all depends.

And it depends upon just One Thing.

And that is the Spirit of Co-operation.

To what extent has that Spirit been developed in the world?

Has this horrible lesson been frightful enough to burn into the consciousness of men the truth that unless they Co-operate they shall Perish?

Or must we look for more horror, more destruction and madness, before the cup of our folly is full, and we are nauseated of contention?

Certain it is that in this recent war, most nearly world-wrecking of all wars, the human mind can see no Plan of God, unless it was His will that men should be made to realize the utter ruin of separation and conflict, and that salvation can come only by Co-operation.

"Fondly do we hope and fervently do we pray" that this Year of Our Lord 1919, and this Council of Nations at Versailles, may mark the close of the old order of progress through strife, and the beginning of the new era of progress through unity.

BUT it all depends.

If the Spirit of Co-operation is strong enough, the union shall stand which we have gained. If selfishness, national vanity, race pride and military ambition are still to dominate, then it is a false dawn, the night is not yet over.

For the Spirit determines.

It is not any clever Scheme, it is not any carefully drawn Covenant, nor any Device nor Document, though prepared with the supremest statesmanship, that can make the cement of nations hold.

Does not the Soul secrete the Body? "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

So we turn to the Spirit in Man, and ask, "Is Mr. Hyde dead yet, and shall Dr. Jekyll live?"

Who is Mr. Hyde? He is whatever keeps men, nations, races apart.

Who is Dr. Jekyll? He is that Spirit which says: "Wherever there is a son of woman he is my brother."

THE most significant epoch in the progress of the world was the rise and dominance of the Thought of Jesus.

That Thought is—Universal Brotherhood. Its goal is "The Parliament of Man, The Federation of the World." Its slogan: "Above all nations is Humanity."

In proportion as that Thought rules, the Peace of the World, the Pact of Nations, shall be secure.

That Thought and that alone can stop War.

And of that Thought the Church of Christ is the proponent.

Underneath all its Sectarian forms, its dissensions and schisms, the mind of the Church, in whatever branch, wherever the words of Jesus were read and His name invoked, has steadily pressed upon the barbarism of mankind this one civilizing idea—Co-operation.

Whatever its human failings the Church has never been able to escape its Master's word: "Go ye into all the world."

And behind the marching race, led by the banner of this ideal, has come the rear-guard of destiny, "the hounds of God," the mounting costs and miseries of war.

God drives as well as leads.

Brotherhood has also its terrible teeth and claws. It still remains that he that believeth not shall be damned.

THE Church has builded wiser than it knew. For the spiritual foundation of the League of Nations was Christian Missions. For the world could not have been linked in laws and government, had it not been linked in conviction, in conscience, in consciousness.

And the one supreme duty of the Church today is to GO ON. It must gird itself for greater struggles.

What the Church needs is sublime Audacity.

When a deputation from the British Labor Party visited Lloyd George and presented demands that seemed very bold, he replied:

"I am not afraid of the audacity of these demands. Don't be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war. I believe the settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity.

"If I were adviser to the working class I should say to it, 'Audacity is the thing for you.'"

It seems to me that what the British Premier said to the Laborers is precisely what Jesus Christ says today to His Church: "Audacity is the thing for you."

To falter is treason.

To fear is to betray that World for which Christ died.

For the permanence of the New Order, the one sure guarantee against War, the only grip that shall hold Humanity up to the height it has climbed and keep it from slipping back into the pit, is the Spirit of Co-operation.

And of that Spirit the Church is the moral core.

For the vigor of that Spirit the Church is directly responsible.

The Cement of the League of Nations is the Blood of Christ.

The Biggest Infant Industry

By Anna Bird Stewart

IT'S normal for children to be hungry. That's with three square meals a day. Suppose they had none? Millions of orphans in Europe! Square meals needed, and also a

square deal,—homes, schools, clothing, care for today, thought for tomorrow.

More than three hundred kiddies have all this in the Methodist Foyers Retrouvés in France. Even curl papers are back in style in Ecully, a sure sign things are going well. And shoe polish has been sent to Grenoble by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. There the citation, "his shoes were neatly blacked," is a D.S.C. for goodness.

To Charvieu, too, shoeblackening has gone, and (honest) soap. But boys can endure much with thirty-eight calves and two puppies for chums.

Bringing back the youngsters to a happy, healthy childhood is the biggest and the sweetest work in Europe today.



The A. E. F. (bless it) is supporting 3,444 orphans through the Stars and Stripes Bureau of the Red Cross.

Comp'ny's coming! At the Foyer Retrouvé in Ecully they understand things. Of course every little girl wants curls if she wasn't born with 'em.



Little Italy learns to smile again.

Giving thanks has a new meaning for these children in Grenoble,—there is real food.



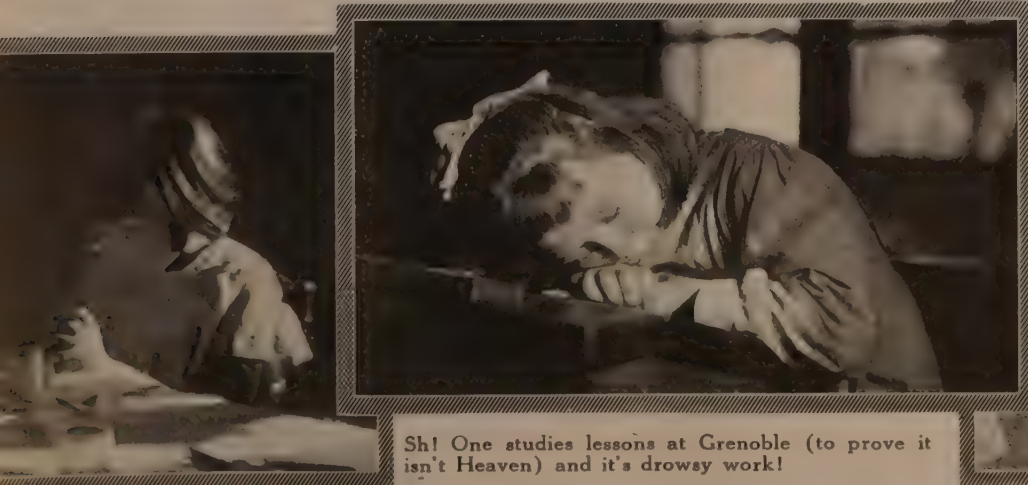


"Hand me downs" weren't so popular in our childhood. But more than five million refugee garments shipped by the Red Cross have helped make Europe's shivering children warmer.



New York school children alone gave \$16,000 to Europe's orphans. We could forgive Mary's little lamb had it followed her to such schools.

This Italian Tommie Tucker smiles for his supper. But he has a supper. There is a war-orphan problem in Italy, too. In Naples Signor Santi started orphanage work by adopting two orphans. Now he looks after sixty. The Church is fast duplicating this work elsewhere, but what about the thousands they have no room to take?



Sh! One studies lessons at Grenoble (to prove it isn't Heaven) and it's drowsy work!

Same Money the World Over

Why doesn't the League of Nations organize an international currency? The new money wouldn't buy any more than the old, but it would simplify both travel and trade.

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

TO an American, money simply means dollars; to an Englishman, pounds; to a Frenchman, francs; to an Italian, lire, and so on. Fill your wallet with good United States bank notes and go into any store in London or Paris or Naples and try to buy a pair of shoes or a square meal with your roll, and you cannot do it. The purveyor of the merchandise you covet will shrug his shoulders and respectfully decline to trade with you on the basis of your dollars. You may go barefoot and hungry till you have sought out a bank or a "changer of money," and have exchanged your perfectly good dollars for the currency of the particular realm in which you happen to be.

DOLLARS AT PREMIUM OR DISCOUNT

And while the banker is counting out the amount of pounds or francs or lire you are to receive for your dollars you look in the guide book and find that English pounds are worth at par \$4.87 in your money, or that francs are worth 19.3 cents, or that the Italian lire is worth just the same as the French franc. If you are quick at figures you will calculate that you should receive a certain sum in return for your roll, but on counting it you find you are in error.

Instead of being able to buy 5.18 francs, as the book says, with your American dollar, you can buy 6.07 of them, and you can buy $7\frac{1}{2}$ Italian lire with a dollar bill, while at par you could buy but 5.18; and you can get an English pound for \$4.67 instead of \$4.87. Dollars are at a premium in England, France and Italy, and other countries, and pounds, francs and lire are at a discount when figured in terms of dollars.

But the premium on the dollar is a temporary condition. In some countries, at the present time, dollars are at a discount, and so it will be, premium and discount, back and forth as it has been in the past, dependent entirely upon international trade conditions.

Fluctuating values of the money of any nation in terms of the money of another country will continue as long as there exists a multiplicity of money currencies. It will end when the world's relations become sufficiently close so that a universal coinage and currency may be established.

POOLING THE WORLD'S WAR DEBTS

It is becoming increasingly evident that, unaided, and left to work out of their financial difficulties brought on by the war, the nations of Europe are going to have a hard time of it. In the spirit of co-operation in which the United States must join, the suggestion has been made that the war debts of Europe (and the United States) be pooled—funded into one enormous obligation, and that each nation entering into the pooling agreement assign to some central body a satisfying guarantee in the way of taxes or imposts, or other national income, to take care of its particular portion of interest as it becomes due, and to apply to a sinking

fund for the gradual retirement of the debt. No details of such a pooling have ever been made public; indeed, they have probably never been worked out. The suggestion, however, has the indorsement of the leading financiers of England and France and of many of the bankers of this country.

The League of Nations is the logical vehicle through which such a pooling should be made. But to make the departure most effective several things must be done.

THE LEAGUE AS A WORLD RESERVE BANKING BOARD

First, the league should incorporate as a World Reserve Banking Board, patterned after our own Federal Reserve Banking Board, that has proved so successful in this country. The World Reserve Banking Board should establish branch banks in the capitals of all participating nations, and, based upon the assets and revenues that had been assigned to it by the various countries, should issue its own currency, its own obligations, its own bonds, its promises to pay.

To this board should be assigned all the gold money in the world, to be allocated to the participating nations, but kept permanently in the vaults of the banking board. Whenever it became necessary to alter the ownership of the gold from one nation to another owing to trade balances and conditions—the same conditions that now govern—instead of transporting it, as heretofore, a simple ledger entry in the office of the board and of the branch banks would settle the transaction.

A UNIVERSAL CURRENCY

You may call the new currency to be issued dollars, or francs, or lire, or by any other name you like, so long as it is a decimal currency the world would accept it. It would have to accept it because the transactions of the reserve banks would be so vast that the varied currencies of individual nations would soon disappear of necessity. One could then go into a store in Constantinople, of Madrid, of Detroit, and, with the new international bank notes could buy a pair of shoes or a square meal without visiting the money changer.

You have a ten-dollar bill. It is issued, say, by a bank in San Francisco. But whether you are in New York or New Orleans or Omaha, that bill will buy just as much as in the city where it was issued. So it would be the world over with an international currency.

WILL THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY?

Is the world ripe for such a transformation? It is by no means chimerical. The iconoclast is working overtime these days, and may yet turn his attention to the world money question and overthrow the tables of the money changers.

Will the League of Nations add another iconoclastic departure to its record?

Some plain speaking concerning the Roman Catholic Church

Why Missions in Christian Europe?

By Dan Ward

BECAUSE the porter in this hotel in Venice, where I write, wears a little red carrot, sold to him by a priest for five lire to protect him against the Evil Eye.

Because the walls of Venice are blazoned with posters announcing that tomorrow at the mystic hour of the Apparition of Lourdes, those who pledged votive offerings to Mary Immaculate on condition that they should be fortunate in war, may adjourn to St. Mark's to render their gifts.

Because of the *Mis-sale Romanum* which the priests read to the people. Every word is in Latin. The priests, with their poor smattering of education, will not understand five words out of ten. The people understand not a word.

Because the common people of Austria do not know that there is such a book as the Bible. You may search the bookstores in vain for a copy of it. Its sale has always been forbidden in the Austrian Empire, and would be forbidden in all nations if the Church had its way.

Because a little girl in the fairy city of Pirano let me see her catechism, in which the answers were fully as vague and mystifying as the questions. Yet I suppose the child was not mystified, for she is expected simply to learn all by rote without worry as to the meaning.

Because a Protestant minister of Austria was sentenced to prison for having repeated the Lord's prayer in public—a grave offense, for the law of State and Church has declared that this prayer, instead of belonging to all mankind as we had supposed, may only be uttered by a properly ordained and sanctified priest of the Roman Church.

Because a priest writing to an Italian soldier in the trenches warned him not to accept any portions of the Bible, which Bible Societies were distributing, because, said he, "This book may seem to be good, but it is malicious art of the devil to take the soul into damnation."

Because of the procession which I saw in a church of Rome to

kiss the toe of the Virgin, doubtless a center of distribution of all manner of disease. Through the brass, a hole one-half inch in diameter had been worn by human lips. A small wooden box with a slit in it hung from the toe.

Because a woman of Ancona said that it might be reasonable to say that there was no God—she did not know as to that—but it

was foolish for the Protestants to say that there were no saints. There were forty in her own church!

Because the priests of Genoa are able to declare, with a straight face, that the Cathedral of San Lorenzo contains a basin that belonged to King Solomon and was used by the Lord at the Last Supper, a vase of agate in which the head of John the Baptist was placed for presentation to King Herod, three pieces of the real cross of Christ and a thorn from his crown.

Because the blood of Saint Januarius, bottled in the *Capella del Tesoro*, at Naples, liquefies every year during special days of observance. On the first day, as Mark Twain has pointed out, when the crowd in the Cathedral is large and it takes considerable time to pass around the collection plate, the blood is slow in liquefying. On the following days, when the crowd is smaller, it liquefies quickly.

Because half the bodies of Saint Paul and Saint Peter are said to be buried under the other halves under the

placed a terrible burden of superstition, ignorance and tyranny upon the shoulders of Europe.

It would do no good to rant upon this subject or to deal in generalities. Mr. Ward here sets down a matter-of-fact list of concrete examples. They will serve as a primer to an understanding of real conditions under the Roman Catholic Church in Europe.

WORLD OUTLOOK has at times been accused of "leaning over backward" in its effort to be fair to the Roman Catholic Church.

We have commented favorably on certain activities of that Church.

There are unfavorable things which also must be said.

The Roman Catholic Church has



ST. PETER'S, ROME

SEEN FROM MONTE MARIO, WHERE A GREAT INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE IS TO BE BUILT

der St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome—the Church of St. Paul—and their heads in Lateran!

Because of the money boxes bearing the label, "For the Souls in Purgatory," or the label, "For the Beatification of," with a photograph of the candidate for divinity.

Because of this bit of conversation with a peasant of Calabria, "Holy Water," he explained, "is just like other water except it is blessed by the priest." "Do you believe the priests are better than other people?" "Generally they are worse." "Then if that boy went over to that water spout and blessed the water, (Continued on Page 13)

Cargoes of Courage and Clothing

By
*Theodore S.
Henderson*

HUNDREDS and hundreds of them are going back. Foot paths and roads which have been blotted out by the German advance are beginning to be made over by the footsteps of returning refugees. Old men, women, children and poilus, who have not yet seen their ruined homes, and young women struggling with hope and a desire to start life anew are on their way.

They are pouring into the destroyed villages of northern France and Italy; towns where the gray stone ruins of the church melt indistinguishably into the gray stone ruins of the mayor's house, where the cottages are heaps of tangled plaster and wood.

They walk dully; for the most part they have neither the tools nor the courage to begin life over again. They know only that the war is over and that they are returning home.

Here in America, a relief cargo is being prepared. Between two and three thousand tons of material will be sent across the ocean to them. The Methodist-Episcopal church, through its War Emergency department, is filling a warehouse with supplies.

The American Red Cross took charge of the refugees when they left their villages, frightened and hysterical, running before the advancing enemy.

(Continued on page 24)

An Austrian Aviator's Heroism!

PADUA, where this picture was taken, and the district around it, have a purely civilian population, but that didn't bother the Austrian aviators who came by night to bomb. The Austrians destroyed 150,000 homes—200,000 less than the Germans levelled to the ground in France, but still a stupendous number. It is for these homeless people in Italy, as well as the refugees in France that the relief cargoes are being prepared.



BREAD INSTEAD OF BOMBS!

OVER the same air routes where once Allied planes went to battle with the Germans, aeroplanes are now carrying food and clothing to the devastated villages of Northern France. No other means of transportation to many of these villages is open, for not only are the railroads destroyed, but for miles the roads have been so cut to pieces that motors cannot pass over them.

The aerial relief service began January 25th, 1919, when seven planes, loaded with condensed milk for the children, flew from Bourget to Valenciennes. The next day more than two tons of food and clothing were carried through the air to the devastated villages. More planes, including two *boche* escadrilles, have been added, which every day carry tons of provisions to villages in need.

The Lost Forests

(Continued from page 4)

destruction, through the cutting of trees by the allied armies, through the shipping into Germany for civilian uses great quantities of timber from the invaded regions, and through the ruthless and wanton destruction of orchard and shade trees in the devastated villages.

Sous-Directeur G. Huffer of L'École Nationale des Eaux et Forêts says: "We have to rebuild houses, furniture, machinery. Neither our own resources nor the resources of the world-wide market will be sufficient. It will be necessary to take from German forests the timber which Germany owes, because she ruined us."

But even though all the destroyed timber is restored to France there will still be bare and wasted stretches of land where her forests used to be. That is the second and graver problem which faces France, the actual replanting of her lost forests. Last fall the French asked the United States Government for Douglas fir seed, so that they could begin the work of reforestation.

The Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture, to whom the request was directed, had no appropriation or precedent means of getting the required money to grant this request, so they turned it over to the American Forestry Association in Washington.

The American Forestry Association is not a government agency; it is supported by its members, people who are interested in forests and the dissemination of general information about forests. It is not an emotional woodman-spare-that-tree organization; its members do not turn pale at the sound of an axe or the buzz of a sawmill.

It is a group of practical people interested in the planting of trees to replace for the coming generations those that we destroy.

As secretary of the association, I went to France to confer with the French Government regarding the species of seed desired. I was taken over the devastated forests of France in an automobile, and then had the pleasure of presenting to the French Government officials the offer of the American Forestry Association to provide France with American tree seed to reforest not only sections of devastated forest land, but to use on agricultural land so badly torn by shell fire that it is no longer of agricultural value. Such land may eventually be again restored for farming.

The French foresters asked for several thousand pounds of Douglas fir and white pine seeds, and smaller amounts of Colorado blue spruce, Western white spruce, red pine, Western Tamarack and Tideland spruce. These seeds will be collected here in the United States by the American Forestry Association, which is now appealing for individual donations to a fund for \$50,000, the amount required for securing these seeds.

Since it was on French soil that most of the actual fighting took place, the American Forestry Association has first considered the problem of helping France restore her forests. Conditions in Belgium, Great Britain and Italy are also being studied by experts, and the association has also undertaken to supply those countries, as well as France, with American forest-tree seeds.

Methodism's Reconstruction

HERE are set down memoranda assembled from the note books of the deputation recently in Europe under commission from the Methodist

By
Frank Mason North

Through the co-operation of the Red Cross we have begun the distribution of necessities, but much of the material we shall use must be collected here and sent over as special Methodist relief cargoes.

Board of Foreign Missions to study needs and opportunities in the period of War Emergency and Reconstruction. This is by no means an exhaustive list of the tentative proposals now under consideration.

In many ways the responsibility of evangelization on the continent of Europe rests upon Methodism more heavily than upon other branches of the Christian Church in the United States. American Methodism entered continental Europe more than fifty years ago, first as the outgrowth of work among Germans and Scandinavians in this country and later as a distinct mission. By the time the Great War began we had 75,000 European members in eleven conferences and missions. Work was established in France in 1907.

Under these circumstances it was natural that Methodism should take up some relief work at the beginning of the Great War. The work started among orphan and refugee children. In France Dr.

E. W. Bysshe established a *foyer retrouvé*, at Grenoble, and in Italy Sr. Riccardo Santi, our pastor at Naples, who had commenced orphanage work by taking two orphan children into his own home, enlarged his institution. The French work has grown until we have four Methodist homes, and Sr. Santi now has eighty boys and girls in our central building at Naples.

The armistice did not put an end to the necessity for work among children. Instead of closing our orphanages, we shall need to build more. We purpose to establish one in the Redeemed Lands of Italy at Trent, a memorial to Cæsare Battisti; one, perhaps, on the Marne battlefield; when the Balkans open to us, the orphaned children there should find us ready.

During the war our relief work naturally centered about the children. At present it just as naturally focuses around the people who are returning to devastated homes in France and Italy. In France our work of helping these people is localized. The Government has assigned to the Methodist Episcopal Church the ministry in relief and reconstruction in eleven villages in the vicinity of Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood.

Château-Thierry itself is not included in our district for reconstruction, but we propose to use it as a distributing post and as a center for the good offices of Big Brotherhood for the entire section. There we plan to build a *foyer* equipped for the recreation and re-creation of all the surrounding villages. In this *foyer* we shall attempt to do for French families, in part at least, what welfare huts did for the soldiers during the war.

Casas in the Redeemed Lands of Italy will be similar to these French *foyers*. Each will serve as a distributing center for supplies, will in some instances be headquarters for district workers—nurses, colporteurs, friendly visitors—and will also be equipped, it may be, with moving pictures and victrolas to aid in social life.

work are, Methodism must have a more permanent policy if we hope to be an agency of lasting good to Europe. In a few years the orphans we are caring for will be grown, and the people of the battlefields will be established in new homes. With these conditions in view, we are planning many of our institutions so that they will have continued usefulness in more normal times.

For example, our orphanage for boys at Charvieu, near Lyons, is on a two-hundred-acre farm. There we plan to develop a model farm where the boys can be taught scientific agriculture, and where farmers from the surrounding country can see modern machinery in use.

A similar farm may be established among the cliff dwellers of Sicily, in Sicily, and one, possibly, somewhere in the Balkans.

Work in the cities of Europe is no less important than rural work.

Naples is typical of our plans for the great seaports and industrial centers. In Naples we already have a central building. Part of it is rented, part is used as a church, and part houses the orphans.

The crowded city is not the place for an institution for children. It is planned to move this orphanage to the suburbs, and in the rooms which they have occupied we shall establish other work.

For other children who are not orphans we need a day nursery. Since 1914, as never before, the women of Europe are working in factories, and they need a place to leave their children during the day. This need is so immediate that the deputation which visited Europe last winter provided for a day nursery in Naples as an

emergency measure. Natural outgrowths of this nursery will be a canteen and a clinic.

The fact that Naples is the great port of embarkation for Southern Italy opens up another line of work. For the sailors who come to the city we shall have a lodging house. The place will be equipped with gymnasium, shower-baths and reading room, and will make possible decent living conditions for seamen in port.

Another part of the Naples port work will be an emigration bureau where Italians who expect to come to America may receive information, learn a little English, and find out what to do when they reach New York. A special department of the Italian government is at work on this problem, and with these authorities our co-operation will be close.

A student center is also needed in Naples, for in the city there is a university with thousands of students where we hope to influence the future leaders of Italy.

Throughout all of our work we shall lay stress upon education, for the people of Europe are more than ever anxious to know American educational ideals and to find substitutes for the German methods in vogue before the war.



In the Naples Orphanage Sr. Santi Cares for Eighty of Italy's 450,000 War Orphans.

tion Program for Europe

Methodist stations are already scattered throughout Europe—more than five hundred of them in eleven countries—and as a result of the War Emergency and Reconstruction campaign there will be more.

The map gives some idea of the location of stations established and proposed.

The Centenary program for Europe includes new missions in Spain, Roumania, and the Jugo-Slav State, as well as the extension of work in the countries already occupied.

Our Industrial Institute in Venice, where the boys are taught wood-carving and other trades, will be enlarged so that it can accommodate more boys and additional trades are to be put into the course of study. Negotiations for additional property are now under way.

Our new Collegio on Monte Mario, projected before the war, will be pressed to the earliest possible realization. Building will be commenced as soon as practicable. The number of students is increasing. Educational ideals, which include with the intellectual training definite spiritual influence, will not be lowered. The urgency for this school has received new emphasis in the presence of new events.

The work undertaken under Methodist auspices in Europe is not confined to France and Italy, although recent surveys of these countries make our plans more complete there than elsewhere.

In Russia our enterprise is already established, and during 1919 we expect to strengthen the places already occupied and to begin work in one or two other stations made important by the war. Most careful study will be given to the religious, political and economic problems in Russia in order that wise policies may underly the whole scheme of work when undertaken in any comprehensive program.

Recent political changes make possible enlarged work in the Balkans, the exact type and method of which will be determined after consideration and consultation, both on the field and at home.

Under instructions of the Mission Board, work has been opened in Spain by the taking over of Mission schools in Seville and Alicante. Other plans for Spain are pending, awaiting advices from the representatives now in conference with the Protestant forces on the field.

"Europe," in our evangelical program, includes North Africa, where the war has created an unprecedented opportunity. Everywhere our hostels are full, and there are great opportunities for the extension of Christian work among both the Arabs and the Berbers.

As this is written the armistice has not been ended. We await



Plans for the new work emphasize social service. There will be clinics and day nurseries, community centers and model farms, as well as schools and churches.

Methodism will also aid in the rebuilding of twelve villages near Château-Thierry and will send to Europe relief cargoes of food, clothing, furniture, and farm implements.

To meet this program the Church is raising \$2,500,000 in 1919, twelve and a half times the amount appropriated in 1918.

the signing of the treaty that we may formulate plans with regard to the thirty thousand Methodists in Germany and Austria. Churches in Alsace and Lorraine will be administered in connection with the French Mission.

The underlying principles for a policy in Europe are firmly fixed in the minds of those who are responsible for the Church's enterprise there.

The purpose is not to supplant Protestant agencies now effectively at work but to supplement them. There is no zeal for the spread of denominational propaganda. The attempt to impose American Methodism, as such, upon these self-respecting and in many ways self-reliant peoples would be idle. It is true, we go into these lands as Methodists, but we recognize that the process of evangelization must include the multiplication of American Methodist agents or agencies, chiefly for the purpose of developing among the peoples themselves the ideals and the methods which have proved fruitful in our own land. Emphasis will be put not only upon the salvation of the individual but upon that community service which in the largest sense is an expression of the organized life of the Kingdom of God. Every effort will be made to secure friendly co-operation and to avoid that overlapping in organization and service which is a glaring defect in the denominational life of America. Constantly it will be remembered that there are millions in these lands of Europe who have no connection whatever with any ecclesiastical organization, and that, with the agitations which are affecting the strength of the great State Churches, the processes of evangelization may be hastened and greatly strengthened.

In the broader interpretations of the Commission of an ecumenical Church like our own, it would seem to be clear that there is a peculiar significance in a program which aims to develop in other lands religious conditions that will be a unifying power which, paralleling the influence of a political league of nations, would create a definite kinship between nations separated by history, custom and environment.

Why Missions in Christian Europe?

(Continued from page 9)

over to that water spout and blessed the water, it would be just as holy as the water the priest blesses." "No," replied the peasant, "he wouldn't know what words to say over it."

Because, in crossing from Naples to New York in the steerage, I found every Italian in the steerage equipped with a talisman, blessed and sold to him by the Church to protect him.

Because a poor family upon whose land the mortgage was about to be foreclosed and who went to the village priest for help, were told to invest what they had left in a potent talis-

man which he would bless for them, a colored picture of San Gregorio Magno. They still cling to the picture, but have lost the land.

Because if your eye, ear, nose, arm or foot be ailing you have only to go to the shop where articles of piety are sold, buy a wax eye, a wax arm, a waxen image of whatever part of the anatomy is concerned, lay it before the proper saint, and you will be healed.

Because of the mal-odor of priestly immorality, concerning which there is unlimited concrete evidence, all of it unfit to be written or read. One of the greatest needs of Europe

to-day is leadership in a war against immorality. That leadership cannot come from the Roman Catholic Church.

Because intelligence and Catholicism do not mix. Where illiteracy is great there the Church is strong, and all its superstitions flourish, as in Southern Italy. Where education is advanced, as in Northern Italy and France, the veneration of images and lucky pieces and the babbling of unknown things in Latin have been replaced by skepticism and indifference. Intelligence and Catholicism are the two pans of a pair of scales. It is physically impossible

(Continued on page 29)



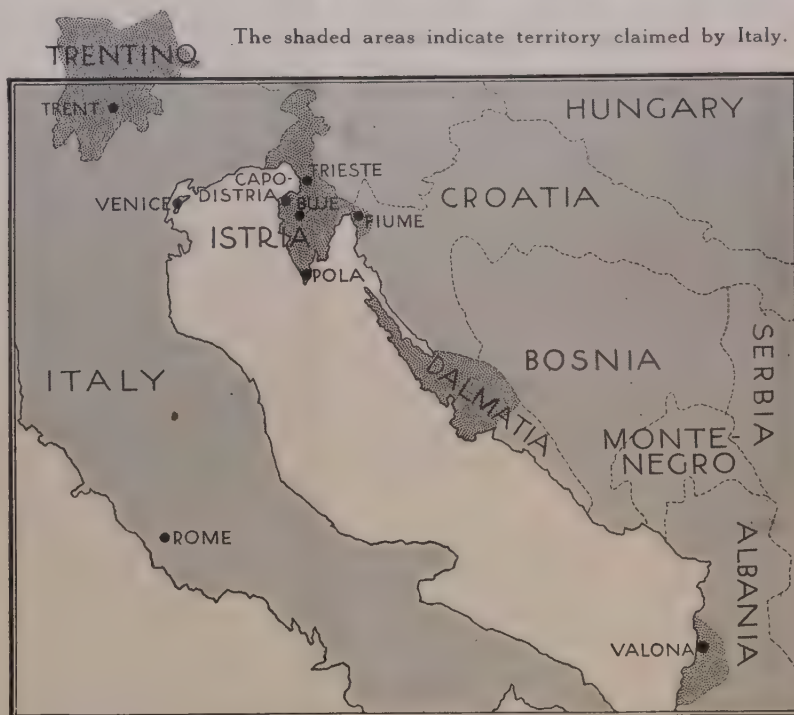
WHY ITALY FEELS SO KEENLY ABOUT IT

There is lack of understanding in America concerning Italy's claims.

Italy has been charged with "imperialistic ambitions." Although not all of Italy's demands may have been faultlessly just, yet so sweeping a charge is not supported by the facts.

The sufferings and sacrifices of the Italians of Istria have been such that there is small wonder, after all, that they should insist upon being placed securely under the rule of the mother country, Italy.

By Willard Price
Just returned from Fiume



COLONEL VOGELHÜBER had had a good day. He was the Austrian commander in Buje, a town of Istria—the land which during recent weeks has been claimed with so much fervor by both Italy and Jugo-Slavia. The country, although containing a large Italian population, has for centuries been under the rule of Austria. During the war, Austria, fearing and hating the Italians of Istria, placed every town under drastic military control. It was the chief task of Colonel Vogelhuber, commander of Buje, to make the Italians feel his presence. They had felt it to-day. Incensed by his latest decrees, they had come in crowds below his windows, discussing, gesticulating, angrily demanding an audience, until his troops had rammed them in the stomach with the butts of rifles and driven them off. Off to their homes where they would find that during their absence a few more objects had mysteriously disappeared. Woolen clothing, perhaps, or some pieces of furniture or a cherished picture. Not stolen, of course. "Requisitioned." It was neat.

He had had a good day but he would have a better evening. They had wanted an audience. Very well. That evening he would grant an audience to their leading citizens. More than that—he would dine them!

The leading citizens of Buje will not soon forget that dinner. The meal itself was excellent—ininitely better than any that they had had for months. It consisted of meats "requisitioned" from their own herds and flocks, grains from their own fields, wine from their own cellars. The host, Colonel Vogelhuber, sat at the head of the table, all smiles and benignity. He was solicitous that every one should have plenty. When the repast was finished, he rose.

Slavs, such as the Croatian farmer pictured on the opposite page, are numerous in some of the country districts of Istria.

He called the attention of the Italians of Buje to the fact that he had sent very few of them to Austrian internment camps. He emphasized his tolerance and liberality in this matter. His action, however, had been guided by a definite purpose. It might please them to be informed as to the purpose, which he had had in mind.

"I do not care to intern you," he said, in a smiling climax, "because I prefer to execute you!"

"The troops of Italy are at present making some advance. I wish simply to announce to you now that before they ever reach Buje I shall have the pleasure of seeing every man of you shot. Good-night, gentlemen. The pleasure has been mine."

Then, showing the yellow streak always present in such natures, he hastily summoned his soldiers, and every guest was escorted to the street at the point of a bayonet.

A gay, dashing wag was Vogelhuber. Dashing he was certainly, a few weeks later, when the Italian Bersagliere swept into Buje so suddenly that he did not have time to make good his promise, but found it prudent to run to save his own skin, even leaving a precious carload of stolen treasures behind him.

The tyrannies of Vogelhuber in Buje were duplicated, with variations, in the other towns and villages of this land. Istria is a roughly triangular peninsula lying at the head of the Adriatic. The southern apex of the triangle projects into the sea. At the western apex where the peninsula joins the mainland stands the magnificent, much contended for city of Trieste. At the eastern apex, also adjoining the mainland, is the less important but even more disputed city of Fiume. West of Istria lies Italy, east of it Jugo-Slavia. Each has claimed the peninsula.

As for the political questions involved, I do not wish to take them up here in detail, but merely to say that having recently visited every part of Istria, I have found it the Land of Hidden Flags—Italian flags, which had been concealed in nooks and corners in attic or cellar, for years or decades, in some cases for more than a century since the time of Napoleon, awaiting the time when they might again be thrown loose from windows and masts to welcome the soldiers of Italy.

What Lorraine and Alsace have been to France, the Trentino and Istria have been to Italy. Formerly they were Italian territory, of old under the Roman Empire, later under the Venetian Republic. Austria herself, after annexing, commonly referred to this part of her domain as Italian Austria. Just as in Alsace I found strong and numerous German elements, so in Istria there are more numerous though far less strong and intelligent Slavic elements. In the country districts of the interior, the peasants are Croats, Rumanians and Slovenes—but the cities and towns and the country districts of the coast are Italian. As Alsace belongs rightfully to France, so Istria, including Fiume, is properly a part of Italy.

One of the most heroic chapters of the war will concern Istria. That chapter will tell of the men who altered their clothing and appearance, changed their names, slipped out of their villages under cover of night, crawled for days through woods and over mountains to avoid the roads, and by one device or

More fortunate than most Istrian children, with her plump cheeks, household goods and a donkey to ride on. Austrian oppression was hard on childhood.



Looking from an Ancient Venetian Ca



"Either Italy or Death" is the slogan of the posters in the streets of Fiume.



another evaded the Austrian military and police and finally succeeded in crossing the border into Italy. There they enlisted in the Italian army. Of course, from the Austrian viewpoint this was treason. These men, if taken prisoners, would not merely be assigned to a concentration camp. They would be executed as traitors. They knew this. It would have been infinitely less perilous for them simply to submit, as subjects of Austria, to conscription into the Austrian army. And yet, thousands from Istria and the other "Unredeemed Lands" (so called because past repeated wars had failed to redeem them to Italy) not only at the risk of their own lives but of the lives of the relatives they left behind, escaped to Italy to take part in the redemption.

In the list of those captured and executed are the following great names, every one of which will have its monument and its sacred place in Italian memory—Battisti, Filzi, Sciesa, Rismondo and Sauro.

And the mothers, wives and children of these patriots? They, too, endured.

The Methodist Reconstruction Commission, planning relief for Istria, meets Pastor Dardi at the door of the Methodist Church in Trieste.

e Down Upon Fiume and the Adriatic



A happy land for husbands. The Croatian man rides. The woman walks and carries the baggage.



In the effort to save the life of her son, whose picture she holds, she defied the most brutal inquisitorial methods of an Austrian tribunal.



The old lady cast a look of pity at the young man, seemingly quite impersonal pity. She said nothing.

"Is this your son?"

"No, that is not my son."

"Do not try to make fools of us, old woman. We have absolute evidence that this is Sauro, formerly Bonivento of Capodistria, and he is your son. No pretenses of yours can save him. Through the graciousness of the tribune you have been permitted to come here to say farewell to your son before he is hanged. Take quick advantage of the opportunity. The time is brief."

And there was a bustle of simulated preparation in the tribune. But the old lady stood unmoved.

"I am Italian," she said, turning her quiet, unflinching gaze on her judges. "My son is Italian, and somewhere he

In the fairy city of Capodistria, which projects white and shining and betowered into the baby blue Adriatic, I visited the home of the martyred Sauro. His sister told me the story. It was not the first time I had heard it. Almost every Italian soldier can relate it; it is known throughout Italy and will never be forgotten. It is perhaps the chief hero-story of Italy's war, and this fact is of peculiar interest, since the story is not so much the story of the soldier as of the soldier's mother.

When the war broke out, a citizen of Capodistria named Bonivento escaped to Italy with his wife and children. His sister and aged mother remained in Capodistria. In common with the other secret volunteers, he changed his name, the better to avoid detection. His adopted name was Sauro. He became commander of a submarine and constantly invaded the ports of the Austrian coast. The Austrians feared him because they knew him to be thoroughly acquainted with the ports, and absolutely fearless.

On one unfortunate voyage his machinery failed and he was captured. He was brought before the tribune at Pola. There certain Austrians thought they recognized him as Sauro, the former Bonivento of Capodistria. The tribune submitted him to grilling cross-examination, but could get no admission from him.

Then they had a happy thought. They would bring the mother of Sauro before the tribune, face to face with the prisoner. If this man was truly Sauro, and her son, there would at once be recognition and the traitor would stand betrayed by his own mother.

Weakened by months in an Austrian internment camp near Vienna and awearied by the sleepless nights and crowded days of a long train trip, the mother and sister were brought into the courtroom. Before them stood their son and brother. They had not seen him for a year. But why was he here—before an Austrian tribune!

Intuition was quick.

There was not a sign of recognition!

The watching tribune was disappointed. Their task was not to be so easy as they had thought. They turned to inquisitorial methods.

"This man," they said, "is a traitor to Austria. He is to be hanged to-day."



The orphans of Sauro are very young to have so tragic a memory. Their father was hanged for loyalty to his country.

is bravely fighting for the *Patria*. I am sorry for the fate of this young man who also has been fighting for our Italy. But at least I can be thankful that he is not my son."

By prearrangement, an officer entering the room announced that the executioner had arrived. He had brought the necessary rope and equipment. The gallows was being put in order.

But the brutal little trick did not succeed. The mother waited calmly for the court to have done with her. The prisoner stood straight, stern and silent, contemptuous of his captors.

From eight in the morning until one in the afternoon the two women endured a constant cross-examination. They did not break down. They never wept. Even when the prisoner was led off to his cell, they made no sign.

During the afternoon, further Austrian evidence convinced the tribune that this was truly Sauro. At 7:14 he was brought out to

the gallows. The women were given another opportunity to say farewell. Still hoping against hope that they might yet save him, they declined this precious privilege.

"Surely," pled the old mother in the last desperate moments, "surely you can see that this cannot be my son. He is indifferent to me. I am indifferent to him. You are mistaken and you will do murder if you execute this man without proof of his identity."

They waved her aside. Sauro was brought out. Austrian soldiers were waiting to conduct him to the gallows. He ignored them and went alone. The rope was placed. The world gave way beneath him. The body oscillated at the end of the rope.

The old mother fainted away.

Only then, when she had done all she could, when there was nothing more her glorious spirit could endure for her son, she let nature have its way.

The Austrians gathered about her, wagging their fingers at her.

"Ah, ha!" they said triumphantly. "So he was your son, after all!"

Yes, clever murderers, he was her son. And the heroism of the mother of Sauro—and who can forget that of the sister, also—will stand to their glory and your shame so long as there is a sense of glory and shame in the world.

In their home, there was no impression of adamant about these women. As the sister falteringly told the story, the mother's weary old eyes glistened through tears and her cheeks trembled. She had just been tidying up the very humble apartment, although there was not much to tidy since the Austrians had stripped it of everything

worth while, and she still wore her apron and a cloth about her hair. One of her grandchildren, a tiny daughter of Sauro, had pressed a doll into her unregarding hands. And as she sat there, half weeping, unconsciously smoothing the fuzzy hair of the doll, as she had doubtless so often caressed the head of her own martyred boy, she looked so gentle and small and helpless that one felt like taking her up in one's arms and comforting her like a hurt child. Yet this was the woman who to protect her son had defied the most brutal tactics of an Austrian tribunal and had been staunch to the death.

The defiance of Istria to Austrian authority has been a constant miracle. Of course, every new defiance meant new oppression. And yet the Italians did not seem to have enough of that sometimes spineless thing called common sense to bow meekly to Austrian rule and thereby avoid trouble. By way of reprisal, scores of towns and villages were stripped clean by the Austrian troops. Copper, brass, furniture, carpets, pictures, silverware, dishes, bedding, mattresses and the beds themselves, all went. The vineyards, olive groves and farms were "requisitioned."

Near Buje in order to build trenches (which were never used) four hundred olive trees were cut down. To understand what this means it is necessary to realize that in this cool climate an olive tree requires the lifetime of a man to grow to full fruiting condition.

Grain, cattle, sheep, donkeys were taken away. The church bells were lowered from their places and sent to do their pious duty in more loyal parts of the Austrian Empire. Clothing of all kinds, suits, underwear, hats, stockings, shoes, even the night dresses of women and the ten-foot strips of cloth in which babies are swaddled, were appropriated. The children of Istria have gone cold for three winters. The winter in Istria is not bitter—and yet there is considerable snow in some parts of the country, and during February I found heavy winter clothing, woolen trench socks and a great-coat none too much for comfort. Meanwhile little tads sought the sunny places, dressed only in ragged shirt and breeches, their legs blue-black from exposure. Influenza and pneumonia have reaped a heavy harvest.

Great numbers of the men were sent away to internment camps. During their absence, their property naturally ran into debt. Under official pressure the holders of the mortgages foreclosed and the property was sold to Germans and Austrians. The victims of this little game, when finally released, came home only to find themselves homeless.

After three years of such forms of oppression, imagine the day of liberation!

"Everybody wept," said the notary of a west coast town. "When the Bersagliere came running into town we could only stand along the sides of the streets and cry like infants. When we tried to cheer we choked."

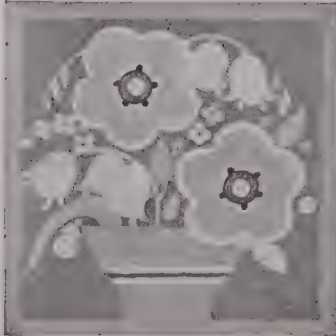
(Continued on page 30)




Gradually she is refurnishing her house and reclothing her children. It is a slow process. Italian villages were robbed clean by the Austrians of everything from church bells to babies' stockings.



A member of Italy's most magnificent body of fighters, the Bersagliere.



Russia's Need for a Friendly Hand



By Catherine Breshkovsky

DO you ask me why I especially address my woes and sorrows to you? It is because we Russians regard Americans as a people that have always cherished their liberty, that have always held high the standards of democracy, that have never stood for despotism and oppression; and also because many times have we heard from you words of friendship, words that give us the hope to see in you faithful brothers, always ready to aid us in the hour of our hardships.

This hour has come, and I, the old nurse of my beloved, suffering child, I come to tell you, friends, about its sufferings. Great are these sufferings, and undeserved. It would be a great sin to leave Russia alone, her bleeding wounds unattended. While we lived through all the horrors of war, paying ten million in casualties, of whom three million are dead and about a million disabled for life, your sufferings in this war were comparatively small.

The United States does not count her war orphans by the millions, and she is happy in that she is sure of her future. Her children are growing up without witnessing atrocities and degradation. May the security and happiness of the American people be blessed forever! My friends, he who has much must give much. From the very beginning of the history of this country we see her people possessed of a high degree of culture and spiritual enlightenment, we see in them fighters for liberty, defenders of human dignity. We see in the people of this country the eldest brethren of the Russian people, and we hope they will stretch forth their hands to us without pride, unselfishly, bringing moral and material aid.

Of what nature should this aid be? What are the immediate needs of the Russian people? Our greatest, deepest, most immediate need is the creation of conditions under which the Russian people will be able to convoke an All-Russian Constituent Assembly. Russia will never be quiet and

satisfied until her representatives, freely chosen by the entire population, will establish a constitution for the state, will lay the foundation for a stable, democratic government, insuring laws that accord with the wills and desires of the Russian people.

There is no doubt that Russia will be able to find the right path, but her pains, her bloody sufferings, will be known only to the millions of Russian mothers and the millions of our other innocent martyrs, our orphans.

The illness that was not stopped in time, I fear, may be prolonged for years.

Only through insistent and incessant work and efforts can Russia be brought to the normal conditions, to the position in which she found herself two years ago, after the glorious revolution of March, 1917.

It is your duty, good friends, to aid by your sympathy and your deeds. Especially by your deeds, for our people, long deceived in their hopes, will give credit only to those who really and practically give them proof of their sympathy, to those who aid them to bring up the millions of Russian orphans, deprived of shelter and the most elementary means of education.

Russia is exhausted through the war and the terrible civil strife. Her industries are disorganized, her means of transportation are destroyed, her education is at a standstill. Without industry, means of transportation, and education, Russia faces conditions the horror of which cannot be expressed.

I undertook it as my task to present to the American people the tragedy of the people of Russia, in order that the American democracy might render us the immediate help necessary for reestablishing democratic order. Recalling with gratitude the true friendship which the people of this country have shown me during my exile in Siberia, I appeal to the people of the United States to help my suffering people, the people of Russia.

The Failure of An Autocratic Church

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY, "The Grandmother of The Russian Revolution," has come to America to tell of the needs of her people. She is seventy-five years old, but the task is not too great for the woman who has spent almost half her life in Siberian exile.

To a member of World Outlook staff she said:

"It is Russia's misfortune that she has never had a good clergy. Our priests have been the friends, not of the people, but of the monarchy. You in America can speak freely in your churches. Our clergy have not been permitted to speak the truth. They have not been allowed to propagate the New Testament. Our clergy have formed a caste by themselves and clergy-men's sons have been expected to go to clerical seminaries and to marry priests' and deacons' daughters. Now it is different; the government schools and the priests' schools have been destroyed. Now the people must organize new schools and must have priests of their own choosing. Men must be free to choose their own professions and not be forced into them because of the condition of their birth.

"The church under the Czar did nothing for the people, in morals, education or spiritual enlightenment. It stood with the dark powers of the state. It was a pillar of autocracy. Its members were placeholders, interested in their fat jobs and the regime which assured them. Most of all I hold against it the failure to educate the people.

"When the revolution came, with the first elections some of the priests tried to run for office. They failed dismally. The people said, 'You never did anything for us before, you never took our part when we were in trouble; why should we trust you now?'

"The Russians some day will build a new church, founded on spirituality and service to mankind, a church of the people.

"When better times come let your church lead in the education of Russia and it will be assured of a welcome. And a happier day will come—these horrors cannot last forever."

Mrs. Refugee Sends in a Large Order

By Adelaide Lyons

“AND don't forget the snap-fasteners, Henri.”

That's Europe's parting injunction to every merchant who puts in an order for American goods. Europe apparently has learned the value of holding together, for 36,000,000 fasteners have gone into a single country since the armistice.

Snap are just one example of the way American goods are hurrying across to reconstruct Europe. There are tractors and tooth paste and baseball bats, there are brooms and brushes—a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of them—to clean up after the war, and there are 141,527 pairs of rubber boots and shoes to make us believe the stories about Brest.

Some European concerns seem to have caught the American department store idea of everything from a teaspoon to a threshing machine. One French company sent a representative over here to get agencies for wall paper, electric apparatus, buttons, snaps, railway cars, oil, asphalt, patent office furniture, phonographs, automobiles and motion picture machines.

The old rule which says that French peasants never change is like the verbs in the French grammar—mostly exceptions. The first exception is that Mrs. Refugee wants an American enamelware kettle, and the second is like unto it. She wants an alarm clock. For the pots and pans she has paid \$319,000 and for the clocks \$238,000.

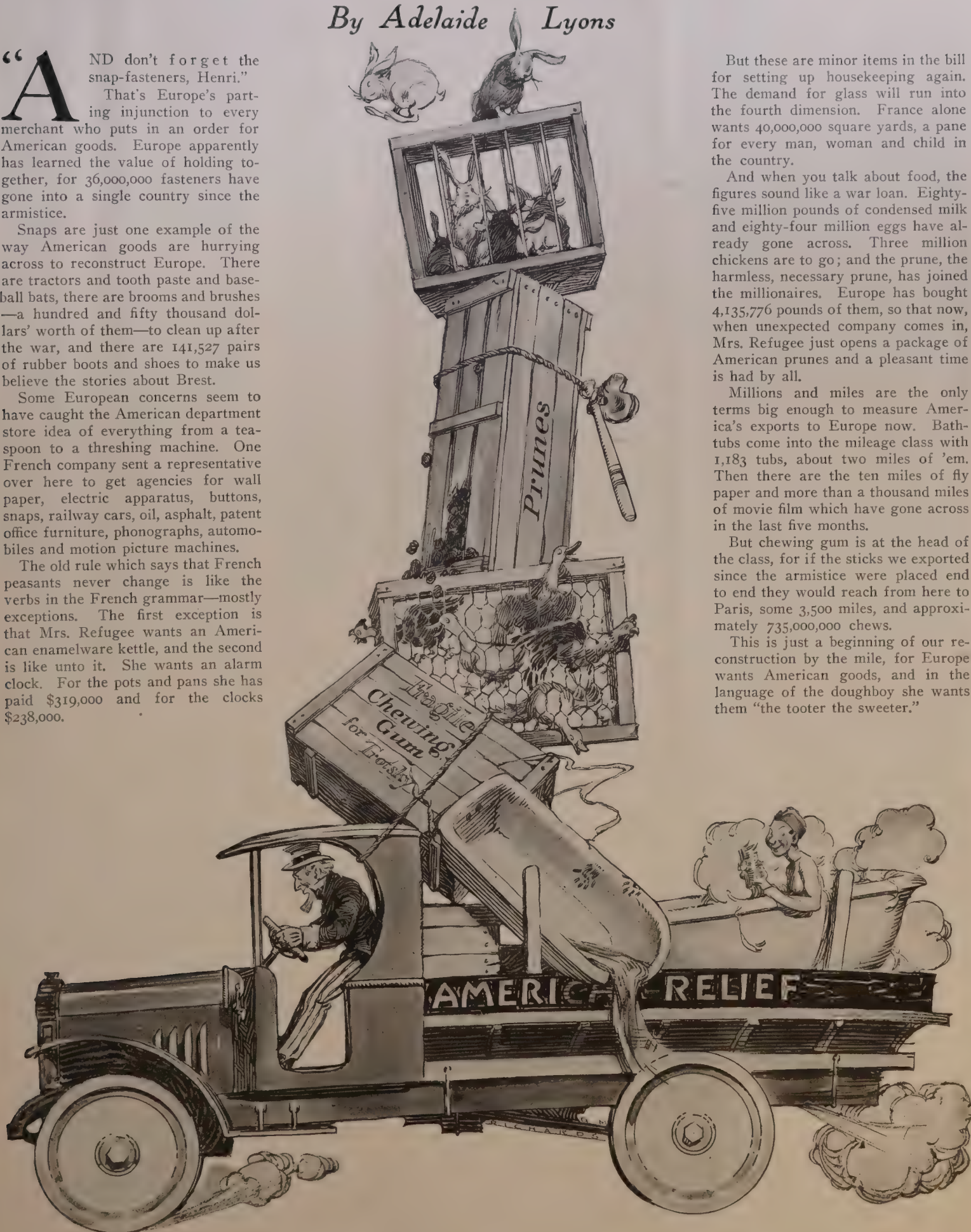
But these are minor items in the bill for setting up housekeeping again. The demand for glass will run into the fourth dimension. France alone wants 40,000,000 square yards, a pane for every man, woman and child in the country.

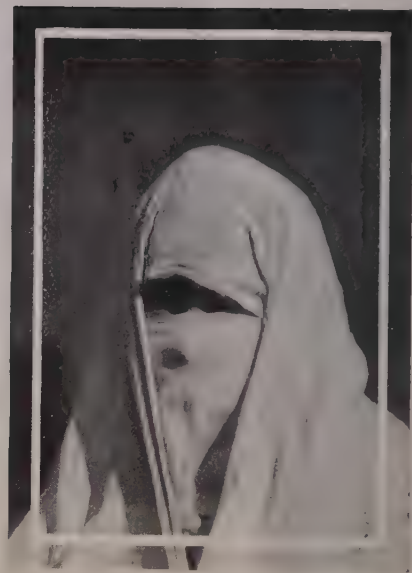
And when you talk about food, the figures sound like a war loan. Eighty-five million pounds of condensed milk and eighty-four million eggs have already gone across. Three million chickens are to go; and the prune, the harmless, necessary prune, has joined the millionaires. Europe has bought 4,135,776 pounds of them, so that now, when unexpected company comes in, Mrs. Refugee just opens a package of American prunes and a pleasant time is had by all.

Millions and miles are the only terms big enough to measure America's exports to Europe now. Bath-tubs come into the mileage class with 1,183 tubs, about two miles of 'em. Then there are the ten miles of fly paper and more than a thousand miles of movie film which have gone across in the last five months.

But chewing gum is at the head of the class, for if the sticks we exported since the armistice were placed end to end they would reach from here to Paris, some 3,500 miles, and approximately 735,000,000 chews.

This is just a beginning of our reconstruction by the mile, for Europe wants American goods, and in the language of the doughboy she wants them “the tooter the sweeter.”





A Mohammedan shut-in.

The Mark of War in North Africa

FRANCE-IN-EUROPE expects to regain part of her war losses by developing France-in-Africa, a territory twenty times as large as the mother country and full of commercial possibilities.

Before the war France trained these colonies by building railroads, schools and highways. In response Africa subscribed \$88,000,000 to the war loans and sent to France all her young men who were physically fit. Now these men are coming home ready to take part in plans for the future of their country—plans which include an Algerian merchant marine and aeroplane post across the Sahara.

"We want wives who know how to do things," say the young Africans who fought in Europe. "Let us have girls from your hostel." And then they are disappointed because the missionaries cannot supply the demand. To satisfy the waiting list of soldiers the missions plan to open short courses in wife-training.

Sheep-raising is one of the chief industries of Algeria and Morocco. Morocco alone sent 60,000,000 pounds of wool to France during the war.





The narrow streets of Algiers are lighted by gas now, and the gorge which has made Constantine a fortress since the time of Carthage is spanned by the highest stone bridge in the world.



As a reward for military services France is granting partial citizenship to soldiers who went to Europe and to their fathers as well. These men may have a vote in local affairs and are encouraged to re-establish the old Berber *djemaa*, or town-meeting. But this advance in self-government means a decline in the power of Mohammedanism for all who accept naturalization privileges pass from under the Moslem social law to the French civil code which forbids polygamy and regulates divorce.

Thus the last phase of Islam's three-fold authority is passing. As a political power Mohammedanism is hopelessly divided; its religious position has been shaken until travelers remain for weeks in North Africa without hearing a call to prayer; and now its social order is attacked.

As a result of such wise colonial policies North Africa is becoming an integral part of the French republic, both politically and socially.

Why They Are Called "Friends"

Their religion did not permit them to kill—but 100% of the 120,000 American Quakers got together to do everything they could for the War sufferers.

By Lucy Huffaker

WILLIAM and Richard walked quietly from the red brick "Friends' Meeting House" across Stuyvesant Square. It was early spring in 1917. And the United States had declared war on Germany.

William and Richard were young and strong; they were one hundred per cent able to pass the most rigorous physical examination. But they were Friends, and their religious convictions made it impossible for them to put on the uniform of the country they loved, to kill other men. It was hard for them. They were not afraid of danger, and they wanted people to know that.

Together, William and Richard asked to be sent overseas to do what they could for people in need. And they were not alone; to a man the Quakers offered to do anything and everything except fight.

They saw the great need for their work in the French villages that the enemy had destroyed, and they mapped out a reconstruction program. Although there are

only 120,000 Friends in the United States—and that includes their "birthright" numbers—and they are not a rich people, they raised \$750,000 for their work within the first eighteen months of the war. Ninety per cent of their church membership, including the children, pay monthly pledges.

The men and women who went overseas to work, of course without pay—and many of them left good positions behind. They receive only food and shelter and necessary clothing. Scientific management is used in providing these bare necessities—otherwise how could a worker be supported at an average cost of four francs, seventy-five centimes a day?

When the armistice was signed, there were 550 Friends working in France; fifty of them were women. There are more there now; they have been sailing at the rate of about fifty a month, for the rebuilding of forty villages requires work. The Friends are working in the region of Verdun, but that is only part of their undertaking.

"You cannot destroy the land," is one of the age-old sayings which the great war has disproved. There are wide areas so cut by shells that experts say agriculture will be impossible for generations. They can be used only for the grazing of sheep and the raising of pine forests. In the Argonne Forest, given over to the Friends, every

inch of the soil for twenty miles in each direction has been torn to pieces. In other places, only extra care is needed to produce crops. This year's crop in the Château-Thierry district, where cultivation was begun as soon as the Germans had been driven away, will not be a bumper one. But a beginning has been made.

Where was the necessary farm machinery to come from? Not nearly enough could be imported. So every bit of metal and of

wood found in clearing the land has been saved. Repair shops where implements can be made usable again, if not "quite as good as new," have been set up in villages, and men, too old or too disabled to do the more strenuous work of clearing the land, have been taught to do repair work.

Thousands of the people were without homes. That problem has been solved by portable houses. Two large factories, one at Dole and the other at Ormans, are running at full speed, making these houses.

Industry as well as farms had to be restored. There is always a market for

laces and embroideries, and hands too small and frail to use a saw or spade can make them. At Bar-le-duc, Sermaize and Chalons, great workrooms have been provided for women to work, and in hundreds of homes throughout France women are earning with their needles.

Health is another thing the Quakers are supplying. At Malabry they have a tuberculosis sanitarium, with two hundred cottages. In a hospital in Sermaize one surgeon, Dr. Babbitt, has a record of 1100 operations, with only seventeen deaths in all that number. In every village lessons in hygiene are given. Special stress is laid on teaching children proper living conditions and the workers do not become discouraged when some of their lessons seem to go awry, as in the case of the little girl who insisted she was old enough to care for herself, and was discovered brushing her curls with the toothbrush which had been given her. The Quakers have gone into Holland and Serbia, as well as France. Even in Russia they have an orphan asylum with 500 children in it.

The soldiers' work is done. The work of those who are reconstructing Europe is just begun. They know that they must stay on until they are needed no more. And until they come sailing home again the Friends in America will save and economize and manage, so that the growing band of Friends in Europe can do their work.



Portable houses, made by the Quakers at Dole and Ormans, are helping replace the thousands of ruined homes.

Cargoes of Courage

(Continued from page 10)

Now the Red Cross is going into Bulgaria and Rumania, and the Methodist church is beginning the second chapter in the story of relief work.

At first the church planned to send a relief

ship, but the Italian and French governments offered free transportation to any relief material sent across. So the church decided merely to collect and distribute the cargoes.

They will equip the returning people with clothing, household utensils, and farming implements. The first materials will be distributed through villages in the Château-Thierry

region and through the Italian Irridenta.

More important than actual relief, these cargoes will help the refugees win back courage. When the women put on their new clothes, the first new dresses since the war—that will help build up morale. When the farmers examine the new American imple-

(Continued on Page 31)

As Europe Goes, the World Goes

By Bertrand M. Tipple

EUROPE today is a no-man's land where conflicting racial and social interests struggle for the conquest of the world.

I am not surprised at the radicalism manifest in this conflict. In the early months of the war I heard it talked by men in the trenches. I met it back of the lines in the workshops and in the homes of civilians. It is a deep-rooted, wide-spread movement, here to stay, and to stay in power unless the orgies of this new-found power overcome society itself.

If the forces of moral idealism control this conflict, we shall build up a different kind of a world, a world where justice and righteousness are fundamental in social policies and practices. But if the new leaders of Europe merely invert the old forms of class intolerance, we shall have another chapter in the History of the Fall of Nations. And this downfall will not be confined to continental Europe, for as Europe goes, so goes the world.

France rules half of Africa and is firmly established in Syria and the Far East.

Spanish migration is coloring Algeria and Mo-

rocco, and Spanish language and culture prevail over enormous sections of South America.

In broken-up Russia there are 170,000,000 people who cannot be shut away by themselves. Their thoughts and feelings will have an inevitable effect upon China, upon Japan, upon Mesopotamia, and, above all, upon the Balkans.

Even America is not free from this world current, for the Great War has forever destroyed our boasted isolation.

That is why Europe is the keystone of our world missionary movement.

If the social conflict in Europe ends in chaos, any success we may have in Africa, in India or China will be but a house of cards. But the rest of the world is ours if we can convince Europe that Christianity is the way of social peace.

Do you say it is impossible?

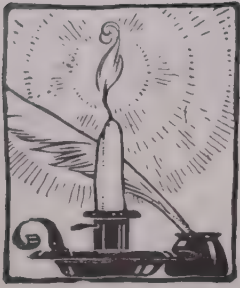
If to you it seems impossible, remember that your destiny with that of the rest of the world is being settled in Europe.

And the future is unthinkable if we cannot win Europe for the principles of Christianity.



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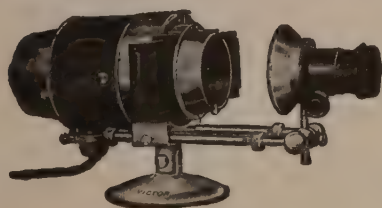
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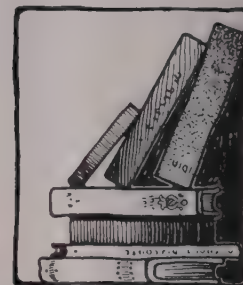
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BOOKS RECEIVED

- Balfour, Lady Frances. DR. ELSIE INGLIS. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.
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Why Missions?

(Continued from page 13)

for both to move upward at the same time.

Because Europe, in her present terrible depression after the Great War needs more than material assistance. Said a high official in the French Government, "It is true that we need America's financial help. But we could exist without it. It is, however, a matter of life and death that we should have America's moral and spiritual help—and we need it now."

Because, "There will be future wars in Europe," said a Colonel of the Italian Army. When asked why, he answered, "Since we are without religious leadership. The Catholic Church has destroyed itself by its own follies, and nothing has yet risen to take its place."

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what she likes best in bowls of milk. She will mention some Puffed Grains, probably.

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Ask the Man

what he likes with his berries. Let him mix Puffed Rice in once.

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Ask the Doctor

what he thinks of whole grains with every food cell exploded. Grain foods made by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and so every atom feeds.

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Italy Feels Keenly

(Continued from page 19)

Italian flags, wrinkled and musty from long concealment, appeared everywhere as if by magic. Campaniles were painted in the Italian colors. In Trieste, Fiume and the smaller cities posters blossomed forth (in fact, even before Austrian control was ended) proclaiming "Viva l'Italia," "O Italia O Morte" (Either Italy or Death), "Fiume Italiana," etc. Names of streets and squares were changed overnight to "Via dei Bersagliere," "Via Garibaldi," "Piazza 8 Novembre," "Corso Re Vittorio Emanuele II," "Piazza Dante," etc. Italians must express every great emotion in song, and hymns of freedom were published as fast as composers could write them and presses print them.

One old man who had been hiding the Italian flag for fifty years had died, requesting that when the day of freedom should come the flag should be raised above his grave. It is there now. A woman ninety-six years old had been waiting all her life to cheer the Italian soldiers entering Buje. Age had finally taken away her power to walk and her power to speak. When at last she was told that the Bersagliere had arrived she could only weep.

In the rejoicing of Istria, it is touching to notice the adoration for America and the American President. It is felt that not all the nations represented at the Peace Conference are friendly to the claims of Italy, but there has been faith that the Wilsonian ideals of justice and self-determination would have such power that the temporary Italian occupation of Istria and the Trentino will be indorsed by the Conference and made permanent.

"We feel," said an Italian colonel, "that our interests are assured by the presence of President Wilson at the Peace Conference."

The citizens' committee of Fiume, declaring that by right of the principle of "autodeterminazione," Fiume should be united to her mother country, Italy, concluded their proclamation by stating that Fiume "puts its decision under the protection of America, mother of liberty, and awaits for it the sanction of the congress of peace."

There have been thousands of posters with such titles as "Words of Wilson" and "To President Wilson," streets have been renamed "Via del President Wilson," the ship "Kaiser Franz Josef," of the Austro-American line, has been rechristened the "President Wilson," there are bronze busts and marble busts and silver medallions bearing the famous image, and great sepia portraits with no name—for the face is so well known that a name is unnecessary—but simply bearing the slogan, "Per I Diritti del Popolo" (For the Rights of the People), and there are Italian translations of his "Peace and War" and "The New Liberty," and biographical books and pamphlets concerning him in every bookstore window.

The occasional American soldier in Istria has gone among the awestruck people like a young god. The American flag has been everywhere.

Lately the popularity of the President has gone under a cloud—let us hope a temporary cloud. But the popularity of America still persists. The people act as if they feel they cannot afford to lose faith in America. Their

ideal of America is so precious that they refuse to be disillusioned of it, even by cruel events.

The responsibility and opportunity of America to-day are without precedent in the history of the world. More than half the world has been spiritually annexed to the United States. Annexation means responsibility. The duty of America to assure even-handed justice in the settlement of the claims of the Italian Redeemed Lands, and through her great relief organizations to come to the speedy relief of a starving and war-robbed people, is only typical of the duty of America throughout the world. No matter how cynical we who know our own faults may be as to our national virtue, and whether we like it or not, the world has decided to look to America as the Missionary Nation of the new era. If President Wilson should fail, if the country behind him should fail, there would be dragged down in that failure the hopes and rights of millions in remote lands the names of which the average American cannot pronounce. We may as well cease casting fond glances behind us toward the comfortable easy chair of our past isolation. We can never sink into it again. It is true we should not mix in foreign affairs in any unwarranted way. Nevertheless, we cannot escape the fact that the nations have by common consent assigned to us the responsibility of International Big Brother. We are expected to be the exponent of the Christian square deal throughout the world. To resign the responsibility would be to disgrace it. There is nothing left for us but to shake the cramp of self-seeking out of our shoulders and straighten up to the highest trust ever placed upon a nation.

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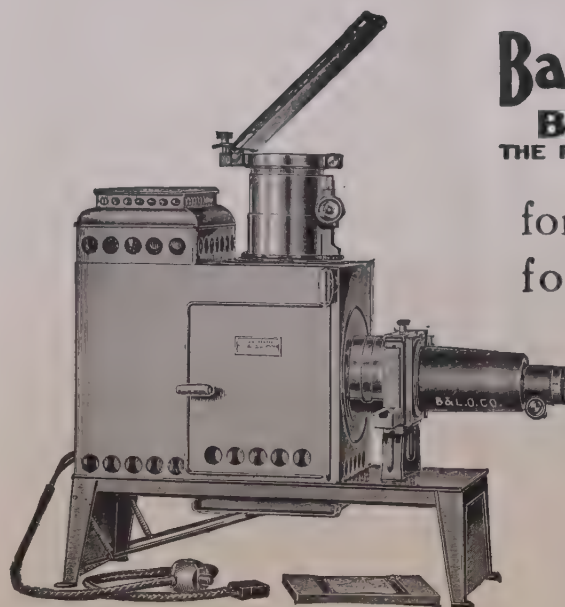
Continued from page 24

ments, that, too, will help build up morale. With an entire new supply of shining pans, Jeanne will not rest until Jacques has propped up the roof and patched the walls, so that she can hang the utensils in glistening array. And with new rakes and hoes leaning against the ruins, Jacques will not moan over his lost gardens; he will dig and rake and drag away the debris, until he can make long furrows for his seeds.

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And everywhere we are trying to find out what is needed, trying to avoid waste. We do not want to send leather shoes into a district where the people wear wooden ones. And always, along with the materials, we send our prayer, our sympathy and our confidence in the people who have returned to start life afresh. We will help to rebuild In His Name.



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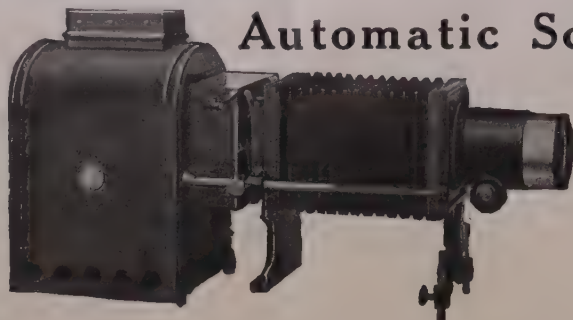
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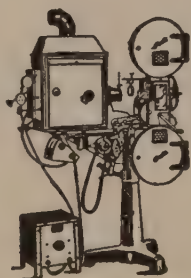
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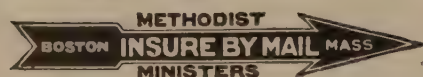
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Why We Are Later

WORLD OUTLOOK formerly was published on the tenth of the month preceding the date of the issue. That is, your June number formerly was published on May 10th. We have changed the date of publication to the last days of the preceding month. That is, if delivery is prompt you

should receive your June copy on or about June first, depending on how far away from New York you live. But delivery is not always prompt. Although the war is over, the Post Office has not gone back to its former high standard of efficiency. Our readers will make allowances for this.



Your Church the Community Center

PICTURE to yourself a saloonless neighborhood—a rumless city—a sober nation—and you can almost see a millennium. But *can* you? Is a saloonless community in this day and generation not rather like a vacuum? What is to take the place of the saloon as a social center? Rum had to go, and the saloon with it, but what shall fill the void?

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Search the catalogue of every form of entertainment and we defy you to find anything that can or that does attract so many and so many kinds of people as do the "Movies." You know that if you could attach this illimitable power to the activities of *your* church, you would fill from 50% to 100% of the vacuum. It is not challenging the truth to say that the movies are the most potent *unused* force in the world today to harness up to the church for the good of humanity. Shall commercialized enterprises reap the reward of a saloonless community or will your church under your beneficent, Christian leadership fill the gap? Will you let blood and thunder—or worse—get the audiences? Will *you* provide the thing that will give your church a new hold on humanity? This is the greatest *new* opportunity the Church has known since its modern development. Men of God, get a grip on this—perhaps last—opportunity of your lifetime to develop the Church into a 100% servant of humanity. Do it now, before the day is gone and your chance is lost forever. You have it in your power to be a new Herald of the Cross, by bringing together, under clean, wholesome, Christian influences the men, women and children whose social leader the Community Church can and should be. Grasp this force, this twentieth century talisman, under the potency of which you can entertain, educate, stimulate, inspire, and prove **Christianity the Most Fascinating Thing in the World**

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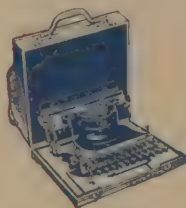
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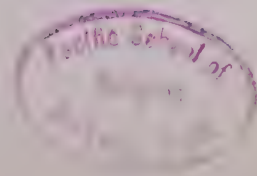
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WORLD OUTLOOK

JULY-1919
20 CENTS





Of late Japan, like the other nations, has gotten herself in the public eye chiefly because of her racial, industrial, and social unrest. It is good to be reminded that such things as Fuji, big, static, majestic, serene, still exist.

WORLD OUTLOOK

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Roof gardens and street lights are beginning to make North Africa modern



“NORWAY'S WINDOWS FACE WEST.”

All of her fjords and inlets are on the western coast. That is why Norwegians have been coming to the New World ever since the days of Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red. There are 500,000 of them in the United States now—one-fifth as many as in the old country—and our trade with Norway last year amounted to nearly \$90,000,000.

"MISS LAUT has a grasp upon the Mexican situation unexcelled by any person I have known except a statesman," says a man familiar with Latin American affairs. Noted as an investigator on economic sub-

jects, Miss Laut left no stone unturned to discover the true conditions in Mexico during a recent extended visit to that country. She presents her findings in two remarkable articles of which this is the first.

What Is the Matter with Mexico?

By Agnes C. Laut

IS Mexico coming back to normal, going back below normal, or simply marking time? Is any order coming out of the fearful welter of chaos in which the country has been plunging? The disorders that terminated the Diaz regime began in the spring of 1910. That is nine years ago.

Has revolution succeeding revolution, in changes so startling the outside world has lost count of motive and aim, attained any definite ends?

Is life safe? Is freedom more secure?

Is the condition of the poor improved? How about cost of living and wages?

How are the finances of the country? A big price has been paid in bloodshed. For seven of the nine years the country has been crucified in blood and fire. What has the big price paid brought?

Such contradictory reports come out of Mexico that the world is tired of explanations and opinions and demands facts. What are the facts?

The answer to that question is bound to prove the most vital test of the new League of Nations in its influence on American affairs; for the United States will be held responsible for Mexico; and three European nations have notified the Mexican Government they will hold it responsible for financial obligations and loss of life during the past seven years.

There is no blinking that fact. Great Britain, France and Spain have served that notice. The notice was first served in February and again in March. It was reiterated in France when Mr. Pani was refused admission to the league.

Independent of political catches in Mexico and political catches in the United States, the nations are going to demand an accounting, and all the silly propaganda put out to bluff facts will no more defer an ultimate accounting than German propaganda deferred the results of the armistice.

Is life safe?

In the cities, before dark, yes; in the country, daylight or dark, no; in the cities and country after dark, never. One beautiful Sunday morning I drove out the Chapultepec Road. The sunshine was diamond clear, as it always is in Mexico. Flowers were beginning to bloom everywhere. All Mexico City seemed out in a festive mood, going to church, coming from church, riding, driving, walking.

Bring a stranger into that scene and he would call Mexico a garden of Paradise, a land of heart's desire without any serpents beneath the flowers. But that very week a youth of eighteen, less than eight miles from the heart of Mexico City, was delivered back by the bandits opposite the Alameda—the Central Park of Mexico City—and \$4,000 paid for his ransom.

That very week two girls and a boy were kidnapped on a leading main street of the city and have not since been heard of.

About twenty miles outside city limits, one day, we dropped into a village school. I asked the teachers about their work. Their salaries ran at about the same level as a village school in the United States, but they were paid only 75 per cent in cash, the rest in bonds that yielded no interest. In other states they were paid only 50 per cent in cash. In yet other states their salaries were behind more than six months, and they described conditions as very "triste."

It was unsafe to sleep out in the villages near the schools. They nightly came into the nearest city for protection; for the bandits were just over the hill there, less than eight miles distant; and the conditions those teachers describe apply to every section in Mexico except Lower California, where for the past five years life has been safe.

Of conditions in the army, writing with the greatest restraint, if one is to tell the truth and not assist in confusing public thought, facts are infinitely worse.

Certain garrisons—seven in number—have not been paid for as long as six months. Soldiers are supposed to receive \$1 a day and 75 cents for keep of horse.

Out of that they have to find their own board, and so are usually accompanied by their families. In other garrisons they receive "25 cents a day and a free hand," which means what loot they gather.

In the hot country, when I was there in March, some of the soldiers were in want for food; for they were not even getting the 25 cents a day, and the bandits had so completely looted the coffee and sugar plantations there was nothing more eatable to be looted.

All this explains why peons, who are soldiers by day, wearing hat band and bandolier, turn bandit by night, or sell their cartridge belts for 25 cents and their rifles for \$2.50 to any wandering gang of either revolutionists or plundering thieves. Of actual revolutionary



A patient in the Morelos Hospital, Mexico City. 8100 children die every year in Mexico's capital. The reason goes back through physical defects and venereal diseases—due, in turn, to social and moral conditions.

bands under recognized leaders, who have issued manifestos, there are not less than seventy working Mexico to-day. Of bandit bands, who will rally around any leader in a plundering raid, there are as many as there are hills to conceal them, and this applies to every section but Lower California.

How many revolutionary troops are there? How many bandits? How many official soldiers? There is not a soul in Mexico can answer you that question, for the number shifts every day. A general may draw his budget for 10,000 men to-day and have less than 1500 to-morrow. Villa or Diaz or Peleaz may number their supporters each at 40,000. I do not doubt each controls as many followers, but when it comes to getting arms for them the numbers under each seldom exceed 5000, and often drop as low as 500.

"How do you get your firearms?" I asked one young revolutionist.

"Steal them, or buy them from the Carrancistas."

"But supposing you are dealing with an honest general, who doesn't steal the payroll from his men?"

"Get them drunk and drug the pulque."

"And where do you get the dynamite to blow up the trains?"

"Steal it from mines and construction camps, or passing freight trains."

"Was that why you blew up such and such a train?"

"No. We were after the monthly customs receipts going up in gold to Mexico City."

"How did you blow up that train, when it had a scout train with rapid-fire guns going just ahead of it across —?" a particularly dangerous bridge.

"Cut off the water pipe supplying —" (a certain mine) "filled the pipe under the track with dynamite connected with an electric spark, let the scout train pass, and got the express car."

On this blow-up none of the passengers was touched, and only the Carranza guards and trainmen were killed.

"How did you know this express had gold?"

"The captain of the soldiers was in our pay."

"He was court-martialed and shot for it, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but that was his funeral, not ours."

The week I had that conversation three trains were blown up in three different sections of Mexico, a governor's party were kidnapped, and the garrison musicians of one town—eighteen men—bodily carried back to the hills with the bandits to make music as well as merriment.

Of Mexico's thirty or more rail lines, only one runs to-day on regular schedule, and it is preceded by an armored scout train and accompanied by two armored box cars filled with soldiers. Of the railroads' rolling stock, the Vera Cruz line is by no means the worst example. It had

eighty to ninety engines. It now has eight.

Now it is so plain it hardly needs telling that rail lines cannot be replaced without money, and money cannot be borrowed without credit, and credit cannot be established without security. Nor does it need telling that banditry cannot be put down unless soldiers are loyal, and soldiers cannot be held loyal unless they are paid, and soldiers cannot be paid unless there is money; and you are back where you began—money cannot be got without credit, and credit is nil where security is nil.

When I was in Mexico City money rates were 3 to 5 per cent a month, and money could not be borrowed on the best of security. Yet the income of the Carranza Government is twice as large as the income of the Diaz regime.

Have the conditions of the poor been improved? How about living and wages? Mexico City is not a good criterion, for Mexico City has a normal population of 500,000, and at the present time has a population of over a million because people have crowded into the city from the country for safety.

Before Americans opened industries in Mexico, wages ran from 25 cents to 50 cents a day. After Americans came to Mexico wages gradually rose to \$1.50 a day and \$2 to \$3 for skilled labor (U. S. currency).

To-day, except in two centers, wages are at the pre-revolution level. The two exceptions are Yucatan and the oil country. In Yucatan, wages have been fixed high, and the henequen planters are employing men only half time. In the oil region there has been so much banditry men have been almost bribed to stay on their job, and at one stage all the drillers almost quit. This was when German money was bribing assaults and attempts to burn the wells and tanks.

The cost of food is beyond reach. Of fruit there is abundance; for though thousands of ranches are reverting to cactus, and you can travel hundreds of miles and not see a four-footed beast left on a ranch, the orange groves still bear fruit among the cactus. The scarcity is of meats and fats and cereals. Here is the scale of prices in the Gulf country: Milk, 35 to 50 cents a quart; meat, 50 cents to \$1 a pound; butter, \$2.50 a pound; flour, 50 cents a pound.

Of his twenty generals, more or less, Carranza can count half a dozen who would rank as men of integrity in any land. Of his cabinet family, several are ordained ministers, trained in American schools. These men would clean up Mexico if they could. Carranza would clean up Mexico if he could. He must be given credit for his efforts and for what measure of success he has had. There are plenty of good elements in Mexico, but they are not in a position to assert themselves. There are forces absolutely corrupt, both inside the government and outside, which block progress.

What is the answer? Revolution.



The perennial revolution in Mexico has made rags and tags more prevalent than velvet gowns. And yet Mexico's hills and dales are full of mineral and agricultural wealth.



In Mexico life is safe in neither city nor country after dark. Life in the country is not safe at any time. These refugees are fortunate in having been able to find horses and burros.

In sixty-one years Mexico has had fifty-nine revolutions. The country has been bled white by revolutions. It can stand no more.

Intervention? That would mean war, and war would mean the still further bleeding of Mexico.

If Carranza can be helped by throwing out the corrupt junta which is sending Mexico over the precipice, it is up to all who would save Mexico to help him eject the forces making for evil. But interference will cause more trouble. How can we help, yet not interfere?

What is the way out of the impasse for Mexico? She cannot establish security without money, and she cannot get credit without security; and if the Allies blockaded her exports she would perish of internecine feuds. Looks like a blank wall, doesn't it? But it isn't. Watch the small boy climb a blank wall where fat thieves would break necks!

In the words of a Great Prophet—A Little Child shall lead them; and with that way over the wall I shall deal in my next.

(Concluded in the August number)

The Future of Turkey

What will become of the fragments of the Turkish Empire? And of Turkey herself? Ambassador Elkus analyzes the situation, giving some interesting facts about the Ottoman Empire.

By Abram I. Elkus

WHEN the Turk, hundreds of years ago, began his forward and ever-victorious march from Central Asia westward, conquering one nation after another, inferior though he was in civilization and in all that goes to make up a great people, he swept over these lands and these peoples, one by one: Egypt, Syria, Armenia, Palestine and Lebanon. Finally he crossed into Europe. Five hundred years ago he drove from Constantinople those Greeks who had ruled there for so many hundreds of years.

So successful was that onward march of the Ottoman Turk that he came to the very doors of Vienna before he was finally stopped. Then, after centuries, there began a period of retrogression.

For the Turk, while he may be a conqueror, has failed signally to be a real administrator. He has failed to understand the theory or the practice of government—not only of his own people but of those nations which he has conquered.

So we find that to-day there live in what is known as the Ottoman Empire some 20,000,000 people who are nations within a nation, people diverse in thought, language, ideas, ideals—in all that goes to make up a nation. Probably 5,000,000 or thereabouts are Ottoman Turks. The great majority have little or no education—they are ignorant and illiterate, mostly peasants or working men—simple-minded, peaceful, intensely superstitious.

A few, perhaps a hundred thousand, are men of culture and refinement—men who possess the European manner and education. These few thousands, until this war came, were the rulers of the land.

Between the two extremes of the Turks—the few thousands who held all the positions of trust in the Government and the peasant or workman—come all the other peoples of Turkey—those whose ancestors made up the nations which Turkey conquered.

Millions are Arabs, who, like the Turks, are Moslem in their



GREECE is looking longingly at the western shore of Asia Minor, feeling that in the break-up of the Turkish Empire this should fall to her, along with northern Epirus, southern Thrace, and some exclusively Greek islands.

Nor is her demand unreasonable. Forty-nine per cent

of her shipping was sunk in the war against England's 43%. Six hundred thousand of her people in Asia Minor were massacred; others suffered untold hardships.

Even if Greece gets her askings, there will still remain in Europe and Asia 1,000,000 Greeks outside her boundaries.

religious belief but who have little or nothing to do with the Turks and have seldom if ever intermarried with them.

Millions are Greeks who still speak the Greek tongue.

Hundreds of thousands are Jews, some of them speaking Spanish, or a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew and Turkish.

And there are Lebanonites and Syrians and—surviving unspeakable persecutions and outrages—about a million Armenians.

Turkey is made up, then, of all these peoples of different religious beliefs, tongues and customs. America has had a great interest in Turkey—has sent numbers of missionaries there, and created wonderful institutions of learning. But our obligation now is to see that those peoples who are persecuted, downtrodden, oppressed, and massacred shall have their inalienable right to live in the sun.

There are many problems to be solved. I do not attempt a solution, but simply state them. First, what is to be done with Constantinople? All the nations of the earth, except America, have coveted and still covet this wonderful city, this great port opening the way to all of southern Russia, permitting access to the Black Sea.

Should the Turks be driven from Europe as a punishment for the cruelty of their government toward the Armenians? Between 700,000 and 1,000,000 Moslem Turks live in that part of Turkey in Europe between Constantinople and Adrianople. They and their families have lived there for 500 years—and it might be almost as cruel to deport them from their homes as it was to send out the hundreds of thousands of Armenians to massacre and death.

Could the Turkish Empire be placed under international control, leaving the land and its peoples as it is, and allowing each nation

to work out its own salvation? This plan has been proposed.

Or could a confederation of all these countries be made—a sort of United States of Turkey? It is proposed that some of the states would be free, some partly free, under the guidance or protectorate of some great foreign power. All would have some measure of independence and a chance of working out complete self-government as time goes on.

This plan provides for the Moslem Turk himself a new country carved out of Asiatic Turkey, where most of the Moslem Turks live.

Syria, according to this plan, would be semi-independent, with France as guide and protector. Syria might resent guidance or protection, preferring complete independence, but France claims certain ancient and inalienable rights, as she puts it, in Syria.

And Armenia—what shall be done for her? She asks, with much reason and justice, for full independence and freedom. Armenians point with real pride to what their people have become throughout the world as an example of what they may be able to do if they can live under a free government of their own.

Arabia, too, claims the right of self-government. When the war came the Arabs, with the assistance of England, set up a kingdom of their own. They want and expect it to be permanent.

These questions must be settled in a way that will bring to these diverse peoples the realization of their aspirations for liberty, freedom and justice. The pages of their past history have been written in letters of blood. Now we turn to a page much fairer and brighter for them and for the whole world, a page on which will be inscribed the victories of peace and the triumph of the right.

A Crusade of International Service

By S. Earl Taylor

SURELY the future looks black enough, and yet it holds a hope, a single hope," says Colonel Henry Watterson. "One, and one power only can arrest the descent and save us. That is the Christian religion. Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue underlying the idea of democracy is the religion of Christ and Him crucified, the bedrock of civilization."

Such strong statements of demand for Christian faith are now coming from the most diverse and unexpected sources. They reveal how, not only the world, but also the heart of man, has been shaken.

Colonel Watterson merely affirms what every follower of Christ, by the nature of his profession, is bound to believe. If we agree that the affirmation is correct, how shall we face it?

CONSIDER for a moment the distribution and character of the resources of Christianity for the healing of the wounds of the war, and for the reconstruction of a broken world.

After nineteen centuries there is no free, international, democratic world-wide church of Jesus Christ—no single organization, or even federation, to which the confused and shattered world can look for authority, instruction or inspiration.

The nearest approach is represented by the great missionary enterprises of the Protestant Churches, particularly of America; but even when estimating them at their full value, no one will pretend to argue that they are an adequate substitute. They cannot be set down by the side of the League of Nations to do in the realm of spiritual ideals and ethics what the League of Nations is created to do in international politics.

CHRISTIANITY even on a nation-wide scale is neither unified in its purposes and efforts or prepared to create the new day. European Christendom is shattered. Greek Christianity has been broken, at least, so far as its ecclesiastical organization is concerned. Northern European Christianity, whether of Germany or of the neutral countries, has been left seri-

ously weakened, and, perhaps, poisoned by the European struggle. Southern European Christianity has been bled white, and it has finished one conflict only to face another with social, political, industrial and rationalistic influence which threaten its paralysis.

South American Christianity is not only weak in world-wide influence, but even largely ineffective at home.

Only Great Britain and the United States possess spiritual and financial resources, or traditions and ideals, adequate to the new day of international relations. And Great Britain has sacrificed no one knows how much of her strength on the altar of freedom.

Although the United States gave heroically to the winning of the European conflict we all recognize that she did not give, because it was not necessary, such a proportion of her strength and resources as the Allied European Nations contributed. We sought no advantages out of the war, and yet it cannot be denied that the victory has left us greatly advantaged over every European nation.

HOW shall we use our strength, our relative superiority in strategy of position?

How shall American Christianity, which shared proportionately in this national profit, exercise its new power and leadership?

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth by itself alone." It is just as true of nations as of individuals that the only way to save one's life is to lose it in a noble purpose. The way of salvation for America is not through a return to isolation in which the profits of victory may be securely enjoyed, but in a new crusade of international service, in which the profits of sacrifice will be reckoned supremely blessed.

"Ask of Me and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," said the Lord through the prophet. The gift of nations! Not as mandates, but as a world-wide brotherhood in the Kingdom of God.

Herein lies the manifest destiny of Christian America. Herein, also, is found the necessity for an Interchurch World Movement.



Some one had to stoke the engines during the New York harbor strike last winter. In this case it was a policeman.

Disregard of mutual interests by labor and capital alike led to great bitterness during the recent garment strikes.

Labor's Stake in Capital

By Charles A. Eaton

SINCE the fall of 1917 I have been engaged in advancing the production of ships throughout the entire country. My work has brought me in contact with enormous numbers of working men and with every variety of capitalist. The net impression made upon me by these experiences, and by years of previous study, is that the safety and progress of society rest upon this question:

"Is it possible for labor and capital to become reconciled to each other and thus to work together in the common interests of the community?"

If there is an irreconcilable and necessary antagonism between the two I can see no hope for the future of mankind. The logical outcome of such an antagonism must be the annihilation of one party to the struggle. If capital is destroyed, labor must fall back at once to the Stone Age. If labor is destroyed, the world will starve, for we cannot eat machinery or money.

If the war has taught the world anything, it is that the destinies of men and nations are determined by what they are in their minds and hearts. If the war has decided any issue, it is that the whole world must adopt the principle of democracy in the entirety of its life.

It is inherent in every great principle that it should endeavor to get itself applied not only in the realm of human experience where it originates, but everywhere throughout the entire circle of human action. The strife between labor and capital is unconsciously, but none the less really, an effort on the part of the principles of political democracy to get themselves applied in industrial relationships.

You cannot have industries organized on the basis of autocracy

existing under a government organized on the principles of democracy. Your state must be entirely democratic or it must be entirely autocratic. You cannot have democracy in politics and autocracy in business. One or the other will overrun the entire life of the people.

The chief end of government is the well-being of the citizens. The material well-being of a people depends upon the efficiency and magnitude of its material output. Ill-will discounts the production of labor almost one-half.

The way to establish good-will in industry is to make every man associated with that industry consciously and gladly a part of the entire organization. He must be educated as to the difficulties, scope and purpose of the entire enterprise. He must be brought to see his particular part of the work in its relation to the whole. He must have a stake in the business. It must be worth his while to work intelligently, with good will. He must have confidence in all his associates.

The management which represents capital must have a feeling of partnership for the workers, who represent labor. They must work *with* each other, not *for* each other. And working *with* each other, they must see that their work is much more than a means of earning a living. It is a social and national service, and as such must have the protection and support of the community to which it belongs. A better understanding between capital and labor, which understanding is based upon democracy, will prove that the principles of democracy are sufficient foundation for the future progress of the world. If they fail here we may as well abandon them everywhere.



Growing Into a New Faith

By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto



LIKE all Japanese families, we had a house shrine, and my grandmother, the oldest and most honored of the family, had charge of all ceremonies. Old people in Japan are early risers, and on every pleasant day the first thing in the morning my grandmother herself went to the garden and gathered a few choice flowers. These she placed before the shrine and lighted the candles. We all gathered there and after bowing to the shrine and to my grandmother and to each other, we sat quietly while she read a short service from the Buddhist holy books. Afterward the breakfast tables were brought in, and we had a pleasant meal in the room with the lighted shrine, the fresh flowers and the kindly protecting spirits of our family.

Thus I was brought up a little Buddhist, but I was not taught any doctrine. That was left to the priest, but many questions crept into my mind about many things. This is true of all children, but there was a reason why I should think more than others about religion. Because of an omen at the time of my birth, my family believed that I was destined for the priesthood.

I sometimes think my father was skeptical about that belief, but the Japanese women have great power in their own sphere, so, whatever his opinion was, he wisely kept peace by selecting as my teacher a very scholarly priest, one noted for his knowledge of the Chinese classics. I was taught from the ethical books of Confucius, and so I grew up believing that my life was to be given to the priesthood.

The education of girls was very conventional and conservative, and so I never spoke freely of my thoughts, but I was constantly questioning. I recall many things I asked my father, who was more liberal in training his little daughter than most fathers of that time. Once I said:

"Honorable father, who is the beginning of our forefathers?"

I remember his grave answer:

"My little daughter, that is a presumptuous question for any well-bred girl to ask, but to be honest I must tell you that I do not know. Do you not remember what our great philosopher Confucius replied to his beloved disciple concerning that very question? He said, 'We know not life.'"

This reply made me understand that I must be thoroughly demure and womanly even in my inquiries, and must not ask questions like a man.

My father's answers always made me think, but my mental growth was like that of the dwarf pine trees for which Japan is famous. These trees, marvelous in their tiny perfection, are the pride of the Japanese gardener. Often a tree only a foot high has all the dignity of a forest veteran. And yet, they are only artificial and morbid growths which crave to grow freely. Their roots, coiled so closely within the pot, long for freedom, and sometimes stretch with such force that the pot is broken.

I was like one of those trees when I first entered the mission school. The plan for educating me as a priestess had been abandoned—I don't know just when. I think my father had never approved and had gradually substituted studies which would be of benefit should I ever hold the position of his son, who was gone. Perhaps this was the reason he requested that I should be sent to Tokyo to complete my study of English.

My education for a priestess had developed my mind, but it had grown silently in darkness. The school I attended had the atmosphere of a happy home; in fact, we used as our letter heading, "H. H.," which meant "Happy Home."

My first experiences there were trying and puzzling. While I instinctively found pleasure in the freedom of the school life, I was still bound by my strict home education. I shrank from the informal personal advances, and the free intercourse between teachers and pupils shocked me. It seemed undignified on the part of teachers and lacking in respect on the part of pupils. At home I had been taught such precepts as:

"Step not on even the shadow of thy teacher, but walk reverently three steps behind."

This mental attitude was slow in changing, but in time my reserve unfolded like the coiled roots of the dwarf tree. The change was so gradual that I cannot trace it exactly, but at last from a prim, old-fashioned Japanese girl I came to be mildly responsive. That led to a greater change, for with freedom of action and speech came knowledge. By birth and training I was a devout child, but ceremony had been to me synonymous with reverence. When I realized that my insatiable longing to question and to learn was not presumption or irreverence, then for the first time my mind was free to exercise itself.

One of my favorite poems was the penmanship alphabet, an arrangement of characters called the "Song of Life." It was composed more than a thousand years ago by the great Buddhist priest Kobodaishi. A liberal translation is:

"While flowers are still blooming in color
Their petals begin to fade.
Uncertain is our life.
There are valleys to cross,
There are mountains to climb,
And, after all our dreaming, life
Is ended incomplete."

One of the most frequently used phrases in the Japanese language is "Shikata ga nai." It means "There is no way to help," and signifies utter resignation to fate. My mother was an invalid, and it was believed that her frail health was due to some wrong committed in a previous existence; she must suffer to atone for a sin of which she had no knowledge. Many a time, when, after a struggle of pain, I heard her gasp, "Shikata ga nai," my childish mind was full of rebellion against this powerful, mysterious injustice.

One of my sisters became a widow at eighteen. I remember her as one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, even after she changed her gay dresses for mourning and cut her long hair to the short widow style. I vividly recall her mournful eyes and the hopeless sadness of her voice as she said:

"This sorrow is shikata ga nai. My widowhood is fate."

Silently but bitterly I resented the hand of fate.

When I first learned from the Bible that God gives hardship in order to strengthen I eagerly accepted the new, refreshing thought.

Another thing which led me to Christianity was antagonism to the self-humiliation of woman. One incident I still recall with resentment, for the scar of hurt pride lasts.

When I was a child of ten or twelve we had a family reunion at our home. It was a ceremonious occasion, as it was a death anniversary for the ancestors, and many kindred and friends were present. During the dinner a most unfortunate incident occurred—a long black hair was found in the great lacquer bowl from which rice was served. This was more dreadful than any one but a Japanese can understand, for even at an elaborate feast rice is the most important dish served.

My mother was deeply mortified, and also puzzled, for though the man-servant who cooked the rice wore long hair no one thought of blaming him. Even I knew that the hair must be a woman's, for only woman's sinful nature is intense enough for her hair to pierce rice grains. This was one of the many beliefs by which woman was humiliated, and which woman herself humbly accepted as true.

As I grew older, I pondered much over the inferiority of women and their blamelessness. That it was true I did not question, but the wrong of it rankled in my heart. My grandmother was a stately woman of noble character, and as the mother of my father all the family looked upon her with reverence. Once I asked my father if she, his honorable mother, was an unworthy woman, like all others. He asked:





"What do you think, my little daughter?"

I answered, "It cannot be. You honor her too greatly for it to be true."

He smiled gently, and, caressing my head, said:

"You may believe so, and yet, my little daughter, do not forget these iron teachings of your childhood. They form the strong current of the crystal stream which, as it flows through the ages, keeps Japanese women worthy, like your grandmother."

In such ways my father taught me to keep my gentle womanhood and yet to value independent thought. So strong, however, was the influence of tradition that I am sure he, no more than I, realized this at the time.

An incident shows the change which took place in me during my Happy Home school life. The old-fashioned home education placed great weight upon instruction given through the significance of beautiful things, especially the beauties of nature. This taught me to love flowers not only for their beauty, but also for the sentiment connected with certain blossoms. The plum is the bridal flower, because it bravely pushes its blossoms through the snows of early spring, and so is the emblem of faithfulness to duty through hardship. The cherry blossom is lovely, but so frail that the gentlest spring breeze scatters its petals after a "three-days' life." To me, the two flowers always seemed like two women—one modest, gentle and steadfast, the other pretty, gay, buoyant.

I was always an admirer of the plum blossom, but the mission school taught me to respect the cherry, also. There I learned that the Japanese woman, like the plum, modest, gentle, bearing unjust hardship without complaint, is only the statue of a patient martyr. But the American woman of ready smile and quick impulse is like the cherry blooming in freedom and naturalness.

I know now that my first impression of American womanhood was exaggerated, but I have never regretted this idealization, for it was one of the things which helped me to gradually and naturally drift into Christianity. There was nothing sudden about my conversion. It seems to have been a natural spiritual development, so natural that only the few incidents I have mentioned stand out with special clearness as I look backward.

When my mother sent me to a mission school, the fact that the teachers were of another religion was not considered at all. I doubt if she even thought of it, so when I wrote asking her consent to my change of belief, I know she was greatly surprised. But she was a wise woman. She replied, "My daughter, this is an important thing. I think it will be best for you to wait until vacation. Then we will talk of it." So I postponed being baptized and in June went to my home in one of the northern provinces.

The people of the interior knew little about Christianity. The only impression most of them had was that its converts were encouraged to trample upon sacred things and to content themselves with a curious belief lacking in reverence and ceremony. My mother had no special prejudice against the new religion, but to her observance of the ritual for ancestor worship and the death ceremonies in memory of ancestors was the most important duty of posterity. My father had died just before I went to the mission school, and my mother feared that change in belief might cause me to withdraw my sympathy from the living and forget my loyalty to the dead.

My summer at home was memorable. It was not hard to talk with my mother, for living with her broad-minded husband had taught her toleration. I know her heart was heavy with dread, but when she learned that this new belief did not require disrespect for our dead, she gave her consent. But my dear, stately, loyal grandmother! It was impossible for her to understand, and I think my becoming a heretic was a lifelong sorrow. I loved and respected her intensely, and her grief was my heaviest cross.

It was hard, too, to visit my relatives and friends. They looked upon me as a curiosity, and my mother was in a constant state of explanation and apology. One old lady relative whom I was to visit closed the doors of the shrine and pasted paper over them, that the home of the gods might not be annoyed by my presence. She was anxious to spare the sacred ones the knowledge of my peculiarity. Another friend invited me to dinner, but served no fish. She treated me as a priestess, for she felt that I also was removed from the customs of ordinary life.

All these things among the friends I had known from babyhood hurt me. I might have borne persecution, but to be set apart as something strange broke my heart.

I longed for my father, who would have understood, but I was alone in the midst of kindly ignorance. Everybody loved me, but they all looked at me in helpless pity.

At first I was unhappy, but three months at home changed everything, both for my friends and for myself. When I returned to school I carried with me all the respect and love of the home friends that had always been mine, and which—thank God!—I have kept until now.

I think I am a true Christian. At least my belief has given me untold comfort and a perfect heart satisfaction, but it has never separated me from my Buddhist friends. They have respect for this strange belief of mine, for they feel that although I am loyal to the Christian God, I still keep the utmost reverence for my fathers and respect for the belief which was the highest and holiest thing they knew.

THERE IS A WAY TO HELP

DEMURE Japanese maidens like these have for twelve hundred years paid their reverences before the altar of Buddha. Today Japan has 71,000 Buddhist temples, 51,000 priests and over 19,000,000 worshipers of Buddha. Yet today Buddhism is failing in Japan. Why?

Because the man on the street cannot understand Buddha's lofty philosophy well enough to put it into his life.

Because Buddhism calls women "innately sinful", closes its heaven to them, and debases them to passive obedience to man.

Because to the weary, comfort-seeking heart, as well as to the alert, questioning mind, Buddhism offers no other ultimate solution than "Shikata ga nai", "There is no way to help".

Active Christianity can win from passive Buddhism the ground that Buddhism is losing.

IN CHINA THEY SAY—

*Those who chase kites, fall over straws.
Tact is the discounting of principle in
the mart of expediency.*

*To see it once is better than to read
about it a thousand times.*

The winning tip is to slay away from

the gaming-table.

*Antics are not always vivacity, as the
fish on the hook can say.*

*Happiness and trouble stand at every
one's gate; yours is the choice which you
will invite in.*

Country Neighborliness in City Blocks

Seems impossible—but there's a certain plan that can bring it about. Ask the Cincinnatians who have tried it. It means other things too, such as health for babies, and war gardens.

By Phyllis Duganne

MRS. ALLEN greeted her husband at the door when he came home from work. She seemed fairly bursting with suppressed indignation.

"Jim Allen," she said, "before you read your paper or wash your hands or do a single thing, you've got to listen to me!"

Her husband laughed. "Well?" he said, going into the living room and sitting down in the morris chair.

"Well!" Mrs. Allen said explosively. "Jim Allen, I have always thought that social work was perfectly splendid, haven't I?"

Allen grinned, as he nodded.

"You know how I've a'ways admired your mother for all the work she does at the settlement house? And how I think it's perfectly fascinating the way they weigh poor babies and examine them and give them toys and everything?"

"Yes."

His wife paused. "It can be carried too far," she said finally. "A woman came to the house to-day, and what do you suppose she wanted?"

"Money."

"No! She wanted me to send Jimsie and Barbara over to a free health station and have them examined."

Mr. Allen laughed. "Just like those fool settlement women!" he

said. "She probably got the wrong street. Did she offer you any other charity?"

"She didn't get the wrong street, Jim. She wants every mother in the block to send her babies to the station. It's this new Social Unit scheme."

Mr. Allen was thoughtful. "That's funny," he said at length. "I thought this social-unit thing was rather a good idea when I first heard of it. I'll look into it."

"Jim Allen!" Mrs. Allen's eyes were round with indignation. "Would you send your children to a free station—and probably have them come home with all sorts of diseases?"

"I didn't say that," Mr. Allen said.

But the youngsters went eventually—and Mrs. Allen persuaded all her friends to take their children, too.

The Social Unit idea originated in the minds of Wilbur G. Phillips and his wife, Elsie LaG. C. Phillips. Gradually it grew into a national organization made up of well-known social workers all over the country.

"What is democracy, anyway?" they queried. "Could the New England town meeting system be applied to modern city government? Would intensive organization of a given area of a large city bring about community cooperation and social advance? How could



THE SMALLEST SOCIAL UNIT

Baby examining has become practically universal in the district in Cincinnati where the "Social Unit" system is being tried out—and nursing and medical care are given in every case neces-

sary. "Children's Lives Are the Liberty Bonds of the Future" is one of the slogans of this world-wide organization, which is aiming toward really democratic city organization.

city dwellers get the neighborhood spirit of the small country town?"

They believed that all these questions could be answered by their plan and looked around for a city willing to be experimented on. Sixteen cities, after reading of their idea in the newspapers, sent in letters asking to have the Social Unit tried out in their territory. Cincinnati, proving to be the best advertiser and pusher, secured the Social Unit. Six neighborhoods clamored for it, and, after competition, the choice fell upon the Mohawk-Brighton section.

The Mohawk-Brighton district in Cincinnati is a community of about 15,000 average American citizens, not very rich, not very poor. It has thirty-one city blocks.

The first action of the Unit was to get the voting power of the district in order. Two Houses were organized, equal in power, and much like our House and Senate.

To build up the House, or Citizens' Council, 500 people in each block met and elected a woman as block worker to represent them. She is paid for eight hours weekly, and besides representing the block on the Citizens' Council her job is to hunt up tuberculosis, to find expectant mothers, new born babies, sickness, unsanitary conditions—in short, to know everything that is going on in her particular block. Her other name is "block mother."

To form the Senate or Occupational Council, the physicians of the district—there were 36 when the experiment began—met and elected a medical council of nine from their number to represent them in all health matters in the district. The nurses also met and elected their council. Other councils are rapidly springing up—of ministers, recreational leaders, and so on.

The *Social Unit Bulletin*, their newspaper, began as a publicity agent for the Unit, but has developed into an organ expressing the opinions of the people of the district. Men and women sent in letters to be published about all sorts of subjects, social, economic, educational, patriotic.

It took about a year to complete the organization. Then Mohawk-Brighton District was ready for real work. They began by launching the Health Plan. These are some of the results:

Nursing and medical care has been extended to all infants.

Tuberculosis nursing has increased 400 per cent.

Bedside nursing has increased 500 per cent.

Medical supervision and pre-natal care have been extended to 40 per cent of all expectant mothers where no care was given before.

The death rate from influenza was cut in half during the epidemic.

90 per cent of all pre-school age children have been examined.

The Social Unit machinery was utilized for other things, too. When the Government asked for war gardens the district determined to start its garden in a vacant lot opposite the Unit headquarters. The *Bulletin* was used to advertise the scheme; citizens who were accomplished gardeners gave lectures through its pages—and the war gardens flourished.

Each block worker has, of course, extraordinary opportunities to take a census of her block. And the census is an important thing, since the only way to understand a district is through knowing the health and economic interests of the people. Our present defective and inadequate census-taking is responsible for a good deal of poor legislation.

So, when the Ohio Health Insurance Commission wanted accurate information about the health of workers they went to the Mohawk-Brighton district and got it.

Then came the surprising assertion from the Mayor of Cincinnati that the Social Unit was Bolshevistic—that it had an uncomfortably strong resemblance to the Russian Soviet, and that it was a menace to law and order.

An increased interest in the Social Unit and a country-wide discussion followed.

The Mohawk-Brighton district, using its own machinery, conducted a referendum on the question, "Shall Mohawk-Brighton continue the Social Unit?" "YES!" was the overwhelming answer—4034



A 200-plot war garden instead of a vacant lot was one result of the Social Unit.

affirmative votes to 120 negative.

But the national organization was not satisfied. They demanded from the other organizations and citizens of Cincinnati a request to stay as definite as the original invitation to come.

"Otherwise," said Mrs. Tiffany, executive of the Citizens' Council, "we must go where we know the Social Unit is wanted. It could not thrive in an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion, and it is entirely too valuable an experiment in social democracy to expose to unnecessary hardship."

Cincinnati has lost no time in showing that she wants to keep the Social Unit. A volunteer committee composed of representative leading citizens has been organized to "interpret the Social Unit to Cincinnati," which it is doing through meetings, speakers' bureaus, etc. "The man in the street is favorable rather than otherwise," it reports. The Cincinnati Academy of Medicine has expressed its unqualified approval of the health work of the unit. The Woman's City Club is conducting a referendum by mail which so far shows an overwhelming majority in favor.

The mayor has stated to a committee that his charge was made as a private citizen rather than as mayor, and was based on statements made to him by officials connected with the City Hall.

Whether the experiment stays in Cincinnati or not for the remainder of the three-year experimental period, it seems certain that many more cities will be bound to adopt the same or a very similar organization soon, for the movement is in the air.



Bishop James W. Bashford

The Man Who Always Chose the Hardest Job—James W. Bashford

JAMES W. BASHFORD was the Wisconsin farmer's son who turned the pages of a Greek grammar to the bumpings of his plow—that he might get “higher education.”

It was James W. Bashford who forged his way to second place in his class at the State University of Madison—leaving behind the giggling classmates who had ridiculed his farmer-Greek pronunciation.

It was the boy Bashford who turned away from his dreams of law and a brilliant political career because he had listened to the words of Dwight L. Moody, “If ten men will give themselves completely to the will of God, they will be able to change the world. But not one man has ever given God undisputed control.”

It was Bashford the minister who, when given a choice between a pleasant, flourishing suburban church and a struggling mission above a fish-market in Harrison Square, Boston, took the mission church because there lay the greatest need.

It was Bashford the revered president of Ohio Wesleyan University who each year gave away \$1,800, nearly two-thirds of his salary—living on the remaining \$1,200.

It was Bashford the newly-elected bishop

who refused appointment to the plum of American bishoprics, Chicago, because, as he said, he thought he saw “a better opportunity to render service in China than in the United States.”

It was Bashford the man of fifty-five who endured miles of travel in springless carts, nights in dirty Chinese inns, and hours in native launches crowded almost to the sinking point with unkempt people, that he might see with his heart's-eye the needs of the land to which he had dedicated his life.

It was Bashford the wide-visioned who set his hand against the stultifying rivalry of sects in China and reached out for union of effort—union universities and hospitals, union work for Chinese students in Japan, union literature societies.

It was Bashford the self-giving of whom it was said, “He and Bishop Wilson S. Lewis, whom he had chosen as co-laborer in China, had but one rivalry—which could work the most hours in the twenty-four.”

It was Bashford the disciple of Jesus Christ who so lived into the lives of the Chinese people that they called him “Our St. James” and spoke of him as “The man with the shining face.”

Chang Han Gets His Wish

By Mrs. Erving L. Johnson

CHANG HAN no longer cared about getting rich at the expense of underpaid laborers. Nor did the hope of some day being headman of a village thrill him any more.

Even the ambition to raise a sufficient number of sons to insure an easy old age, or to have his ghost well cared for after his death, had lost its hold on him.

For one day over in Peace Valley he had learned that there were no malicious little gods to be propitiated lest dire calamity befall him, but only one God—a God who loved all of His people and was not willing that any should perish.

Chang Han had come into a joy undreamed of—an understanding of the largeness of life, and he wanted his neighbors to share it.

So he longed to build a church where the people could hear the Gospel and worship the true God. And he went out among his neighbors of the village of River-ford to solicit funds for that purpose.

They all listened to him with respect, for was he not the wealthiest and wisest man there? But of their money they would give none. Had not their fathers and their grandfathers, and their great grand-

fathers “passed the days” without worshiping God? Then why should they commence it?

Chang Han began to understand that his people must first be taught the duty and benefits of worshiping the one true God before they could be induced to build a church to Him—a task stupendous enough to stagger a less indomitable man than Chang Han.

But how teach them without a church and a preacher? “I have money enough,” thought Chang, “to build a rude mud hut, where the people could be taught—but dishonor the great God of the universe by building Him a house poorer and meaner than my own! Never! Why, the worthless mud idols have houses more beautiful than their ignorant worshipers!”

Then a new idea flitted into his mind. “Ai ya! The very thing!” he exclaimed, and energetically set to work.

A few weeks later the Chang family moved into a mud house that had only its newness to commend it. Their old house was scrubbed, whitewashed, papered, and fitted up as a church.

Immediately after, a preacher filled with power and a zeal for souls, came out and began work, and the Lord honored Chang Han and blessed his gift.



The Land from which the "Airgonauts" Set Sail

WHEN the American seaplanes and the little British Sopwith hopped off from Newfoundland up into the cold air and headed toward Europe, Newfoundland stopped holding its breath and resumed its normal sleepy life.

Why did they pick out Newfoundland for a starting point? Because the jump from there to the Azores and thence to Europe makes a total of 2000 miles of over-ocean travel. From New York to Paris it is 3600 miles. That saving of 1600 miles is what brought Newfoundland into world-wide notice.

The flight proved, among other things, that we need more powerful planes and dirigibles. England is planning a giant Blimp of 10,000,000 cubic feet capacity, which shall use non-inflammable helium instead of hydrogen. Americans are talking of a plane capable of making 200 miles an hour.

It is doubtful whether Newfoundland will be the permanent starting place for over-seas flying trips. There is too much danger that great icebergs like these in St. John's Harbor may congeal the oil in the engines.





Boiled Down

A Double Page of Important Facts in Brief Compass

PROHIBITION won the Seattle strike, according to Mayor Hanson, the "Oligarch" of the city. He says:

"It saved Seattle more money than was lost when the state of Washington went dry. During the strike there was not an arrest for violence—not a piece of property destroyed. That's because whiskey is \$20 a quart—when you can get it."

□



July the first need not be "July the thirst" for people who are willing to buy soft drinks at the corner saloon. Commander Evangeline Booth announces that the Salvation Army will endeavor to take over saloons in all parts of the country. The counter and other fixtures will be kept, but only soft drinks will be served.

□

Can Germany pay? is one of the world's most interesting questions today. Figures indicate that she can. To meet the first payment of \$4,760,000,000 she has \$500,000,000 in gold and \$4,000,000,000 in foreign securities, and for future payments she has the products of her uninjured industrial and mechanical plants. Before the war the annual revenue was \$10,000,000,000, and now expenses will be cut down by the fact that there are no more half-billion-dollar army and navy appropriations.

□

Goods "made in Germany" are already on the European market. By the middle of May carloads of German razors, scissors, and hardware were going into France.

□

America's after-war problems may have just begun. "By 1921 Europe will be coming our way", says Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration for the port of New York. "Not fewer than 4,000,000 Europeans are looking to America for the economic freedom which seems impossible at home". The United States is proposing to check this immigration, but Canada invites European labor.

□

In the new kingdom of the Serbians, Croats, and Slovenes they say that the land "belongs to God and the peasants". As soon as Prince Regent Alexander assumed control, the peasants received titles to the land they had been cultivating. Forests became national property, but the peasants have the right of cutting wood and of pasturing sheep and cattle there. Former proprietors were paid for the lands taken from them.

Although the Philippines aspire to join the Order of Free and Independent Nations, they have only praise for Uncle Sam as a guardian. The delegation which came to ask the United States for independence said:

"You have truly treated us as no nation ever before treated another under its sway. But it is only natural that the people should still desire to have their own nation. That is the question of self-determination, as it is being called today, and while it is very sentimental, it is very real, nevertheless".

□

British reconstruction problems are less serious than those on the continent, but housing conditions demand immediate settlement. One-fourth of the population of London has less than half a room apiece. Standardization has been adopted as the quickest method of replacing tenements with three-, four-, and five-room cottages. Standardized doors, windows, kitchen ranges, baths, bolts, locks, and door-knobs are to be turned out by the thousands in factories which have been making munitions.

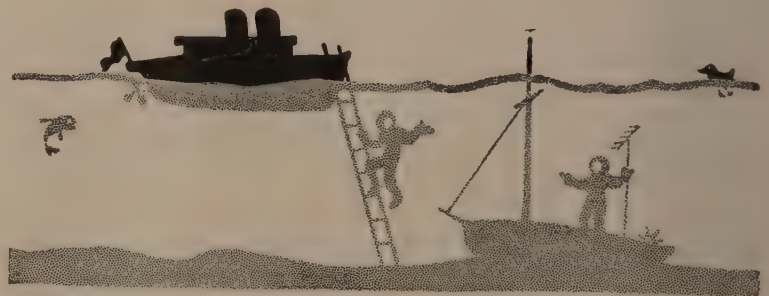
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England is also standardizing men's suits. The government controls the entire wool market and is manufacturing "civilian uniforms" in two grades. One grade, which is ninety per cent wool and ten per cent shoddy, sells for fifty-seven shillings sixpence. The other costs ninety-two shillings sixpence and is warranted to stand all British rainstorms.

□

Co-operation is another way in which Britain is meeting the H.C.L. Last year co-operative societies in the United Kingdom did a billion-dollar business and saved their members about \$100,000,000.

□



Four hundred and fifty of the British ships sunk by submarines have been salvaged, a saving of \$200,000,000.

□

North China and South China, which have agreed on nothing for years, united in a demand that Kiao-Chow should not be turned over to Japan.

□

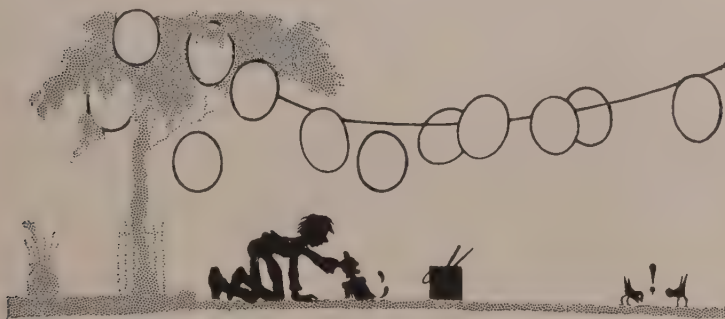
Japan renounced its Fiume, giving Kiao-Chow back to China, but at the same time retaining all the "economic rights, titles, and privileges" which Germany had previously held. This includes control of the roads which tap the great north-to-south railways and constitutes, according to some critics, "A better strangle-hold than an army of occupation".

China has another grievance against Japan. A leading Chinese daily says that morphine and opium selling are made easy by the Japanese Bank and the Japanese postal system. Chinese customs officials are not permitted to inspect parcels in the Japanese post. In this way, it is said, eighteen tons of opium came into China in one year, and, in addition to this amount, nearly a million dollars worth is smuggled in from Formosa every month.

The Korean declaration of independence from Japan was signed by fifteen Christians, three Buddhists, and fifteen other non-Christians. The influence of the Christians is shown in phrases such as "The revolution is the evident command of God".

Japan holds the world's ship-building record. The *Raifuku Maru*, a 5,800-ton schooner, was launched in twenty-nine days after the keel was laid.

Get-rich-quick concerns are in the market for Liberty Bonds. One newspaper lists a thousand swindlers who are advertising stocks that "make your money grow", and which offer to take Liberty Bonds in payment. The Treasury Department estimates that one section of the Middle West has lost four hundred million dollars worth of bonds by patronizing these advertisers.



To symbolize the Bolshevik ideal of "heaven on earth" and also to celebrate the anniversary of Bolshevism in Moscow, futurist artists painted the Theater Square sky blue. In the trees were hung snow-white lanterns, imitation clouds. At the time of the celebration the population of the city had been reduced from 3,000,000 to 1,000,000. Those who were left were dying from starvation, and the plague raged in a city where there were neither medicines nor disinfectants.

South America is one of the countries which the war has helped.

Nearly fifty per cent of the world's refrigerated meats now come from South America, and Argentine's meat exports show an increase of 800 per cent since 1913.

Latin America is progressing in agriculture, also; as a result of insufficient labor and high wages, she is learning to farm with tractors. The Mexican government now imports farm implements duty free; so that nearly half of the tractors which went south stopped there. Cuba came next on the list, and Peru is revolutionizing her sugar industry by the use of tractors.

Colombia is now rivaling Russia in platinum production. Around the San Juan River is the greatest field of platinum ever discovered. As yet it is extracted by the rudest of placer mining, but it has already yielded 50,000 ounces of metal. Native Indians discovered the platinum long ago when they were mining gold, but they regarded it as worthless, except when some enterprising counterfeiter made coins of it and gilded them so that they would pass for gold. These coins are now being bought in for three times their face value.

Holland has a vast land reclamation scheme. The Zuyder Zee is to be drained. This will deprive the country of its chief military defense, for it will then be more difficult to flood the land at will.



The transatlantic flight is only one of the year's aerial records. A plane has carried five passengers from London to Constantinople and thence to Saloniki, more than 2,000 miles in all. Upholstered planes lighted by electricity and carrying twenty passengers have a regular two-hour-and-a-half schedule for their daily trip between London and Paris, 250 miles.

The War Department has made an air-route map of the United States. This map plots three lines from coast to coast with twenty-four distributing plants. This brings every city and town in the country within six hours' flight of a distributing center.

In one year the airplane mail service carried 7,720,840 letters between New York and Washington.

"Biblers" the Austrians call the Czecho-Slovaks because these people from the land of Huss insisted upon having the Bible in their own language in spite of Austrian laws. During the year before the war stopped importations Czechs managed to buy 21,359 Bibles.

Specialization in agriculture is the latest plan for feeding the world. Farmers from France, England, Belgium, Italy, and the United States are planning an international congress which will advocate that each country shall raise the thing it can produce best instead of trying to be self-sufficient.

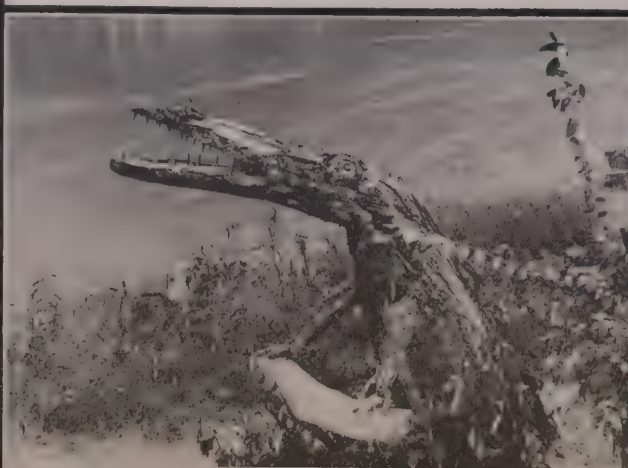
"The price of cotton is not going down," say the Southern planters. They have agreed to hold the present crop for thirty cents a pound and to reduce the 1919 acreage by one-third. Producers say that the scarcity of labor and increase of wages make this action necessary, but consumers say that cotton growers are holding the world up by its cotton neckband.



May is volcano month in Java. For some reason unknown to scientists, volcanic disturbances on the world's most volcanic island are almost always in May. Within the past century five different volcanoes have been afflicted with this May madness.

A Make-Believe Germany

ON the French Broad River, in North Carolina, 2,200 officers and men from German ships were interned "for the duration of the war." There was little harsh or restrictive treatment. Prisoners after doing the necessary work of the camp could earn extra money at their own handicrafts. In their leisure time they built a miniature German village.



The prisoners could not see why Americans let so much wood go to waste; Germans, they said, would use every bit, if only for making alligators.



THEY called the windmill "Sans Souci", — "without care", — which would indicate that being a prisoner in America is not so bad after all.



THE church dominated one end of the street, and the village had a school-house, as every well-regulated village should.



Officers stayed in the Mountain Park Hotel, which the government leased for the prisoners. The crew-men lived in barracks fitted with bunks like those on ship board

BUILDINGS were made of everything — driftwood, bark, tin cans. The prize specimen was of condensed milk tins soldered with tooth-paste tubes.



THE miniature village had delightful little baby gardens and fountains. For amusement there were band concerts, football, and a beer garden — without beer.



The Centenary Financial Campaign What Put It Over

By Charles Sumner Ward

Mr. Ward, who has "put over" financial drives for various war relief agencies, has been "consulting engineer" for the Centenary since its beginning and was director general of its financial organization.

THE leaders of the Methodist Centenary, North and South, had the consummate faith to ask the Methodist people for \$140,000,000, and American Methodism has answered this appeal of faith with more than \$150,000,000, or \$19 per capita for every man, woman and child in the Methodist Church, a financial enterprise unprecedented in the history of any church. What is the secret of this wonderful success? How were the church people and their friends lined up for this great undertaking?

Breaking Ground

A SUCCESSFUL financial appeal must be based on a proven need. The Centenary surveys of every field in which Methodism operates made a case of a great world need at a time when the World War had opened the eyes of the people to the fact that the peoples of the world were neighbors. The need was there; the surveys made the case which no man could question. The church was ready to undertake the work. There was every argument in favor of supplying the necessary money.

Sowing the Seed

THE seed for the great financial undertaking was sown by the various Departments of the Centenary, notably the Departments of Intercession and Stewardship. Men and women learned to pray as never before, and money was given in answer to prayer. Then, too, the most liberal and consistent givers were those who had been prepared to give liberally by the Stewardship campaign.

A Disciplined Force of Laborers

A THIRD factor in the great success was the fundamental organization of the church. The grouping of the local churches into Districts, the Districts into Conferences, and the Conferences into Areas, provided an organization like an army of occupation covering the entire country. The six hundred District Superintendents were the men chiefly relied upon as the executives whose united action could move the entire Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Church South the presiding elders occupied the same strategic position. These men gave themselves with great abandon to the cause, and furnished a personnel unsurpassed in any of the great national campaigns.

Reaping the Harvest

FOR the Intensive Campaign, these forces of the regular organization of the church were supplemented by the leadership of expert campaign directors. These men were not pastors; many of them not even Methodists, but were Christian men of large experience in field work in national campaigns such as Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, and United War Work. A Campaign Director was appointed for each Episcopal Area, and in some cases several assistants were necessary. Their work was to cooperate with the Bishops and Area Secretaries in organizing the entire church and bringing to the

front the laymen whose leadership was necessary to the success of the campaign. These Directors, with the District Superintendents, were the men through whom the plan of the national campaign was carried down from the national organization to the local church.

The Laymen's Leadership

THE task was too great to be laid upon the shoulders of the ministers; lay leadership was essential. It is to the lasting credit of the church that prominent men associated with Methodism came to the front in this great undertaking and gave it their enthusiastic leadership and liberal support. This not only made possible the raising of the great fund, but what is of even greater importance, assured the permanent interest in the Centenary of the laymen of the church. Without this the movement would have been transitory. With it, the Centenary enterprise is established permanently.

Big business men headed the campaign nationally and locally; thousands of them served on teams; many thousands gave invaluable service as Minute Men. It was the business man who tackled his fellow business man; the farmer who solicited the farmer.

The Ministers Were Leaders

TOO great credit cannot be given to the thousands of Methodist ministers who subordinated their habits and methods and loyally accepted the national plan for an eight-day campaign. Preachers are accustomed to get their results by an appeal from the pulpit. The most difficult problem of the campaign, and one that gave us most anxiety in the last weeks of preparation, was to get the church on to the basis of a short, sharp campaign of one week, with daily meetings for the reports of a large force of laymen. The part of the minister was to lead and promote this work. Probably eighty per cent of the entire church succeeded in getting on this basis; that is the reason that the great bulk of the fund was raised during the week of May 18 to 25.

Publicity

A PUBLICITY staff of people experienced in "propaganda" work was employed at the Centenary office and in the Area offices. Their work through the secular and religious press and through posters, bulletin boards, and a multiplicity of other advertising features, contributed largely to the success of the undertaking. The Minute Men, to the number of something like fifty thousand, presented the Centenary to gatherings of people by means of a few rapid-fire remarks. Their work was invaluable.

Finally and Primarily

THE success of the campaign was due to the spirit of God moving the hearts of men, leading them to work and give. It was clearly the will of God that at this critical period in the world's history the Methodist Church should have a large part in reconstruction. The men of this great church rose to the occasion and followed the Divine Master in carrying through this greatest financial enterprise ever undertaken by any church.

Railroads That Will Make the World Smaller

FROM New York to Buenos Aires by rail. From Cairo to Cape Town. From London to Bombay. From Paris to Peking. The great railroads which are now being projected will help to make the world one neighborhood.

By Adelaide Lyons

NO one knows when the train announcer at the Aleppo railway station will chant in Arabic, Hindustani, Chinese, French and English, "All aboard for Bagdad, Basra, Karachi, Bombay and Madras. Empire Limited, track number 27."

At present the Aleppo station is a long, low Turkish building with uncovered trackways, and the single line to the eastward stops in the mountains about Mosul. But the old town which once collected silks and rugs and gold embroideries from one half of the world and sold them to the other half is again at the world's cross roads for the first time since the Tartar and the Turk blocked the caravan routes to the East. Only now the roads going through Aleppo will be railways instead of dusty caravan routes where silk-laden camels sway and grunt.

As in the days before the Crusades, three great highways will pass through Aleppo—the route from Western Europe to Bagdad and on to India, the route to Egypt and the south, and the route from China to the Mediterranean.

Of the three, the Bagdad route first adopted rails. Germany remembered that the desert, which is lower Mesopotamia, was once a forest of perennial verdure, and that the upper valley of the Tigris and Euphrates was a country of great empires and prosperous cities. She also foresaw that with transportation and irrigation the Land of the Garden of Eden might now become the world's greatest cotton field.

The war, of course, changed the control of the Bagdad line and made its extension into India a great connecting link in the British Empire instead of a "dagger pointed at the heart of England."

As soon as a bit of tunneling is completed in the mountains around Mosul, the line to Bagdad will be finished; from Bagdad to the head of the Persian Gulf the road is already in use.

Beyond Mesopotamia the Bagdad line will run on into India and will cut the journey between Delhi and London from three weeks to one. The road will bring progress to the native peoples, too. The king of Bikaner, whose lands are along the new lines, said,

"I want to irrigate and reclaim a quarter of a million acres of my sandy, ill-watered land at once. I will give land for experiment stations, build canals, furnish machinery, put up buildings and equipment for silos, irrigation and scientific plowing. Then people can move in and stake claims."

From Aleppo the line southward has already reached Africa. When the British Expeditionary Forces under Allenby began their fighting in Palestine, the journey across the Sinai peninsula took eight days—eight days of heat, thirst and dust. But the army had to have immediate connections with Egypt and the Suez Canal, so 1,500 miles of track were torn up from the plains of India, shipped to Suez, and laid across the desert where Moses wandered for forty years. Now a traveler who leaves Cairo at nine in the evening can reach Jerusalem in time for breakfast.

In Egypt this Sinai road connects with the Cape-to-Cairo route, which has pushed northward to the Congo and southward to Lake Albert until now there is only one missing link of 550 miles in the whole length of the continent. The line from Dar-es-Salaam to Tanganyika already makes possible a train and boat journey across the continent.

The Chinese road will probably be the last of the three great trans-



Camel trains will soon be out of date, even in the Orient, for caravan-borne freight is expensive, and railroads reduce transportation charges by a thousand per cent.

continental railways to be completed to Aleppo, for railway construction in China proceeds just about as rapidly as a checkmated game of chess. Long ago the whole country was blocked off into "concessions" to foreign governments so that no country could invest in building Chinese railroads without running into the concession of some other country. The Chinese government itself cannot construct needed lines because of these concessions granted by dead and gone officials.

As a result of these conditions the world's best financial and mechanical brains have been able to construct only about 7,000 miles of railway in China during the past thirty years—something like two hundred and fifty miles a year.

The people are there, the fertile land is there, the mineral resources are there, and the lines which have been constructed are practically all profitable, but still the people travel by camel and wheelbarrow, and fifty per cent of China's laborers are engaged in

transportation—the mere business of wheeling and carrying things about. In the United States only about seven per cent of the laborers are engaged in transportation, and with a proper railway system China could free at least one-third of her entire working population for the development of mines and farms.

Indications are that this Chinese deadlock may soon be broken by international agreement. The first road to be constructed will probably be from Peking to Irkutsk—a route which will shorten the trip from Japan to Paris by four days and will relieve congestion on the present Manchurian routes where freight gathers in six-hundred-thousand-ton lots.

When once the international chess game is settled, a railroad will certainly be constructed along the age-old caravan route to the Mediterranean.

But Aleppo will not be the world's only new railway center. The completion of plans for the English Channel tunnel has set Europe dreaming of another ocean subway, one under the Straits of Gibraltar. From Tangier, on the northernmost tip of Africa, a great railway would branch to the east and to the southwest. The eastern line would run through Morocco, a land whose untouched mines could pay France's share in the war. This line will link up with the Algerian railways and may some day be extended to the Cape-to-Cairo road.

The other branch would strike out across the Sahara, where olive trees and vineyards are already springing up beside the French irrigation canals. This line would reach the Atlantic at Dakar, the point where Africa is but three days removed from Pernambuco, Brazil. A steamship line between the two points would connect the two continents which are most capable of twentieth-century development, and would shorten the trip from Buenos Aires to London by six days.

South America has her own railway projects; most important is the great Pan-American line over which New Yorkers may some day travel to Buenos Aires by rail. Much of the construction is

done. There are gaps in Central America and in the north Andes of Colombia and Ecuador, but Peru is bridging her gaps, and from the Chilean border southward the line is complete, Atlantic connections and all.

But the mere filling in of missing links will not insure a trip to Valparaiso without change, for South American railways have three dimensions—narrow gage, medium gage, and broad gage—which divide the country into traffic-tight compartments, and much standardizing will have to be done before an express train will be a possibility. The Londoner will doubtless be able to take a Pullman for Cape Town before the New Yorker can take a through car to Buenos Aires.

Europe, too, is planning a new trans-continental line, one from Odessa to Bordeaux. It will run south of the Alps, through Italy, and is the only possible route from the Balkans eastward which is not dominated by the Central Powers.

You may consider Australia a continent, or you may relegate her to the island class, but that does not affect the fact that she has just built a trans-continental railway through a thousand waterless miles of the interior. And now that the cities of the west coast are linked with the cities of the southeast, the commonwealths are now beginning the construction of a line which will link the north and the south by rail.

And what do all these projected railways mean?

They mean, for one thing, that the world will probably have an era of railway development like that of the United States after the Civil War. They mean that the nations will pay their war debts by the development of new countries and of old countries come to life once more.

They mean a new chance for the people of crowded Europe—the same chance which has taken half a million settlers into the Canadian northwest this year—and a new chance for the natives of out-of-the-way countries—a chance for new desires and a higher standard of life.



The black lines of newly-built railways—or of old ones with new connections—and the dotted lines which show projected roads give some idea of the big business of railroading in this period of world reconstruction. With the exception

of North America, which already has nearly half the world's railway mileage, every continent is at work on a trans-continental line, and some are following the example of Australia, which started on a second as soon as the first was done.

The Toothpick King and "Pa" Miner

How Mission Schools in China Boost the Price of Dining Car Service in America

By Paul Hutchinson

HERE are the high points of this story: American dining cars; sanitary toothpicks; a New Yorker with an eye to business; the war; a missionary; Chinese students; Shanghai geese; a Foochow dormitory; an education. With that much of an outline you may believe yourself ready to write the tale yourself, but since I discovered it—and need the money—I'll take the liberty of draping a few garments on the skeleton.

American dining cars are the best in the world. Also the most expensive. But the travel-weary tourist, back from the ends of the earth, is glad to pay what tribute is demanded for a sight of "George" bearing his gleaming salver of savory food down the swaying aisle. Not the least distinctive thing about the American diner is the little envelope that "George" brings in with the finger bowl, and the quill toothpick that nestles so sanitarily within.

Did you ever inquire by what route those toothpicks came to your table?

As far as I know, there is only one man in all the United States who deals in quill toothpicks. He is a Russian Jew, citizen of the city of New York. Somewhere in Bohemia he had a factory that took the pride of the geese of the then Austro-Hungarian Empire and magically transformed it into an implement familiar to many Americans.

Then, as every good story should say in these days, came the war. The man in Fourteenth Street knew that it wouldn't be long before the transporting of toothpicks from Bohemia to Broadway would become an extinct occupation. So he sent this S. O. S. to the consular service of the United States: "Where can I get more goose-quill toothpicks?" And back from Foochow, which is the capital of the Province of Fukien, in China, came the answer: "How many do you want?"

Not long after that the toothpick king traveled to the East, only to find that his reply had come from a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George S. Miner. Mr. Miner has business ability par excellence, for he has equipped and carried on 117 day schools in his province without a cent of appropriation from the missionary board of his church.

"Pa" Miner's schools are for poor boys, but he is not in the business of making beggars of his students; no boy enlists his help who does not show ambition to help himself. The toothpick man saw all this, saw also the unlimited supplies of goose quills to be found in

China, and straightway turned over the production end of his business to this missionary and his schoolboys.

In the city of Foochow, Mr. Miner had built up a large higher primary school, which is the term used in China for a school doing the last four years of what Americans call grammar school work. The first floor of the dormitory, by ripping out a few partitions and installing a bit of picket fence, was turned into a toothpick factory.

There was no automatic machinery, but there were plenty of extra-active boys.

I was in that factory the other day. Plenty of room, plenty of light, plenty of air—and plenty of quills. Thirty boys sat at long benches, in each right hand a razor-keen knife and a short piece of wire. With a quick twist the left hand would hold the quill in proper position; one cut, another, a thrust of the wire to clear the interior, and the toothpick was done. The boy I watched had cut 7200 the previous day. The factory had turned out 116,000.

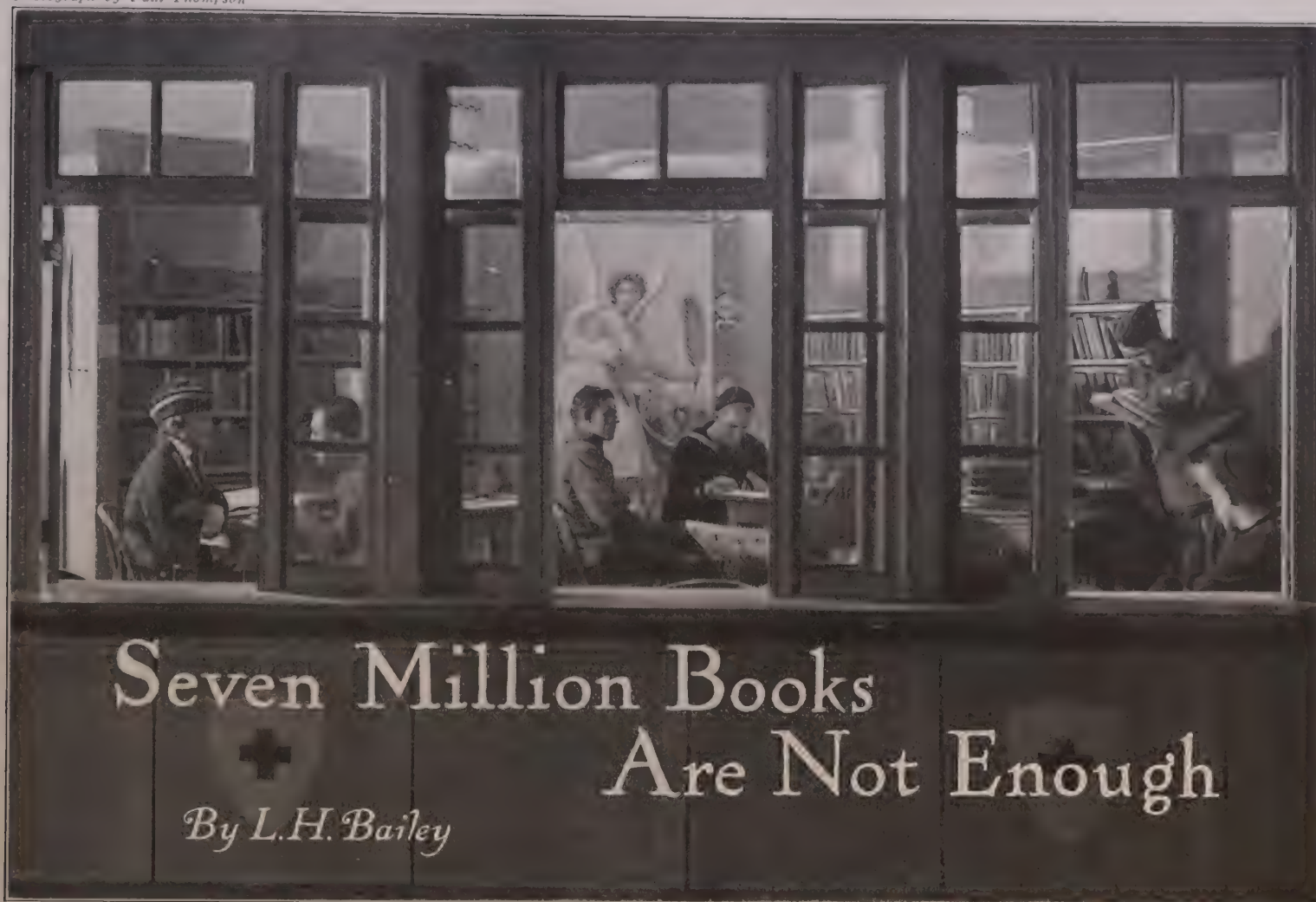
From the cutting room the quills go to great vats filled with some soda solution. Then, after soaking, they are carried from one tub to another for washing. After that they are dried. After that they are sorted according to sizes. After that they are packed. And after that they are taken to the parcel-post window and started on their journey to America—more than two and a half million every month.

Most of the boys cut quills four hours each day and spend the other hours getting the education which is such a precious thing in the new China. Some of them have so little money that they must work all day, but Mr. Miner sees that they receive two hours of instruction in the evening. But all of them are *earning* their way, and the sight is an enheartening one to persons who have become anxious concerning some educational tendencies in the Orient.

So that is the complete story, and the man who wants to lecture on the by-products of missions can do with it what he will. And as for you, indulgent reader, the next time the size of your bill in the diner moves you to speech, just pick up the little sanitary envelope, with the quill inside, and say: "Seventy-five cents seems a bit steep for two scrambled eggs, but I'm glad to do my bit toward the future of China." And "George" will be so certain you're crazy he won't expect a tip.



Thirty poor students in "Pa" Miner's school at Foochow earned "good money" by turning out 116,000 quill toothpicks a day for the Toothpick King who could no longer buy in Austria.



Seven Million Books Are Not Enough

By L.H. Bailey

Why the boys need books even more keenly now than before the armistice was signed, and what the permanent effect of the A. L. A. work will be,

is told by the Head of the New York Area, who has charge of collecting, buying, and sending across all the books that go to the boys overseas.

“**G**OT anything on submarines?” was the first request that came to the overseas representative of the American Library Association.

The librarian had.

“This is great,” said the boy, thumbing his book.

“You see, I’ve got a scheme for putting Liberty motors into U-boats, and I want to read up.”

The next man was not interested in books, but he was bored, and any amusement was better than none, so he picked up a volume at random.

“What’s this one about?”

“It is the story of a man who was married without being consulted.”

“Give it to me,” he said. “It’s my autobiography.”

Fitting the American soldier with books is an all-day task, and the only official agency for supplying and distributing them is the War Committee of the American Library Association. Soon after the United States entered the war the A. L. A. issued its first call for books. Enterprising housewives the country over dived into attics and back stairs closets and contributed old agricultural reports, dog-eared Cæsars, and Complete Guides to Letter Writing—anything so that the Boy Scout waiting at the door would not have to go away empty-handed. Thousands of books went into the fifty-ton cargo space which the Government allowed the A. L. A. every month.

Now the library system is well organized with forty-three buildings and 3369 branches in Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, in barracks and hospitals, in mess halls and on transports. More than 4,500,000 books have been donated, and 2,000,000 others have been bought. These are chiefly technical books for the man who wanted to know more about his job.

The central library in Paris has been used by 30,000 soldiers, sailors and marines, and the latest development of the service, the mail-order branch, brings books within reach of every member of

the A. E. F. Any man may request a book, keep it a month and return it post free. In one month 45,000 volumes went out from Paris in this way. Some of them were even sent out by aeroplane.

What will be the permanent results of the library enlisting in the army?

In the first place, the soldiers will have a broader conception of America.

From the Southern mountains came boys who had never known that reading was for real men until the draft dressed them in khaki. New Mexico sent soldiers who had always supposed they were Mexicans instead of Americans. A young copper miner from Michigan thought George Washington was President of the United States. All these men have had a chance to get acquainted with books, to see newspapers, to find out that the world is really a reading world.

An extreme example of this Americanization process was a just-naturalized Italian who came into the draft. In a camp library he found a primer and learned to read a few words of English. Later when an Italian interpreter was needed someone asked him:

“Aren’t you an Italian?”

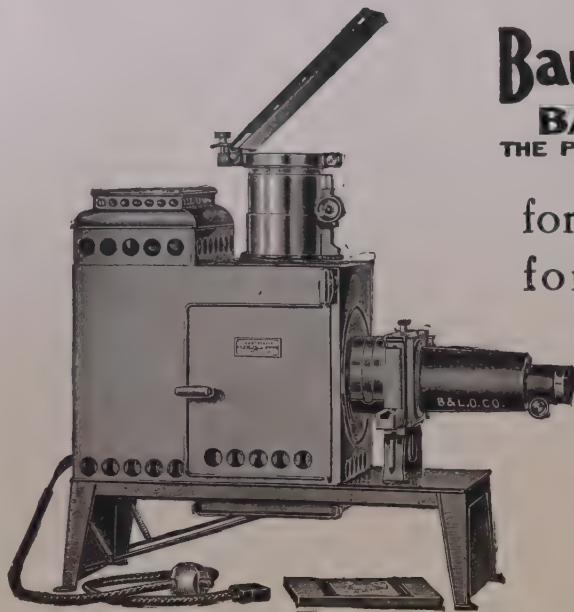
“No, I Americano, but I still-a spik Italiano a leetle.”

Another influence of the A. L. A. overseas service will undoubtedly be its effect upon the French library system. Last Thanksgiving Day Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, director of the A. L. A. in Europe, entertained the Association des Bibliothécaires Français in our Paris library. There Eugene Morel, president of the French association, said in regard to conditions among French libraries:

“We have no organization for collective reading. The old circulating library is dead; the big libraries are considered only as places for historical research; those of a more popular type which are progressing here and there have a purely local influence without possible expansion. Let us hope that the example of your libraries will encourage ours.”

Is the work of the A. L. A. finished? Has

Continued on page 26



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Seven Million Books

Continued from page 25

the end of the war put an end to the demand for books?

Not at all. The need is greater than ever, for the months since the armistice have been harder, in many respects, than the months of war. One letter to the A. L. A. explains the whole situation:

"Could you send reading to a bunch of Yanks in Germany? If you can't, we are all going 'bugs'. Toot sweet silvous plait."

It's pitiful, some of the books that the home-coming soldiers use. On one transport a little group of boys who had lost their right hands learned to write all over again from "The Complete Guide to Letter Writing," which had belonged to somebody's Aunt Agatha, and a man who was wild from shell shock became contented and happy over a large volume of *Vagabonding Down the Andes*.

As to the favorite books of the boys in the service, "find out what the American public reads and you will find out what the American soldier reads."

Helping Them Get Husbands

By Edith H. Smith

WHAT would you do if you were an orphan girl in India, where every one is supposed to marry, but where marriages are arranged by parents? One solution is to go to a mission school, for mission girls are in demand, particularly if they have had industrial training, and the teachers are willing to act as a matrimonial agency.

When Govind decides to marry, he goes to the principal and asks for a wife. One of the teachers investigates his references, and finds that he was formerly of the tanner caste, but is now a Christian, and that he is a policeman, with a salary of four dollars a month and a house. So she recommends Phulwanti, who also came from the tanner caste, and arranges for them to look at each other. Both are satisfied, and the marriage is arranged for the next week.

But the arrangements are not always so satisfactory.

Bhiwa wants Tara, of whose beauty he has heard, but the teachers decide she is of too good a family for him, and recommend Sonu. But Bhiwa will accept no substitutes, and goes away wifeless.

Prahbu has no better luck, for three girls refuse to marry him. "We know a story about him," they say. And for Ameer the teachers can find no husband because she is an ex-Mohammedan in a district of Hindus. So even in India, where every one is supposed to marry, a matrimonial agency has troubles of its own.

The France War Has Left

Northern France today is a land of wrecked cities, wrecked factories, wrecked fields. The homes are patched with corrugated iron, and the dinner tables—often—are bread lines. Read August WORLD OUTLOOK and see what war has meant to France.

Our Buddies

Le Mans, Sarthe Prefecture, France.

Editor World Outlook:

I happened to come by a Y. M. C. A. hut "over here," and stopped. While I was in the hut I found a copy of the *WORLD OUTLOOK*, dated March, 1919, the Centenary number, celebrating one century of missionary work by our Methodist Episcopal Church.

It was with lively interest that I read of the reasons why we must subscribe more, more money to the work of Christ.

We are proud of the fact that America is what she is. We are called a Christian nation, yet there is a country just south of us which is in need of missions and schools. I have spent some time on the "border," and if a country needs schools, churches, hospitals and missionaries, Mexico certainly does. What few buildings of mercy Mexico did have are destroyed by the various aspirants to glory and the President's chair.

The people live in huts that are noticeable for their filth. The peon is not educated. He has to work for a few cents a day, and his meals are scanty. Two centuries of misrule and oppression, by his government and his church, have made him what he is. He needs real religion that uplifts rather than one that drives down.

I have soldiered in a large part of this world and I have found that the man who counts is the one who serves his fellow men.

Every soldier has a "Buddy." If he goes "broke" his buddy lends him a few francs. When one buddy has anything he shares with the other. Every nation on earth is our "buddy." If we, who have, fail to share with our brothers, who have not, then we have failed in our keeping of the trust given to us by Christ.

The greatest army man can serve in is the Army commanded by Jesus Christ. The greatest march is the privilege of "hiking" in the army of God that knows no order save "Forward."

(Signed) Mess Sgt. Vernon Hunt.

From a Bishop

January 6, 1919.

WORLD OUTLOOK is the outstanding missionary publication with which I am acquainted. It is planned upon the broadest lines and in its mechanical makeup represents the finest skill. I should be glad to know that in the New York area its circulation is greatly increased.

(Signed) H. L. Burleson

Resident Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

A Land of Pioneers

The people of France are of the stuff of which pioneers are made. The demolished *poilu* farmer is already clearing his fields; his wife is making curtains for the broken windows; and the children are planting cabbages in the garden plot.

August *WORLD OUTLOOK* will tell you how the peasants of France are solving problems which would harass diplomats.

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Corn puffs are sweet pellets of corn hearts, puffed to airy, flaky globules with a nut-like taste.

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These fragile tidbits seem to melt away with the cream, and they add to it the flavor of super-toasted corn.



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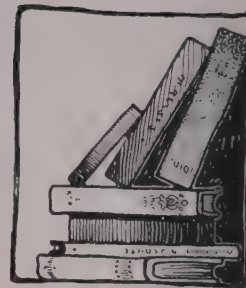


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A Call to the Open Country

THE RURAL CHURCH SERVING THE COMMUNITY.
By Edwin L. Earp. The Abingdon Press. \$.75 net.

LIKE the slums of the great cities, the rural section of the country, although it contains over half the population, is a "lost home field." "The message of the minister in the neglected pulpit of the dilapidated church," says Mr. Earp, "is about as effective as the noise of a lone woodpecker on a dead tree in the swamp."

Mr. Earp diagnoses the situation in a brief, convincing fashion, giving as the chief remedy the training and placing of strong leaders. "Make the open country as impelling as the foreign field for life investment," is his suggestion, as he points out the fact that while the rural community has sent out to other fields of service strong young men as leaders, it lacks now the leadership for its own up-building.

"The Rural Church Serving the Community" is a handbook of principles rather than detailed suggestions.



The Birth of Many Nations

THE RESURRECTED NATIONS. By Isaac Don Levine.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"BOTH the United States and Europe are flooded by an actual torrent of conflicting, confusing, misleading statements by the advocates of the antagonistic nationalities clamoring for the public's support," says Mr. Levine, and states as the aim of his book, "to recite to the bewildered reader the sober truth, while sympathetic toward the cause of oppressed nationalism."

Mr. Levine tells of many countries whose names are unfamiliar to many.—Lettonia, Esthonia, Kurdistan and Azerbaijan, for example. He also has collected interesting historical facts concerning nations like Czecho-Slovakia and Poland which have been somewhat more in the public eye. The title page legend, "Short histories of the peoples freed by the great war and statements of their national claims," is a good summing up of this useful and timely book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Barton, George A. RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$1.50 net.
Batten, Samuel Zane. THE NEW WORLD ORDER. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Calkins, Harvey Reeves. THE CENTENARY AT OLD FIRST. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. \$1.50 net.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. MISS FINGAL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
Cochran, Jean Carter. FOREIGN MAGIC. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.
Eissler, M. MY VOYAGE IN KOREA. Shanghai: The Oriental Press.
Faunce, W. H. P. CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES ESSENTIAL TO A NEW WORLD ORDER. New York: Committee on the War and Religious Outlook, 105 East 22nd St.
Finley, John. A PILGRIM IN PALESTINE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield. THE DAY OF GLORY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00 net.

Books By Bishop James W. Bashford CHINA: An Interpretation

This edition was arranged for and the additional chapter (XX) written before the death of Bishop Bashford. The new chapter deals with the Origin of the Chinese people while the new Preface contains a supplementary statement of events in China since the first edition was issued.

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In August WORLD OUTLOOK, Walter Kellogg Towers has a story of the H. C. L. in France which will make you thankful when you see your grocery bill.

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I want to give it to the Golden Library, too, but haven't asked their consent yet. So I will just inclose \$3 for two subscriptions.

World Outlook is great! Keep it up!

Yours truly,
(Signed) Edna May Lee.

The Answer to the Mexican Question

"For seven years conditions have been so atrocious in Mexico that the diplomats have been afraid to have the facts come out and there has been an organized conspiracy of suppression instead of publicity. Not that way lies healing. That way lies exactly what ruined Europe—war. Suppress wrongs and outrages long enough and the lid blows off."

There is increasing danger of American intervention in Mexico. This, plainly speaking, would mean war with Mexico. The nation to the south of us would be embittered, whereas it might and should be befriended.

There is a way to remedy conditions in Mexico without intervention. This way is discussed by Agnes C. Laut in her second notable article on the Mexican situation, to appear in the August World Outlook.

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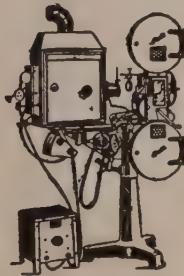
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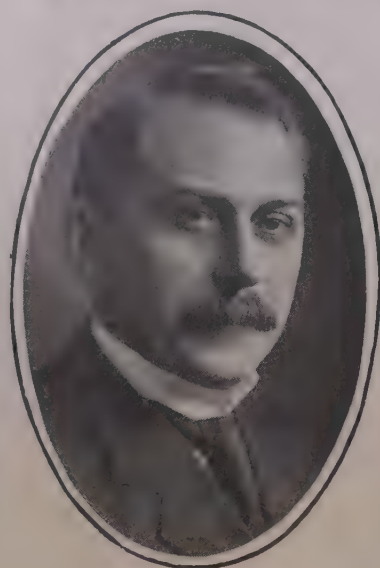
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AUGUST
1919

WORLD OUTLOOK

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 8

FRANCE NUMBER

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In luck? The tots at Ecully say so! Of the 300 war orphans whom Methodists are caring for in France, no others have such an attic to play in as theirs!



Our flag is close second to the tri-color with 50 girls at Ecully. Marie, who saw her family die, loves it, and Jeanne, ex-prisoner of war. Why? Food, clothes, love, and once candy!



S. EARL TAYLOR, Director; GEORGE M. FOWLES, Treasurer. EDITORIAL COMMITTEE—Frank Mason North, Ralph Welles Keller. WORLD OUTLOOK is published monthly at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, by the Board of Foreign Missions and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Entered as Second Class Matter, December 16, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918. Copyright, 1919. Subscription Price, \$1.50. Canada, \$1.75. Foreign, \$2.00.

WILLARD PRICE, Editor

The Girl He Left Behind Him



HAVING one's picture taken as a representative of Ecully, one of the finest Foyers Retrouvées in France, is a great responsibility! Yvonne felt it keenly. But, being the daughter of a hero, she stopped sweeping, brushed the dust from her chubby hands, and faced the music—though with downcast eyes.

Yvonne is one of three children, all in the Methodist Foyers Retrouvées in France. Their father was among those sent to rescue a regiment surrounded by the Germans in the Vosges. They saved the regiment,—and fell.

His little daughter is one of 50 children at Ecully, the

newest of the Methodist Foyers Retrouvées. They are happy youngsters now, in the beautiful grounds, or in the huge old house built by a French artist. They go to school there at Ecully,—an excellent school, the work of which is recognized by the French Government.

Most of the children at Ecully are there because of the war. Germaine and Julienne Remy, for instance, lived in the cellars of Reims, and went to school there among the tombs, during the bombardment. Raymonde and Leonie Baden lost their father in the battle at Verdun. So you might go through the whole roll.

CONVALESCENCE

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

IN our family there is an old story which has been handed down for more than a hundred years, and still remains as vividly human as the year it was new. One of my great-great-grandmothers—a bustling, energetic mother and housekeeper, who worked from early till late, spinning, baking, washing, cooking, cleaning for her big family, one day fell violently and dangerously ill with typhoid fever. For weeks her life hung in the balance, and the scared and desperate family gave up everything else to care for her and to do the work she usually did.

Finally the fever broke, the emaciated white face on the pillow was still in the first normal sleep, and the old nurse, the tears of joy rolling down her face, told the agitated family that the crisis was over, that the patient would in all probability recover. Rejoicing and giving thanks they all flew back to their respective tasks . . . except an old harmless, half-witted cousin, who lingered on in the sick-room, beside the nurse. When the patient opened her eyes from the first real sleep she had known in many, many days, her childish old kinswoman advanced to the bed and said complainingly, "See here, Mari', the rest of us are about beat out with work. Don't you think you've laid abed and rested yourself about long enough?"

I make no comment on this, sure that none is needed. I only ask you please to quote this story to anyone who asks you if it is not about time to stop giving American aid to France "because now that the war is over, things must be pretty nearly as usual again."

Heaven forbid that France's eyes, opening on normal life for the first time after four horrible years of mortal sickness, should hear from any source such an unimaginative, childishly cruel and foolish greeting as that which welcomed my poor great-great-grandmother back to life. Let America *remain*, what she has been so wonderfully, the big vigorous sister come in to help out her neighbor-sister through a dangerous crisis.



France Learns Two New Words

By Blanche Brace

THEY were handing out pots and pans to the returned refugees at Rheims that day.

It was really a very gay occasion! The pots and pans made it so, in spite of the ghosts of dead homes (mere hollow shells of ruined houses) all around the shattered building where the distribution was being made, the broken cathedral over yonder, the miles of desolation everywhere. Sometimes the refugee women hugged the cheap utensils to them and crooned over them as if they had been children, sometimes they wanted to pay a few centimes' "rent" for them, so that they might feel the things were their own. These were not just pots and pans, but the promise of comfort and security again, the nucleus for new homes that should rise from the ruins.

A countess with smudged fingers and half a dozen other Frenchwomen of prestige stood behind the counter and handed out the utensils. All at once a middle-aged, homely *mère* dropped her pan with a clatter.

"Mon Dieu!" she gasped, "is *she* a countess? And I fought with her for a bigger pot! And working so hard—what does it mean?"

What it meant was that France learned two new words from America during the war.

Every nation learned some new words from every other nation, then—not the *beaucoup's* and the *tout suite's* which the doughboys brought back with them—but the new ideals for which the foreign terms stood. We learned what France meant by courage in the face of disaster, by persistence, by patriotism, definitions we shall not forget.

So it is pleasant to know that the United States played teacher, too. Social service—those were the two new words France learned. The thing for which they stand is (or was) something as distinctly American as ice-cream soda or buckwheat cakes.

To-day in France Poilu Henri, still so young that he is hardly more than a boy, is being taught to play. Small Jeannette, three years old, is being told fairy stories and prevented from poking her brown eyes out with the scissors, while her mother is away working in the factory. Madame Briot is being loaned a pig, which grunts with a hopeful sound, up there in the flattened Château Thierry section. Jeanne, just married to an American soldier, is being given lessons in American money and American geography.

ALL that is social service, and it is something almost new to France, something that she did not know in anything like its present scope until America taught her. There stand out in my memory like silhouettes some of the times when I saw Americans teaching social service in France. A Governor's wife giving out cigarettes to a group of *poilus* at St. Mihiel, and joking with them in sketchy French above the noise of the guns, a Red Cross girl inking funny eyes upon a wad of new bandage to make a doll for a crying refugee baby, a Y. M. C. A. girl helping give first-aid to some mustard-gassed French soldiers on the road to Verdun, two Smith College girls mired in mud to the top of their ugly boots as they handed out garden seed in the Somme neighborhood, a Y. W. C. A. woman teaching the fox trot to some munition makers at Lyons, a President's daughter singing "La Marseillaise" with a crowd of refugees, a Salvation Army girl passing out coffee to both French and Americans in the Argonne—such things as that!

Just how many or which Americans had the biggest share in teaching France her new words it is impossible to say. There were 30,000 American women war workers in France, to say nothing of the men for the moment, and each one of them, as well as the millions of people back home who sent them, had a share, direct or indirect, in introducing the idea of social service.

The Red Cross, for instance, played so big a part that one hesitates to try to enumerate all it did.

Perhaps the greatest piece of social service it rendered France was through the Bureau of Tuberculosis it established there in the fall of 1917, and maintained until the end of the war. France had never had a systematic campaign against the disease. Her people knew little, as a mass, of the need of isolation of advanced cases,

and of segregation of cases within the home. There was no such general knowledge of the necessity of fresh air, frequent bathing, and so on, as we find in the United States. The years of the war had sapped the energies of the French people, and rendered them peculiarly liable to tuberculosis.

Acting in conjunction with the Rockefeller Commission, the American Red Cross established tuberculosis committees and dispensaries throughout France, taught the people of villages, towns and cities preventive measures, took over several sanatoria already established, and spent large sums of money for food, clothing, furniture, medicines and games for the patients. Its workers came into the closest contact with the people. To see an American girl arguing with a vehement and alarmed old French mother about the necessity of prying open the windows was an everyday matter all over France. The importance of this to the future of France is incalculable, of course.

THERE was the Y. M. C. A., too, which had a big part in teaching France what social service can mean.

"Look you, America wraps her fighters in cotton wool!" France said, just at first, rather shrugging at the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the soldiers. "She feeds them candy, she brings the opera to them, she takes them to the picture galleries! It is a war *à la mode*!"

Then France found that the American soldiers fought without frills, and all the better for their "cotton wool." Also the *poilus* spoke their minds, from the hundreds of *Foyers du Soldats* that the American Y. M. C. A. had established for French soldiers. In the old-time barracks there had not even been a place where a French soldier could sit down. It would have been a breach of discipline for a *poilu* to take a book into the barracks, if he could have gotten one, up there near the front.

The best proof that France appreciated this social service is the fact that the Y. M. C. A. *Foyers du Soldats* are to be maintained permanently, and scores of new ones erected at the request of the French government. The War Department of France is sending postcard inquiries to 200,000 villages, asking the authorities of each community about the willingness of the neighborhood to co-operate, in case a *foyer* is established there. One great result of the Y. M. C. A. work is the increased interest in physical development in France.

Perhaps no one other organization came into contact with the French people themselves from quite so many angles, or did as much to teach them social service as the Young Women's Christian Association. It went to France, in fact, partly to teach social service, because of an appeal that had been sent to it from some of the public-spirited women of France.

"Many of these women have been widowed," read the appeal, "many of them have been cut off from the privilege of marrying, many of them have heavy responsibilities thrust upon them in supporting relatives, many of them work in munitions plants. Their need is great, greater than that of any of the women in America. Who can help them? Who but you?"

The first social service task of the Y. W. C. A. in France was establishing *Foyers des Alliées* for the munition workers. To these *foyers* came women stained with yellow powder, tense from the strain of work in constant danger, tired with long hours, homesick, and sad. The Y. W. C. A. gave them pretty rooms to rest in, a bit of hot luncheon, a place to sew or to press out blouses for the evening's fun, a piano to sing around, an occasional picnic or party to these women and girls wearied with the grim business of war. What all this meant to the French women may be judged better from the fact that there were 20,000 women and girls at work in the munitions factory at Lyons, where the first *Foyer des Alliées* was established, and thousands of others in similar munition factories all over France, except in the fighting areas.

The Y. W. C. A. found them comfortable living quarters, it offered them relaxation in a dozen ways, it gave them evening classes, it opened gymnasiums for them.

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THIS refugee mother and her baby have turned for help to "the greatest mother in the world", the Red Cross. Even the house that Jack built never had such marvelous powers of expansion as that first little Red Cross shelter for the youngsters whom the Germans had driven from their homes, which grew into 63 similar shelters in various towns and cities, and a sixty-fourth great home in Paris. "The greatest mother" had a big, war-time family—she took care of 22,000 French children.



Thinking Toward A

*"Petit soldat de guerre,
On dit que tu t'en vas?"*

A little French girl in L'Œuvre Libératrice, near Paris, was singing for the American visitors. I turned to Madame Avril Saint-Croix, founder of L'Œuvre.

"Surely she can't be one of the victims of the German army of invasion!"

Madame Avril nodded.

I looked again at the childish face, at the smooth brown hair and the innocent eyes.

"But she's only a child."

"Yes, she's just twelve. Two years ago the German soldiers found

her in her village up north. When she came to us she was in a critical condition, but in spite of everything she's still a child. You know," Madame Avril added, "she takes her doll to bed with her every night."

That child represents one of the moral problems which France has to face to-day. There are only a few thousands of these *victimes de guerre*, but there are enough to make a world of misery. Most of them are under twenty-one; many are not more than fourteen. Madame Avril Saint-Croix and others are working not only to give these girls the best possible medical treatment, but also to remove the feeling that they are forever social outcasts. This reinstatement into society involves many delicate questions.

Should mothers be encouraged to keep their children of German fathers?

How can these children be incorporated into the life of a French family?

Would it be better to turn all these children over to the state to be cared for with other war orphans?

To what extent is it wise to remove the stigma from illegitimacy?

Other moral problems, old and new, have come to the surface in France to-day. For ages in continental Europe—even more than in America—there have been two codes of honor, one for men, another for women. The women have not liked this double standard, but over there a woman's whole duty has been to stay in her own home doing the things her mother did just as her mother used to do them. And these traditional duties did not include a fight to change moral standards.

French women have simply accepted conditions as they found them, and the happiest women have been those who kept farthest in the back of their minds all questions regarding the social relationships between men and women.

But the war broke all traditions. Women were forced out of their own fields and shops and into the great industrial centers. There they formed new social contacts and ideals, and there they must remain, for such a large proportion of French men have

THE shrewdness of French women has always given them a large place in the business life of their men-folks, but now they are asking for more—a voice in determining social standards and a share in governing the nation.



Photograph © Keystone Photo News

Single Standard

Bement Davis

been killed that there are not enough homes to go round among the women who are left.

In many instances this influx of women into industry has had an evil effect upon the family life of the nation. French homes have been devastated not only by bursting shells and marauding armies but also by abnormal industrial conditions and exhausting economic strain.

The population of Lyons, for example, was nearly doubled during the war by the increased number of workers and by refugees. Now, particularly since the demobilization of war workers, the city is filled with restless, homeless men and women.

I have been reliably informed that there are no less than ninety thousand registered prostitutes on the streets of Lyons—about fifteen per cent of the entire female population of the city.

Not far from Lyons there is a little village which had a pre-war population of about three thousand. Just before the armistice the single factory in that village had seven thousand five hundred employees. Now the factory is all but deserted, but the proprietor found it necessary to build in an adjacent field a maternity hospital for the mothers of a hundred and twenty illegitimate children.

If to some women war conditions have signified merely a relaxation of moral forces, to others they have meant a feeling of social responsibility, a determination that the new France shall have higher moral standards than the old.

Everywhere as I traveled through Europe I felt this ideal. Many women confessed that they did not know how a new conception of the social relationships between men and women could be substituted for age-old traditions. But others were beginning to plan for educational propaganda and to take part in societies for the prevention of venereal diseases.

One of the indirect methods of combating social evils is an attack upon alcoholism, for many women believe that free social relations are largely the product of public drinking places and would disappear with the abolition of such places.

THE fight against alcoholism is closely linked with the feminist movement, for prohibition leaders believe that if French women could vote, they would vote against alcohol as the Scandinavian women did.

Another phase of France's fight for a higher moral standard is the growing opposition to birth control. During the war the population of France—in addition to all military losses—showed a decrease of eight hundred thousand. To make up for this loss the government and other agencies are insisting that an increase in the size of French families is necessary if France is to continue as a nation.

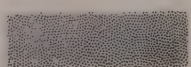
French women physicians are planning to come to New York in September to attend an International Conference of Social Education. This may seem a small step, but it means that France is trying to define a new standard of social morality, and that women are becoming interested in community welfare. It opens the way to a free discussion of the subject, and discussion is surely the mother of understanding and the grandmother of progress.



Photograph Press Illus. Serv.

FRANCE

AS THE WAR HAS LEFT IT



The Invaded Territory



Belgium



Alsace-Lorraine



The Rhenish Republic

THE "devastated area" of France is a region 700 miles long and from sixty to eighty miles wide. Its area was 15,000,000 acres, and its population 6,000,000. Now everything is destroyed wholly or in part.

Lens was destroyed not only above the ground but for 3,000 feet below. The shafts which supplied sixty per cent of France's coal were blasted out and then flooded or filled with concrete. Many Americans say the mines cannot be reopened, but the French owners have showed their faith by ordering new machinery and promising that coal production will begin in two years.

A hundred million cubic yards of earth will be needed to fill the trenches of northern France and an equal amount to fill shell holes. The work would keep 100,000 men busy for a year.

The French Ministry of Reconstruction—or "reconstitution," as they call it—has ordered 25,000 demountable wooden houses for the use of returning refugees.

Forty per cent of the population of France lives by agriculture, which solves half of the demobilization problem, but not the noisiest half.

French shipping lost 670,000 tons during the war.

The undevastated cities of France are "mothering" the ruined towns; for instance, Nantes has adopted St. Mihiel, and Lyons is caring for St. Quentin.

It would take eleven days for the French dead to pass down Fifth Avenue marching twenty abreast.



Grass is growing on the wharves of Antwerp, once the busiest port in Europe.

"We are in the same condition as northern France," said a Belgian official, "only northern France has the rest of France behind her, and we stand alone."

Although the Rhenish Republic lived only a week, it lasted long enough to give Prussia a fright, for the people of the Rhine lands are French, Flemish and Low Dutch almost as much as they are German, and when Napoleon conquered their country, they seemed just as contented under France as under Germany.

The French will get only one-third of the coal fields in the Saar Valley, but this third is the part most highly developed.

In the industrial district around Lens 26,000 factories were destroyed or stripped—\$120,000,000 worth of spinning machinery alone was lost.

The coal reserves of the Saar Valley are estimated at 45,000,000,000 tons. Of the eighty shafts in operation, twenty-seven—the best ones—belonged to the Prussian government.

Before the war Rheims had 15,000 homes. Now fifteen of them are left undamaged and only 1,500 can possibly be repaired.

German goods have disappeared from the shop windows of Metz and in their place are the products of Paris, Rouen, and Lyons, all placarded "Made in France."

In Soissons an enterprising store is already displaying the sign, "Your Home Completely Re-furnished for 999 fr., 20 fr. down, the Rest in Easy Weekly Payments." Some of the furniture sold at this low rate is legless, but what difference does that make in a land which has lost so many legs?

Lorraine is Europe's "Iron Queen." The conquered province supplied eighty per cent of Germany's iron. It is estimated that these iron fields can still supply 20,000,000 tons a year for eighty years.

A French officer says that the French army had 3,000 Alsatians and Lorrainers above the rank of lieutenant, while the German army had three.

In speaking of some of the ruined villages, an American engineer said, "Nothing can be done except to put them through the crushing machine and use the material in cement."

Alsace and Lorraine form a treasure box unequalled in Europe. The loss of Alsatian potash deposits will break Germany's world-monopoly of the potash trade.

A Berlin paper, rejoicing in the thoroughness of the kultur treatment given to France, said, "The abandoned lands form a veritable desert."

Twelve Villages Shall Be Their Monument

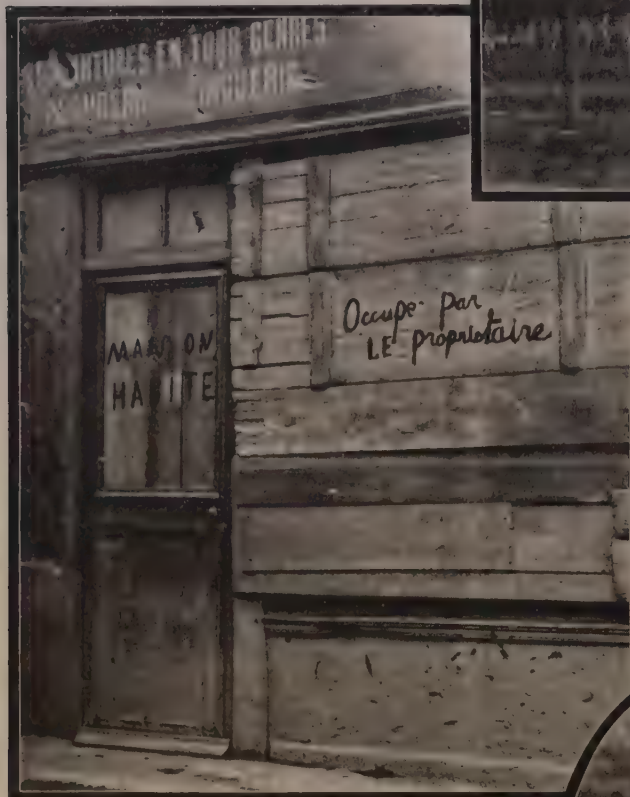
American soldiers gave their lives to hold the region about Chateau Thierry against the advance of the Germans; now American people are helping the French villagers hold the same land against the onslaught of discouragement.

By Ernest W. Bysshe

You might not recognize it as a tinsmith's shop open for business, but hundreds of French stores occupy worse quarters.



Half a million German prisoners have been at work in France repairing roads, exploding shells, and spring cleaning generally.



"Wherever they may be will always be America."

Even the children of the twelve villages are happy when Dr. Bysshe comes to see them.



OVER there to the left, as we drove along, was Belleau Wood. Its trees were still torn and broken, but the soft green of another spring was beginning to hide some of its battle scars. It was a brave wood, trying to pull itself together after the war.

"We'll stop here a moment, please," I said to the French soldier who was our driver.

For there was a little American graveyard to our left, and we could not pass without salutation to those quiet heroes of some of the hardest battles of the war. There were rows and rows of their graves, on each one a little American flag, and on each the flowers put there by French mothers, with a tender thought of those other mothers so far away.

Two doughboys who had come up to see Chateau Thierry stood near, silent, their eyes a little blurred.

"They ought to have some fine monument, those guys," said one of them, at last. "They've got it comin' to them—I'll say they have!"

"They ought to have the greatest monument in the world," I answered, as we turned away. And I wondered if the humble monument



we were planning at Chateau Thierry would answer for them.

We drove on into the ruined village just ahead, one of the twelve in that neighborhood which had been turned over to the Methodist Episcopal Church for reconstruction. It is of no use for me to try to put into words the utter desolation of that broken village. Its roofs were gone, its windows broken, its walls gaped with great holes like wounds, or lay tumbled on the ground; upper floors were fallen; heaps of stones lay where once the furniture had been. At work in the midst of the devastation were the returned refugees, trying to build up homes out of the chaos.

A woman emerged from the doorway of a house that had hardly more than the doorway left. That wall still stood, but the rest of the house lay a crumbled heap of stones and mortar. There was not one piece of furniture left her, not so much as a chair. She answered our greeting, turning toward us a kindly, saddened face, with bewildered eyes. Three children clung to her skirts, eying us gravely. They had forgotten how to smile during those years that war had come so close to them. We asked for water.

"I cannot even give you a drink of water, monsieur," the mother said. "The war has not left me even that! The wall has fallen upon the pump, you see, and broken it. Besides, it is not possible to drink this water since the Germans were here. But Edouard will bring you some—will you not, mon cherie?—from yonder, if you have a cup. Ourselves, we have none."

"That was what we found everywhere—such utter need as it will be almost impossible for Americans who have never seen the war fronts in France to understand. It is not only that the refugees have no homes when they come back, after their wanderings, to their shattered villages. They have no possessions of any kind. The women lack the simplest household utensils with which to prepare food for their children; they do not own so much as a plate or a cup or a spoon. The men have not even a spade or a rake or a hoe with which to go to work in their gardens that they may raise a little food toward the coming winter.

In the little town of Boursches we asked the village school teacher what her people needed most.

"But they have nothing!" she said simply. "The war has taken all. There is nothing that they do not need."

Ten men out of the fifty who had formerly lived in Boursches had been killed in battle, she told us. Every family in the village had been directly affected by the war. In some the husbands or fathers or sons had been wounded or killed in battle. In many cases the homes had been shattered; in all they had been despoiled of their possessions. The refugees had come back after their months of absence from their homes with their spirit almost broken, their hearts sad, to find conditions such as these.

Just outside the village of Vaux a woman stood in the door of an army shack. Her three children hid their faces in her skirts as we approached. Normal French children are a friendly lot, very seldom afraid of strangers, quick to smile and to return a greeting; but the youngsters in the shattered villages along the various war fronts have learned what fear is, and cannot yet forget their lesson. Their mother answered our questions simply. Her husband had been killed in the war. She had come back to the village with her children to find her home destroyed, and had taken up residence with the children in this deserted army shack. Here she had led a hand-to-mouth existence, earning a little money by baking for the soldiers. We told her that we would look her up again when we returned to the village.

"But I shall not be here, monsieur," she said, without especial emphasis, in a matter-of-fact fashion. "Next week the man who owns the land on which this shack is built is returning to the village. His home is gone, so he and his family must live here, and we shall have to go. Where? I cannot tell. For myself I should not care so much, but there are the children. But it is the war."

We drove on into Monneaux, a little Protestant village. That morning the villagers had worshipped in the shattered little stone church, where the pipe organ, for which the women saved their

butter money for seventy years, is a mass of débris. In the face of all their own actual need they are starting in all over again to save pennies for another one. There you have the spirit of the French people.

"We thank God for the Americans!" the mayor of the village said, as we told him of the plans for reconstructing the eleven broken little towns. "This was the third time during the war that our people had to evacuate the village, the third time that they came back to such desolation as you see. They are sorely in need of sympathy and encouragement in the long task ahead. Monsieur, your soldiers held this land against the advance of the Germans, and now the Americans will help our people hold it again—against the march of despair!"

"After all, it is a worthy monument, even for American soldiers!" I thought, as we turned back toward Chateau Thierry.

It will stand, the monument visible, by that historic bridge, now rebuilt, where our American soldiers held back the Germans a year ago in their march toward Paris. A neighborhood center for these twelve devastated little villages—that is all it will be. Cheer and aid will go out to them every day from this building dedicated to the American boys who died there. No one in any of those twelve little towns will ever forget them.

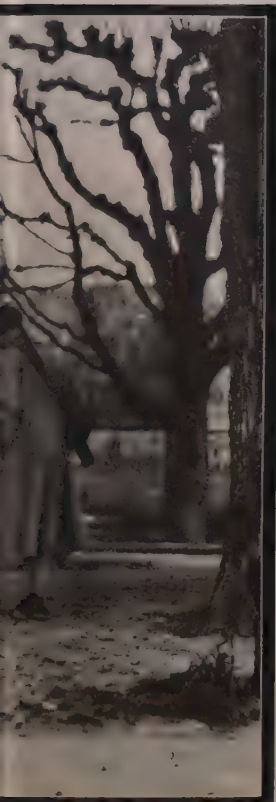
The Methodist Episcopal Church has already started reconstruction work from this neighborhood center, which is hardly more than begun. The French Government has set aside a part of its indemnity funds for rebuilding the shattered towns of France. Of necessity, the sum will be far from the equivalent of what the villagers have lost, and they themselves will do the greater part of the work. Meanwhile, the neighborhood center will provide them with some of the simple necessities of life, furniture, cooking utensils, garden implements, cows, chickens, rabbits, garden seeds. At first these things will be given to those who are without money; as soon as possible they will pay at least a part of the cost. Already every ship that goes toward Europe is giving the Methodist Episcopal Church space for articles for the rehabilitation of these villages.

Motor bazaars will go out from the neighborhood center to the various villages, carrying the things that they most need. There will be a clinic there, also, and a corps of district nurses and doctors will visit the villages. Until now there has been no way for the villagers to secure medical attention in that entire area, at the very time when they need it most, because of the unhealthy living conditions.

Amusement will not be forgotten, either. Above all, the children of war-ridden France must be taught to smile again! So there will be traveling cinemas, which will give shows in each village at least once in every two weeks. There will be night classes, so that ambitious boys and girls who are forced to leave school to go to work may go on with their education. There will be lectures and other entertainments for the older people.

Whatever is done will be done for all, of course, irrespective of creed. War has taught the church a new lesson, and simple human suffering has enlarged its outlook. It will concern itself with the temporal welfare of the people hereafter, as well as with their spiritual needs.

The real monument to our American soldiers will be more than that little building in Chateau Thierry. It will be a monument of homes built up from devastation, for the men who cared enough for homes to die for them, a monument of children's laughter after their woe, a monument of enduring happiness!



France Learns Two New Words

(Continued from page 4)

At first the French girls, in their little, high-heeled slippers, giggled at this.

"Athletics for women—but it is droll!" they declared. Then they saw how much fun it all was, kicked off the high-heeled slippers, got into tennis shoes, and began playing basketball.

With that beginning the Y. W. C. A. social service work branched out in many directions. A vacation home, "L'Oiseau Bleu," was opened just outside of Paris for munition workers. Kindergarten classes were started for the babies of the women who had to be away all day in the factories. The little tads liked these (American

games were fun!), but the really important thing was that the mothers no longer had to work all day in an agony of anxiety over what might happen to the children at home.

How inclusive the social service of the Y. W. C. A. has become is shown by the fact that at Brest it even teaches geography in a barracks where 1000 French war brides of American soldiers may be cared for while they wait to sail. One of these little war brides, who had known her husband only ten days, and was worried that she might not recognize him when they met again (it would be very, very embarrassing, she said) demonstrated the need for such a class when she said that she was going to live in Kent,

Continued on page 32



The PHOENIX

by Margaret
& Sangster

Photographs by Horace W. Scandlin

The ruined wheat fields lying in the sun
Will smile again, e'er many seasons pass;
The crooning breeze will sway the golden grass,
The way it did before a blazing gun,
Mowed down the meadow poppies in red heaps;
And battered villages will rise anew,
And homes will stand where one-time gardens grew.
And, in dim forests where an army sleeps,
The little birds will sing their evening songs,
The way they did before a blasting rain
Of shrapnel cut their tiny nests in twain;
For France will rise, triumphant through her wrongs -

Yes, France will grow once more in faith, and pave
Her tortured roads again with stones of life,
Her songs will rise once more, above the strife -
But what about the hearts that gave - and gave!



These Stories Will Get You

Why? Because they are just the true stories of the little tykes whom the world owes the biggest war debt of all. They are such tads, these boys of the Methodist Episcopal farm at Charvieu, France! The oldest is small enough to love deteckitiff tales; the youngest tells in baby talk some of the blackest tragedies of the war.

But two hundred acres of outdoor air, plenty of food, two pups, and twenty-five calves do help a fellow forget.

"My Dear Little Adored Mamma"

IT was Rene's first love letter, and he wouldn't write it in the schoolroom at Charvieu. He wanted to be alone with her, you see! A shy, little, tiptoeing figure, with an inkwell in his hand, he slipped into a solitary corner. "Ma chere Maman," began Rene. Then he found, as lovers always find, that it is hard to scribble one's heart into the written word. Between "chere" and "Maman" he squeezed "petite," in tiny letters. Still it sounded cold. Rene wasn't satisfied—what lover ever is? Above "Maman" he crowded "adoree," and let it go at that.



Rene's "dear, little, adored Mamma" made munitions during the war, to keep her children alive. Rene, left all alone, and very small, fell on the scissors one day. As he played on the railroad track another time he was struck by a train. Now the little boy has a stump foot and a glass eye—but the heart of a soldier. Listen to this extract from that love-letter of his:

"In your next letter you will tell me, won't you, when you are coming? Because I thought you were coming Sunday, with Frederic's Mamma. But if you can't come, it doesn't matter. Because I know that I must be very good, so that I can spend my holiday with you. I close with a kiss for you on each cheek—and two million more."

"Rene Chavagneux."

He isn't all hero, though; mostly he's just small boy. At night, when the dormitory lights are out, he tells the other fellers stories left over from those long ago happy days before the war, when his "dear little adored Mamma" used to take him to the movies.

The Levacher Trio

There are three of the Levacher tads at Charvieu—Maurice, Georges and Andre. Three sentences will tell the tragedy that happened to them. When the Germans invaded their village the little boys were driven away without their mother, who was sick in the hospital.



The shock of the invasion killed her. Their father and their uncle never came back from the war. So the only family they have now is the big, friendly one at Charvieu.

What Henri Remembers

There are times when even the fun at Charvieu can't make little Henri Brasch forget the war. A piece of German steel in his arm helps him remember. It doesn't hurt him now, but the memory of how it came to be there will hurt him all his life. For as Henri

When the boys first come to Charvieu they tell their own little war stories with that brevity which is the soul of tragedy. Edouard Fraise says, "Papa went off on a big ship. He never writes any more. Mamma cries." He does not know that the ship was torpedoed, and that Papa will never write. But Marcel, Raoul and Lucien Laurent know that their father is dead. "He died in a Boche prison, notre père," they tell you, with sad little faces.

lay sleeping one night with his father in Alsace, a Boche shell crashed through the roof into the bed where they lay. "Father!"



cried Henri, in terror, feeling the pain in his arm. But his father did not answer, for the shell had blown him to bits.

You might think that that was a bad enough memory for a ten-year-old boy to keep. Henri has a still more terrible one. It is of the night when the six Brasch children, one a baby, were forced to watch their mother shot as a spy because she had given a suit to a French soldier. When they shrieked, and would have hid their faces, German soldiers prodded them with bayonets to make them look.

Now all six are in the various Foyers Retrouvees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in France, and happy most of the time. There are still nights, though, when Henri wakes, screaming "You leave my Mamma alone!" Then the matron at Charvieu, who has little boys of her own, takes him in her arms and holds him tightly for a while, and tells him to go back to sleep, and maybe he can help milk the cows next day.

A Candidate for Charvieu

Roger, three years old, with white hair and snapping brown eyes, doesn't love the ladies. When they brought him to the Foyer Retrouvee at Grenoble he took one look at all the little girls around, and then stated with decision that he did not desire "les femmes," and why couldn't he go to the farm with the other men? He is still waiting for that. Time doesn't flee at all, Roger thinks; the clock is the pokiest thing he ever saw. But anyhow he's a little older almost every day.



Roger's father is a hopeless war cripple. He is a victim of shell shock, too, and cannot bear the noise the little boy makes. Roger's mother works day and night, yet cannot earn enough to support herself and the invalid and the little boy. So he's at Grenoble—with one eye on Charvieu.

Like so many who spurn women folks, Roger inspires hopeless love among all who look at him. It's wasted sentiment. He turns his back on it and gives his busy days to pranks. The first day he came to Grenoble he filled in the forenoon by leaving the water turned on in the bathroom, with detriment to the ceiling below, overturning a bottle of ink and wiping it up with a napkin after he played in it a while, and spilling the entire supply of milk for the day. Recently he used up the orphanage shoe polish by varnishing a cabinet with it.

Women are funny—they object to everything! Wait till he gets to Charvieu!

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What Is the Remedy for Mexico?

By Agnes C. Laut

MEXICO could have been saved and can yet be saved without the firing of another revolutionary shot, or the shedding of another drop of blood. It can be saved without the political catch cries of "cut the gringos' throats!" on the one side of the line, and "armed intervention" on the other side of the line. It can be saved so easily that the crime is not in interfering. It is in hesitating.

It is exactly four hundred years ago this summer that diplomacy began its work in Mexico in the person of the Spanish conquistadors. It is slightly over a hundred years ago that Spanish rule was overthrown. And in that period Mexico has had fifty-nine revolutions, in which the land has literally been swept with fire and blood, and human life been sacrificed in numbers of which there is no tally. It is exactly nine years ago this summer since the present revolution broke out, ferocious as any ever waged by Spanish conquistadors, and just as bootless; for there are in Mexico to-day not less than seventy distinct revolutionary bands, not less than five hundred plundering bandit bands.

And yet Mexico could have been saved so easily, and can yet be saved so easily. By "saved" I do not mean dosed with religion as an anodyne to drug the people to unconsciousness of present ills, which was the way Obregon described religion. Nor do I mean the I. W. W. idea of religion "to save souls for the hereafter and feed 'em hay here," as one of their songs celebrates. By saving Mexico I mean putting the country on the same basis of prosperity (and civilization and well-being, spiritually and physically) as the United States or Canada to-day.

Some years ago, when age was enfeebling the iron and flame of Diaz, there came to him a deputation complaining of one of his governors. "Yes," answered the old dictator, "I know he is a dishonest, blood-sucking thief, but show me the man I can trust with the lives and property of my people in that distant territory and I'll

appoint him." His eye lighted up with the old fire. "You Americans talk of the Constitution being the keystone to the arch of your liberties. It isn't, and never has been! *The keystone to the arch of your liberties is the little red school house on the back road, where unknown workers teach what liberty and decency and self-control mean.* That's the keystone to your liberties—the little red school house. Till we get that going we'll never have a people who realize that liberty is not freedom to despoil the other man."

And in those words, Diaz put his finger on the sore spot of Mexico, the sore spot yesterday and to-day. Revolutions in the name of freedom have not been to lift the people. They have been "revoloot-ions" to let a new crowd go in and despoil and extort and slay and plunder. The peon to-day is little better off than he was under Spanish rule, and he is worse off than he was under Diaz rule, for no man's life is safe ten miles from police protection, and very frequently it is not safe under official protection; and the suffering of women and girls and children could not be tallied if Belgium's record were multiplied by a hundred instead of four years' outrages.

And yet it all could have been prevented without the shedding of a drop of blood or firing of a shot. For seven years conditions have been so atrocious in Mexico that the diplomats have been afraid to have the facts come out, and there has been an organized conspiracy of suppression instead of publicity. Not that way lies healing. That way lies exactly what ruined Europe—war. Suppress wrongs and outrages long enough, and the lid blows off. We used to have a saying in the West about prairie fires that when they burned hard enough they generated gases that set the very atmosphere on fire. I believe the same scientific explanation is accepted of great lava bursts such as destroyed Pompeii. Certainly, if the putridity is allowed to fester in Mexico till the lid blows off, the atmosphere will take fire.

And the remedy is so easy it would deprive the diplomats and





ONE million dollars a year would mean 6,000 Mexican boys and girls like these educated to the true significance of freedom and friendship with the United States, and after ten years 60,000 graduates, to become educated fathers and mothers, centers of a new propaganda for

decency and order and freedom. "You Americans talk of the Constitution being the keystone and the arch of your liberties," said Diaz, "It isn't and never has been! It's the little red schoolhouse on the back road, where unknown workers teach what liberty and decency and self-control mean."

publicity agents and investigating commissions of their jobs.

What is the remedy?

Take a few figures given out by the War Department.

Counting the Vera Cruz expedition, the Pershing punitive expedition, and the Border Patrol, Mexico has cost the United States Treasury in seven years over 150 millions. Those are official figures. Foreign investments total from two to two and a half billions. Add, if you like, an indemnity for the 400 more or less foreigners—not counting the 300 Chinese of Torreon—murdered in Mexico during the revolutions of the past seven years! How many Mexicans have been killed in these revolutions no one knows. For thousands of girls "assigned" to the bandits come back alive to die slowly by inches of disease. On foreign account alone you have a total close to three billions against Mexico.

Now to educate, sanitate, train in cleanliness and happiness and decency (not to mention its little soul—we are talking of the mundane side of redemption), to do this for one child costs in Mexican money \$300 a year, in U. S. currency \$150 a year. Supposing for just ten years there had been a fund of one million a year for that purpose, you would have graduating yearly after the process was under way some 6,000 students a year—in ten years 60,000 educated fathers and mothers, centers of a new propaganda for decency and order and freedom.

Henry Doherty, than whom is no wiser mind in the financial world, always tells his "boys" that if he can win the friendship of five intelligent leaders in any community he can win that community, not through force of argument but force of fact. If Doherty can do that with five men—and his success in so doing has made him one of the greatest public utility men in the world—can you conceive of 60,000 Mexican boys and girls educated to the true significance of freedom and friendship with the United States not ruling the very destinies of Mexico?

Let me set forth three facts!

Out of one mission school have gone more than 500 school teachers for Mexico; but Mexico is a large land. It is as large as Germany and Spain and Italy and part of France. Five hundred teachers are only a small percentage of the need.

Early in the revolution a little Mexican girl was picked up off the streets. Both her parents had been murdered in bandit raids. Her fate was inevitable. If she had not been rescued she would have been kidnapped for "assignment" in the hills—the price paid is seldom more than \$5. She was taken into a "gringo" school. She is now one of the best trained nurses in Mexico. What do you suppose she says about "gringos"? Do you suppose she helps to lash up that furore against foreigners which must lead to war?

Or take another case, a peon boy, in 1891, who had not had three months' schooling in all his life. A "gringo" school got him. He is now one of the most powerful educational influences in Mexico.

But would not all this redemptive work by Americans lead to national absorption of Mexico? Forget it! Another of the devil whispers of distrust that have destroyed good feeling between the two nations! Has good feeling between Canada and the United States led to national absorption? Never! Their trade swells and prospers every day. With half the population of Mexico, Canada's trade with the United States is five times greater than Mexico's, and there is not a fort or patrol along the border of 3,000 miles between the two countries.

With Mexico the very first problem up to test the League of Nations, there is no escaping the impasse. The foreign nations are going to demand better relations or no relations. You cannot dodge or bluff the alternatives. When the lid comes off it is redemption or war. Isn't ten millions a cheaper price for ten years than one hundred and fifty millions? Face the question before blindfolded diplomacy creates an impasse that means war!



THE PRETTIEST HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE



MADAME HAKIN had always been proud of her cottage. She had been a kindly, complacent housewife, whose window panes shone more brightly than those of her neighbors, and whose red geraniums bloomed first in the spring.

Now she stood in the doorway, looking with frozen old eyes at the ruins of all that. "Unhappy me!" she said. "And all alone!"

The front door opened from one frost-covered outdoors upon another frost-covered outdoors—for the day was cold. The middle of the house had been entirely wiped out except for the wall. You could not tell what had been a room from what had been a part of the yard, until a tree, still growing, gave a clue.

The Boche had done his work thoroughly in the village of Veully.

Madame Hakin had a rusty old stove in her sky-roofed house, with a brave little fire in it, and was boiling water for washing. There was hardly a whole brick left of what had been the fireplace and the lower part of the chimney. Thick frost lay over everything.

Luckier than most of the villagers, Madame had still one room left, mostly covered by roof, though its walls were partly broken. It was the tiny bedroom where her children had been born. She had patched together the mountainous old bed and put it, slanting drunkenly, back in its place. The only chair that had not been completely destroyed was propped up there, too, with a stick of firewood instead of the leg that was gone. Madame Hakin, who had lost her home and her sons in the war, gave thanks for that little room.







The Conciergerie, which held thousands of political prisoners during the Revolution, still frowns grimly above the Paris water-front

“Why Don't They Eat Cake?”

By Walter Kellogg Towers

IT was the hour when the restaurants about the Tuilleries Gardens and the Louvre were emptying their crowds of well-fed, exquisitely dressed Parisians and foreigners into the moonlight. A year ago these crowded streets had lain black and silent, tense in anticipation of the bombers; and even more in dread of the invading armies so close that Paris sometimes heard the rumble of their guns.

I walked across to the bridge and looked down the shimmering Seine. Paris in peace! The old gaiety was returning; there was laughter everywhere. As I turned back toward the boulevard I saw a woman dimly outlined in the darkness. Suddenly, while I watched her, she began to climb up on the parapet of the bridge. I stood rigid for a moment, hardly realizing what she meant to do; then I sprang to pull her back.

“Oh, monsieur, why did you stop me?” She leaned weakly against the stone railing, crying. “Often I have come here, but I never could quite do it. To-night I think I might have. I could see the terrible city so plainly to-night, and the restaurants and cafés were so gay and the people in them looked so well fed.”

“But isn't every one in Paris well fed?” I asked.

“Everybody!” she answered scornfully. “Nobody—except you Americans and the rich.”

“But the butcher shops are packed with meat, the groceries are piled high with food, the restaurants have everything. Why——”

“It is there,” she broke in, “but we who are poor cannot buy. Plenty of food! Yes, that's what they say!”

I felt as the queen should have felt when she wondered why those who had no bread didn't eat cake. Then my mind stirred to something practical.

“You look hungry. Have you had dinner?”

“I've had nothing since yesterday; but I'm used to that.”

Taking her by the arm, I led her toward the Rue de Rivoli.

“Where are you taking me?” she cried out, in some alarm.

“To a restaurant.”

She refused to enter the first one; it was too large, too fine; she was not well enough dressed to go in there. Then I thought of a smaller place around the corner.

As I watched her eat, my suspicions that it might be a clever piece of acting preliminary to an assault on my pocketbook vanished. Here was genuine hunger. There was nothing ravenous about it; she ate almost daintily, but with a steadiness that became impressive. Apologetically she would ask if she might have another piece of bread.

My natural supposition that she was out of work proved false. She had a position which a few years before she would have viewed as excellent. She was a typist in an office, getting two hundred francs a month.

“I pay seventy francs a month for my room,” she explained. “It costs me ten a month for street car, and another ten for the part of my laundry I have no place to do myself. With the rest I must try to buy food and clothes. I have but one meal a day, and where can one find it for three francs? And that

Continued on page 31

THE WORLD COMES TO COLUMBUS

Five Pages of
News Pictures
from the
Centenary
Celebration

Thirty tribes of Christianized
American Indians had delegates at
the Centenary celebration.



THEY were the trumpeters at the world's greatest religious fete. Men from China, Japan, Syria, Korea, India, Spain, and every state heard their call.

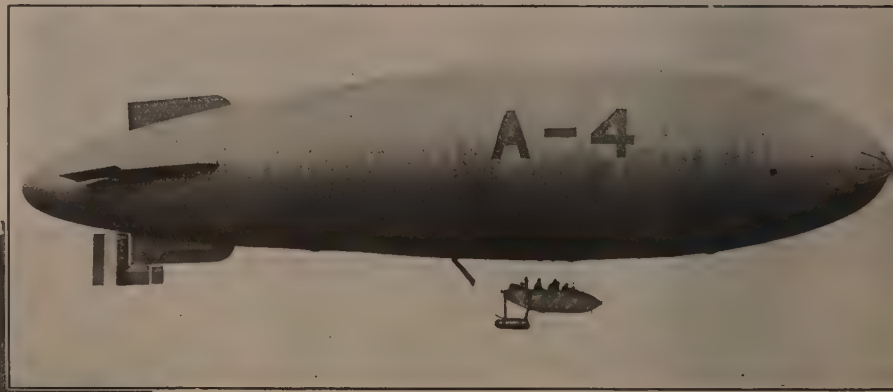
One of the 10 fleetest horses of the plains, chosen from 300 for the bucking broncho contest.



Africa was there, in native bag-hat.



And little China, on his own street.



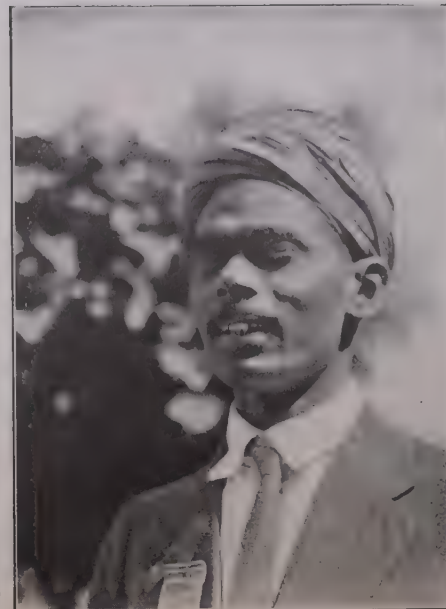
From this blimp a real sky-pilot preached the first of all aeroplane sermons. A wireless telephone and megaphone made it audible from 2000 feet.



Even Mr. Hoover would approve corn ground in this African kraal between two flat rocks. It isn't over-refined, and waste is 1% or so.



East and West did meet, at the Centenary fete, in spite of Kipling, in the great pageant, "The Wayfarer," with its caste of 2500 men, women and children, of every race. The pageant traced Christianity from B.C. until now.

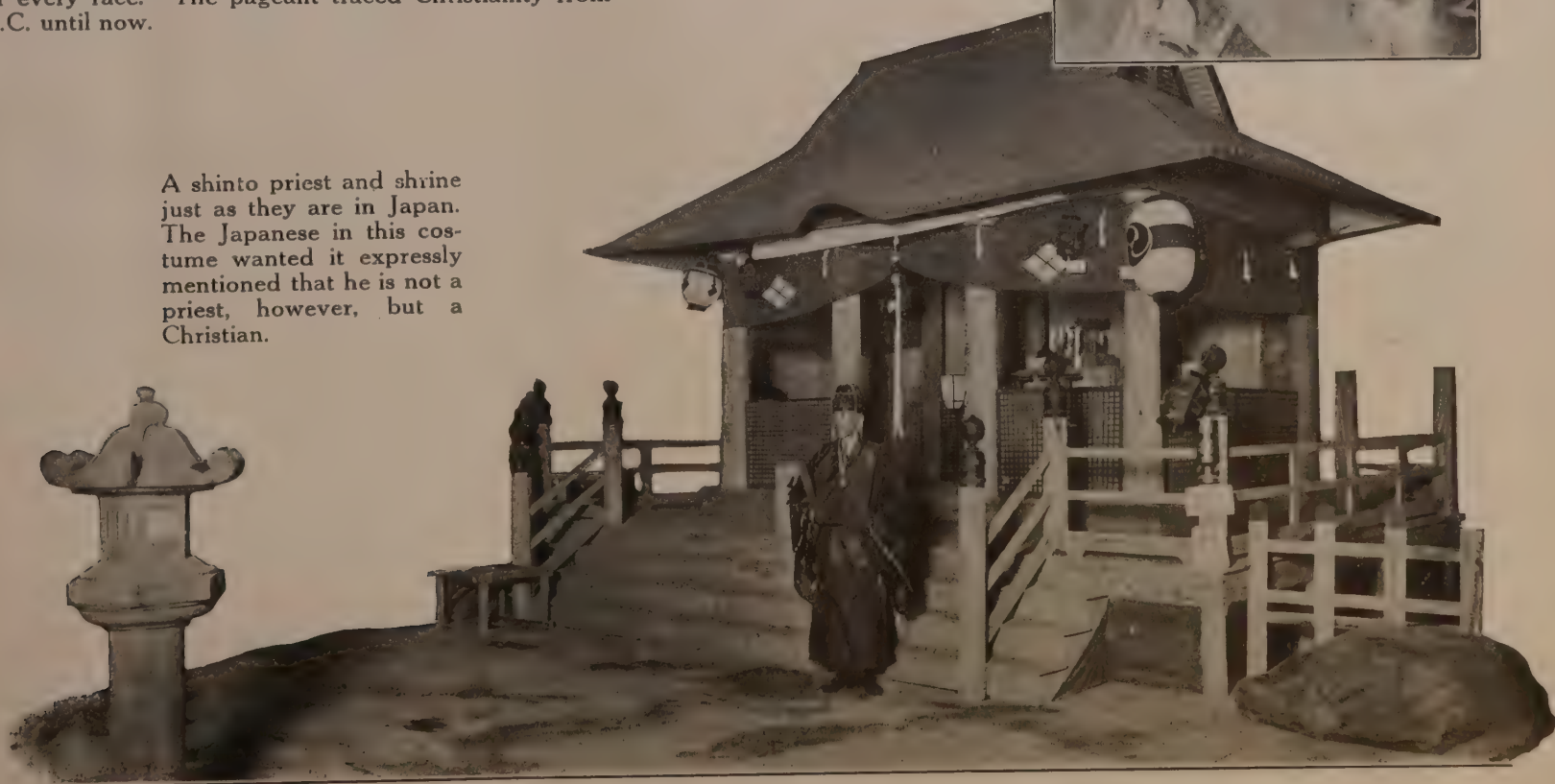


India's turbans found Columbus cool.



Japan had seven - leagued it to Ohio.

A shinto priest and shrine just as they are in Japan. The Japanese in this costume wanted it expressly mentioned that he is not a priest, however, but a Christian.





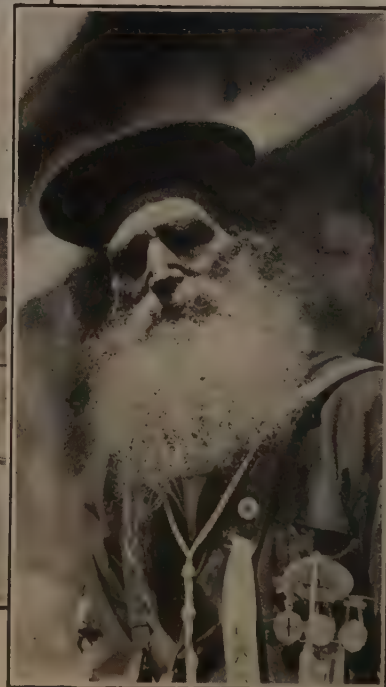
This Filipino choir found it hot under the thatched roof, so they took the organ and their excellent voices outside.

Though only eight weeks old, Miss Esquimaux had to come.



This cosy Japanese home was transplanted to the exposition.

The only survivor of the Perry expedition, Captain W. H. Hardy, was a feature of the Japan building. In spite of his fame and medals the children called him "Gran'pa."





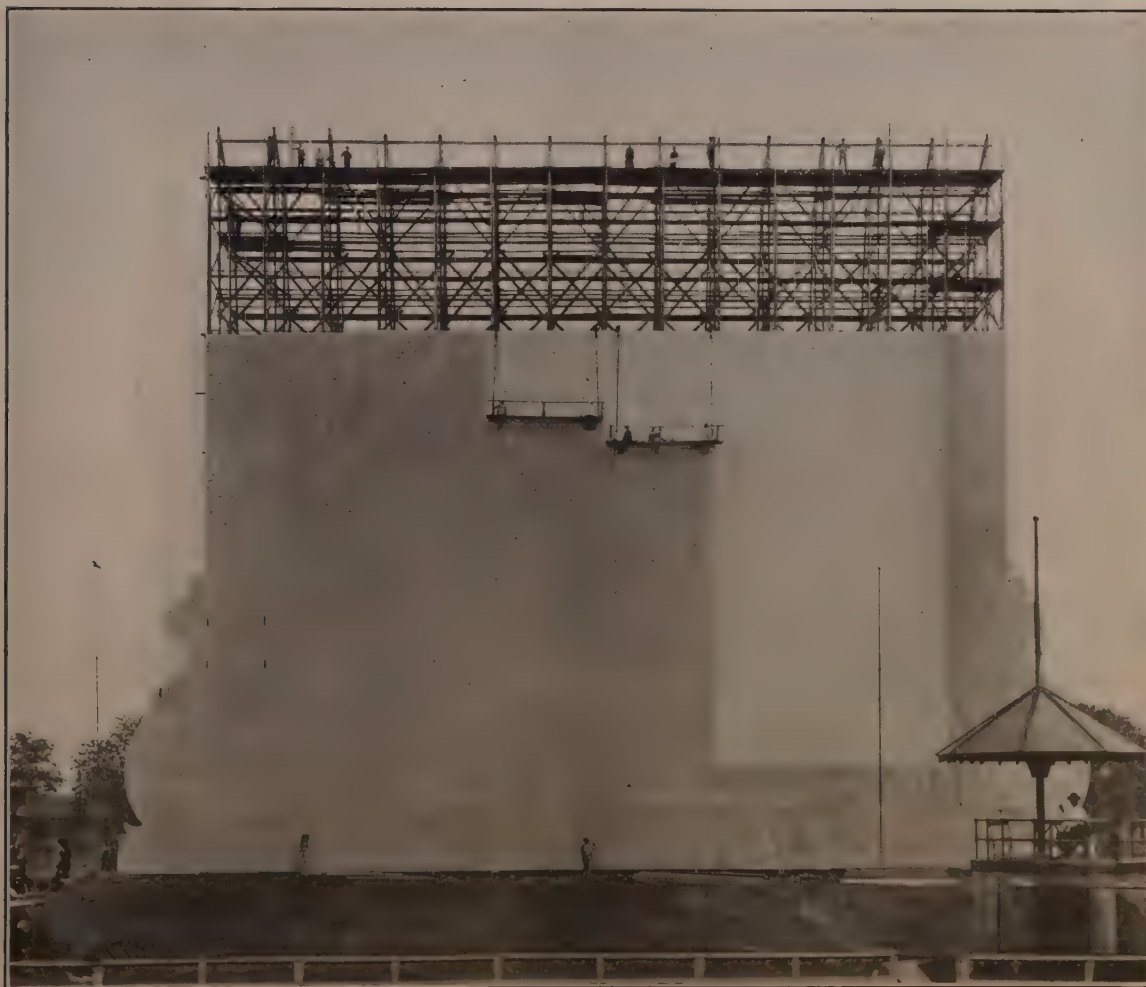
White House and wigwam met at the Columbus fete when a full-blooded chief, a woman of the Navajos, and a former President saw the sights together.



It's women who walk on stilts in Japan. These gay pantalettes and small wooden shoes, although new to Ohio, are the rage in Tokio.



The largest movie screen in the world was one more big thing at Columbus. Its picture surface is 115 by 115. Six men work the lantern.



Indian girls use the bevel mirrors of the pools, for genuine femininity will always "find a w'y."

The wild man of Borneo was only savage in attire.



IN A NUTSHELL—The

The following statements as to present conditions in France have been verified

French Cities with American Trade Marks

"I should like to see the New Rheims fashioned like one of your American cities," said a citizen of the town which was decorated with the Legion of Honor for its war heroism. "In our city we need good sewerage, pure water, cleanliness. I have seen these things in your American cities, and I should like to see Rheims as sanitary as Hartford, Connecticut, or Rochester, New York."

This desire for "all modern improvements" may be one reason why American firms have contracts for rebuilding Rheims, Soissons, and Nancy. A single steel concern has charge of rebuilding Nancy and plans to spend a quarter of a billion dollars restoring what the war destroyed.

What Happened to France

Can you imagine the United States without the grape country of California, the textile mills of New England, the steel of Pennsylvania, the coal of West Virginia, and the iron of Minnesota? If you add to this list the chemical works of Delaware and the farm lands of Wisconsin, you will have some idea of what the devastated areas meant to France.

In square miles, of course, the ruined land cannot compare with all these states. As a matter of fact, it is a district just about the size of Maryland, but France is a compact land, where cities crowd upon each other and industry is congested.

The devastated region, six per cent of all France, furnished ninety-four per cent of the total wool output of the nation, ninety per cent of the flax, ninety per cent of the iron ore, eighty-three per cent of the pig iron, seventy per cent of the steel, seventy per cent of the sugar, and fifty-five per cent of the coal.

During the years of invasion 26,000 factories were stripped of their machinery, 12,000,000 head of cattle seized, and nearly a million farm implements destroyed.

Germany as Usual

An American who recently visited Germany writes of conditions which are in striking contrast with those in France.

"Germany, as I saw it, seemed assuredly in a solvent condition. Factory chimneys belched forth smoke, trade was brisk, the shops were filled with merchandise of every kind, and in the fields the farmers were busy preparing the ground for the spring planting."

Ruined by Victory

Will the war cost the French more per capita than it will cost the Germans? The Paris *Matin* believes that it will, and gives figures to prove the case:

"The war cost France \$63,000,000,000," *Le Matin* says. "Of the \$25,000,000,000 demanded by the Allies from Germany, the share of France will amount to about \$13,000,000,000. Consequently, France will have to produce from her own resources about \$50,000,000,000. According to Mr. Bertillon's calculations, the war has reduced France to a population of 35,000,000."

"Germany has not been invaded, and her industries can be immediately put in running order. Her Minister of Foreign Affairs has said officially that the German nation expended \$34,000,000,000 in the war. With the indemnity of \$25,000,000,000 added to this figure, the total amounts to \$59,000,000,000. The population of Germany is approximately 68,000,000."

This means that the war debt of each Frenchman is more than \$1,400, while that of each German is less than \$900.

"An Absurd Miracle"

Bismarck said that the recovery of France after the Franco-Prussian War was "an absurd miracle."

In 1871 Paris was a battlefield; many of the people were eating horses, dogs, and rats. In 1881, after having paid an indemnity of

a billion dollars, France showed industrial gain over 1871 of fifty-five per cent, the greatest gain of any decade in her history.

"They Packed Only Courage in Their Old Kit Bags"

Many firms in the devastated areas are not waiting for government initiative or German indemnities, but are already going ahead with the work of rehabilitation.

In Lille, one huge foundry which lost \$8,000,000 worth of machinery used carrier pigeons for sending out news of its losses and orders for duplicate parts. Now the new machinery is ready to be installed—some of it was made in France and some imported from the United States.

The government has organized an agency for the purchase of industrial equipment, and by May this bureau was buying machinery at the rate of nearly a million dollars a day.

But the mere purchase of machinery is not enough to set Northern France on its feet again. Coal and raw materials are also necessary, and both will be difficult to get. The Lens region, which supplied most of the coal for French industry, was destroyed not only on the surface but for 3,000 feet below.

As for the transportation, upon which both the supply of raw materials and the market for finished products depend, some one has said that since the war traveling on the French railways is like riding on the New York subway at five o'clock.

Mending Broken Transportation

France is working hard to get her transportation running on schedule time once more. Since the armistice 564 miles of double-track railways and more than six hundred miles of single track have been rebuilt. Of the six hundred miles of canals which were destroyed, two hundred have been restored. And German prisoners, Chinese, and colonials have been at work to reestablish the 24,000 miles of roads which were ruined by the war. So far only 240 miles are as good as they were in 1914.

A Billion-Dollar Bargain Sale

The A. E. F., when it started back to the United States, left behind a million dollars' worth of goods for sale—goods ranging from bakeries with a capacity for a million loaves daily to weary "flivvers" with nervous temperaments. The engineering material alone is infinite in variety, including everything from monkey wrenches to electric cranes and docks. Then there are quantities of railroad equipment, besides paints, varnishes, chemicals, soap, stoves, grease, and photographic apparatus.

The United States Liquidation Board has charge of the sales, and has already disposed of many of the supplies. A good part of the medical equipment has gone out for relief work in the devastated regions. Nearly five hundred locomotives and twenty thousand cars have been sold to the French government.

Most of the sales are made through the agency of the French government, but every day individual bids for a typewriter or an automobile, or both, come in by the hundreds, until it looks as if every one in France were looking for a bargain in Fords and Coronas.

"You Are Cordially Invited to Be Present"

France will encourage immigration during the reconstruction period, for not only has she lost a million and a quarter of her own men, but just now there is more work to do than ever before.

And the war accustomed France to foreigners. In addition to allied and colonial soldiers there were thousands of men from other countries serving as workmen. Parisians became accustomed to seeing Kaybeles sweeping the streets and collecting garbage. Chinamen were constantly busy trying to repair the roads as fast as the heavy camions and bursting shells ruined them. In the munitions plants of the south, negroes from Senegal and the Sudan worked side by side with the French.

Real Situation in France Today

and approved by M. Paul Rochat, of the French High Commission:

Marseilles, Bordeaux and Lyons became meeting places for Morocco, Madagascar and Indo-China. French employment agencies scoured Spain and Italy for workmen. Now many of these men are staying. The Spanish and Italians, especially, have bought farms with their war-time wages, and are settling in France.

Casualties from the Second Line of Defense

One of the unexpected fruits of the war in France is the woman problem.

In 1914, thousands of women rushed into the munitions factories. "Without them we could not have kept up the fighting twenty minutes," Joffre said.

These women came from farms and little shops, from homes where they made laces and did fine embroidery, but with demobilization many of them are not going back to their farms and shops and homes. Often there is nothing left to go to. Then some of the women have come to like the city, and do not wish to go back. Others are facing a harder problem. They have lost the touch necessary for their old handicraft; making shells spoils the fingers for making laces, and sewing up sandbags ruins a hand for silk weaving.

Many of these women from the second line of defense need re-education just as much as the soldiers wounded on the battlefield.

The World's New Battlefield is the Wheat Field

France is trying to win her food war by co-operative farming.

In the old days, co-operation, or any other kind of farming, was made more difficult by the French inheritance laws, which divided and subdivided the land until it was cut up into tiny strips. Henri, for instance, might own fifteen or twenty of these strips, one inherited from his grandfather, one from his maiden aunt, and so on. The strips might be so far apart that it took him half a day to walk from his orchard to his turnip patch. So he lost a great deal of time.

Then the system made the use of machinery difficult. Henri could not use a modern reaper in his quarter-acre wheat field. The result is that many French farmers dig just about as Adam did.

When the war began tearing down the old landmarks so that Henri could not tell where his field ended and that of Jacques begun, M. Georges Lecoulter, mayor of Bras, decided that France had farmed long enough on the every-man-for-himself principle.

While his own farm was behind the German lines, he traveled about the country urging the farmers to begin co-operative farming with machinery owned in common. The idea proved practicable, for Henri finds that the investment of a few francs in a community harrow is better than spending half a day improvising one from the crossarms and insulators of a telegraph pole the armies left behind.

Already over Northern France there is a network of these co-operative societies buying tractors and threshing machines. When once co-operative plowing has been started, co-operative sheepfolds and co-operative stores follow naturally. In many villages, stores are already operating in connection with the farmers' syndicates, and they find that they can tell staple groceries fifty per cent cheaper than the other shops.

Reconstructing with Dynamite

The first rebuilders of France are the wreckers. Before the pulverized villages can be restored it is necessary to clean up the ruins, dig out the foundations, and level the ground. This takes more dynamite than the Germans used in their destruction, for a few pounds of explosives carefully placed will wreck a building, but it often takes several hundred pounds to begin the work of restoration. The United States Army, in its work of cleaning up, has been using about a thousand tons of dynamite a day.

Reconstruction is not a simple matter of piling up bricks and filling shell holes. Canals, for instance, complicate matters. The retaining walls of many water courses have been blasted out so that the

channels are dammed and the water flows in a hundred little rivulets through the streets. Now the obstructions have to be cleared away and the walls restored. The task is made more difficult by the fact that many canals behave like the one at Liverdun, near Toul, which goes under the town through a tunnel 1,800 feet long and then crosses the Moselle on a bridge.

Exit the "75 cm"; Enter the Fireless Cooker

French munitions factories are already turning to a peace basis. Instead of fuses for hand grenades, one plant is making thimbles and paper clips; another is turning out fireless cookers. A large factory where the nitration of cotton was carried on uses all its employees in paper manufacture. Several war plants have gone into making chocolate, so that candy will be more than a memory to French children. And the demand for wooden legs is so well supplied that factories which made them have begun to make window sash and door facings.

Three Nightmares

"Three nightmares haunt the sleep of manufacturers in northern France," says a Lille newspaper. "We fear the inability to create industry soon enough to prevent organic ruin; the lowering of prices or overproduction when production is resumed, and labor troubles, which are likely to spread all over France."

During the years of the war, while the old industrial area of France was unproductive, a new center of industry has sprung up in central France and the Rhone valley, and work is acting as a magnet to draw men to these new factories. While the population of France has decreased 2,000,000 during the war, Paris has gained nearly a million, Lyons 400,000, and Marseilles 350,000.

Thus the trained workmen who have made the North of France famous for its textiles since the fifteenth century are becoming scattered. Eighty per cent of them have had to change their occupation since 1914. Before the factories of the Lille district can be reopened, \$120,000,000 worth of spinning machinery alone will have to be replaced, and in the meanwhile the workmen may be transplanted to other sections of France.

That is why the manufacturers of Northern France say 1919 will be "the critical year."

What Can We Do About It?

Are we in America going to wait for European affairs to "straighten out in the long run"?

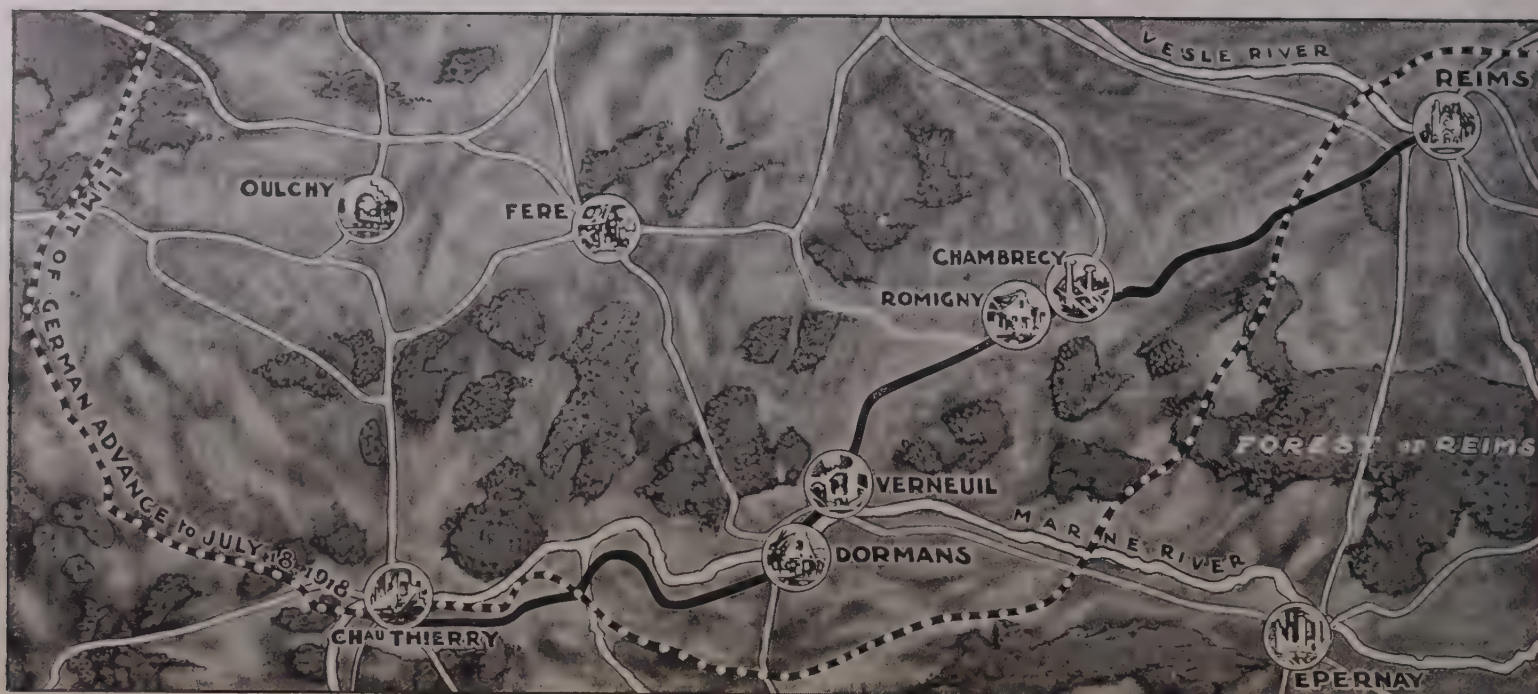
The trouble is that the hungry men and women over there cannot wait. We must help now, and the best way to help is by credit.

Europe needs food, raw materials for her factories, ships—in fact, just about everything America can send her. She must have these things before her factories can begin work—before she can make money to pay back the \$10,000,000,000 she owes us. Aside from all sentimental reasons, the idea of giving credit to Europe is a practical business proposition, one which works both ways, for Europe has always been our best customer, and if we want our own industries and mines to keep on working we must help the Old World back to a money-making job.

French buyers are already coming to American markets. For their purchases they are paying fifteen to twenty per cent cash. The rest is secured by French government bonds, which New York bankers have agreed to exchange for cash.

Even more extensive credit is provided by the Owen Bill now before Congress. This bill authorizes the establishment of a great Foreign Finance Corporation to supply Europe with credit for raw materials. The money is to be raised by the sale of bonds in the United States. One-fourth of these bonds are to be held by the government, one-fourth by the banks, and one-half by the people of America.

That is where you and I come in. By buying these bonds we can help Europe and at the same time find a safe investment to take the place of our paid-up Liberty Bonds.



The black line indicates the route taken by Mr. Price

The Scribbled Panoram of the Marne

By Willard Price

WITH notebook on my knee and pencil in hand, I jotted down the names of objects as we fled past them. The French military car jounced and jerked over the truck-hal-
lowed road from immortal Chateau-Thierry

Through Chateau Thierry and up valley of Marne.

Houses in heaps.

Rebuilding already.

Sheet iron for roofs.

Ladders.

Boy with nails. Father hammering.

Beautiful villages across Marne. Medieval. Gray forts, red-roofed houses. Reflections in river. Hills behind with patchwork fields. Apparently peaceful and happy.

"Reconstitution Bureau" at Dormans—good sign. France no quitter.

Armored locomotives, rusting shells.

Destroyed bridge.

Across river at Verneuil.

Villages that looked peaceful and beautiful at distance across river—terrible. Deserted. Not a dog. Uncanny stillness when motor stalled. Only sound shutter hanging on one hinge, banging.

Whole sides of houses blown off—cross-sections of rooms exposed.

In upstairs bedroom, probably nursery, a baby's crib, tied into knot by explosion.

Child's shoes.

Fragments of furniture.

Ground into mud of road—little girl's blue hat with bright red roses.

Boche helmets.

Farm machines—mass of twisted iron.

Great barracks near Romigny.

Snakelike trenches across fields.

Barb-wire entanglements—at distance look like vineyards—near by, less pleasant. Rags

to immortal Reims. It was not a time for literary composition. The notes were brief and bare.

Perhaps I should garnish them with eloquence before passing them on. But there

of uniforms on barbs.

Chambrecy—desolate—moated around by shell holes full of water.

Bogs. Trenches under water. Men lived and fought here.

Machine gun nests.

Patches of woodland—reduced to stumps by shells. Destruction of trees enormous. Orchard trees—some exploded to bits, others deliberately sawed down.

On all sides, in fields—crosses. How many millions! For fifty miles, endless panoram of crosses. Plain wooden. Most French. Some American. Occasionally one to "Un Soldat Allemand."

Crows in clouds. Gloomy. Hopping about in rain over battlefields. Perching on crosses and wire entanglements. Swarming over graves—and in trenches.

Numberless shells scattered over fields. Shell cases. Unexploded grenades.

Caves dug into every hillside.

Peasant with small tree over shoulder—for planting. Courage!

Some fields plowed already, in spite of danger of striking shells with plowshare.

Procession of ruined villages.

Clouds blacker. Earth black. A scene for Dante.

Woman in black lying face down on grave in rain. Crows about her. Wreath on cross. Woman motionless. Good place to go mad.

Sweep around curve at hilltop. Driver calls "Reims!" Across valley the city and towering Cathedral. Disheveled beauty.

are facts in life so tragic that it seems profanity to discuss them or enlarge upon them or do anything more than to state them. Here are the rough notes, as they were written:—

Enter Reims. Not a pane of glass in the city. What were homes now heaps stone and rubbish.

Leave car at Cathedral. Great shell holes through walls and roof of Cathedral. Can be restored, but never the same.

Pedestal before Cathedral inscribed "Joan of Arc"—once held up Joan on horse. Now nothing but pedestal.

Already the postcard vendor on the scene with book, "Views of Reims," but is a soldier in army blue.

German prisoners clearing ruins beside Cathedral.

Old man with long whiskers. Took me up in his house for better view Cathedral. Most interested in him and his house. Stayed through all bombardment. In cave beneath house. Walls shot away so scarcely enough to hold up second floor and roof. Stairs exploded to bits—replaced by ladder. Debris three feet deep on floors. Huge bases of shells. Only stick of furnishing—fragment of a branch with two stuffed squirrels on it.

"Rebuild and start business again?" Of course—at once. Can't down them!

Through side streets. Choked with ruins. Silent as Pompeii. Gaunt, jagged remains of walls in grotesque shapes.

"Inside" the houses—grass growing in the parlors. Spiral iron stairway leading nowhere but the sky.

Jammed doll carriage. Fragment of face of doll. Fragment of serenader—only mandolin and one knee left.

Continued on page 29



The Man Who "Put the Centenary Over" in China's White House

THE Centenary has reached even the Forbidden City of Peking—the palace where the Empress Dowager used to live.

Mr. Wang K' Ai Wen, Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Presidential Mansion has helped Christian work in many ways—particularly in the matter of putting mission

school receptions on the presidential calendar.

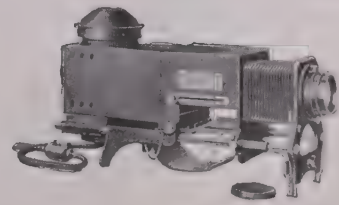
Now he is helping to raise Peking's Centenary quota of \$28,000. His first subscriber was the President himself, who gave \$1,000. Next came the Premier, with \$500, and after that other officials, although many of them had received no salaries for several months.

Just What Methodism Has in France

BEFORE-THE-WAR statistics of Methodist work in France look small with only eight pastoral charges, ten Sunday Schools and \$4,000 worth of property. But the war brought a sudden increase, for Methodism began to care for orphans and soon had three hundred children housed in four foyers.

Then came the great War Emergency and Reconstruction program, which plans to put the Methodist Church on a permanent basis over

there. Sixty thousand dollars has been appropriated for evangelistic and social service work; \$17,500 more will go toward helping with the educational problem which the war has left in France. There are to be nine clinics and dispensaries, and at least ten community centers where the people will have a chance to meet and rest and learn to live again. Five cities will have central buildings equipped like institutional churches and twelve villages are



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ROGER ALLIER

Paper boards, \$1.25

Written by His Parents

Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt

ASSOCIATION PRESS

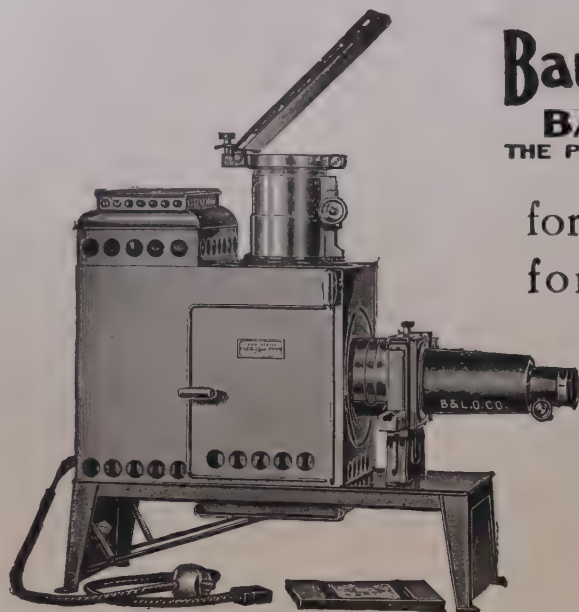
In considering this plain, straightforward story of a young French soldier, it is interesting to notice the reaction of this vigorous young life on such a man as Mr. Roosevelt. The deeply religious Roger Allier indeed marched to the front with the high spirit of the Crusaders. The intensity of moral passion pervading his whole life deeply impressed the robust and clear-sighted Roosevelt with its stirring reality. Indeed, reality is the keynote of the book. The reader constantly feels that all sham is alien to the hero.

Americans in general ought to read this book, if only for the sake of the lifting of horizons. We can understand other Frenchmen better through Roger Allier.

already receiving Methodist relief cargoes.

Thirty-six new workers will be needed to carry out this program, six of them will be American directors, eleven will be native French pastors, and eleven will be nurses. The others will be doctors and matrons for orphan homes.

That is the program for only one year—a program which will cost \$684,900. What will come next year no one can say, because the work in France has only begun to grow.



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These Stories Will Get You

Continued from page 13

Berard

Berard lived up there by the Meuse, that used to bound the American headlines every day. His father was away fighting when the Boche came to his village, Woel, and to his little home. His mother cooked and washed for them for months, and tried to keep them from beating Berard when they were bored with the bigger sport of battling.



Once they almost strangled her because she tried to protect her little boy. She incurred their most terrible abuse when she gave a horse to carry French wounded from the village. Later, when she fell ill of influenza, she was too tired to try to live. So Berard is at Charvieu, wondering when his father will get back from the war.

When Daddy Came Home

Georges was so small when the war began that he could barely remember the soldier-father who had gone away to fight. He didn't quite forget, because he and his mother played a game called "When Daddy Comes Home." It was lots of fun! There was going to be enough to eat again when daddy came home. Mother wouldn't ever go to the factory any more. Georges would never be left alone in the dark. Meanwhile, though, he mustn't cry, because what would they do with a great cry-baby around when daddy came home?

Mother loved to play that game with him, even when she got sick and lay so still and white. Then word came from the front that because of her illness her husband was to be given a furlough to come home. Georges danced with joy.

Everything would be all right now. Mother would wake up again.



Word came that there had been a railroad accident near Lyons. All in one car were killed. It was the car in which Georges' father was coming home on his furlough.

So Georges was a crybaby, after all, because daddy never did come home. But he isn't a crybaby now at Charvieu. He's one of the bravest little farmers there.

The Scribbled Panoram of the Marne

Continued from page 26

Piece of family account book—entries of bread, cheese, cabbage, etc. Pretty little parasol that some small lady was proud of. Knitting ball. Rags of curtains.

Spectacles on mantelpiece. Does grandmother miss them? Or beyond needing them?

Sewing machine—half-sewed blouse left under needle. Machine contorted by explosion. Where is woman who was sewing? Child who owned blouse?

Bases of shells, cartridges, splinters of helmets.

Woman and little girl, both in black, viewing remains of home. Unrestrained weeping. Bundles on ground beside them. Nothing left of house but stone chimney and fragment of front wall framing one window. Otherwise, pile of stones. No hint as to where divisions between rooms used to be. Woman stopped her own tears and comforted child.

A Child and a Nation's Faith

By Horace W. Scandlin

We were crowded on the lower deck of a staff boat. The crossing from Folkestone, England, to Boulogne, France, had just been completed. I felt a tug at my heavy knapsack and on looking around I saw a little child of perhaps twelve.

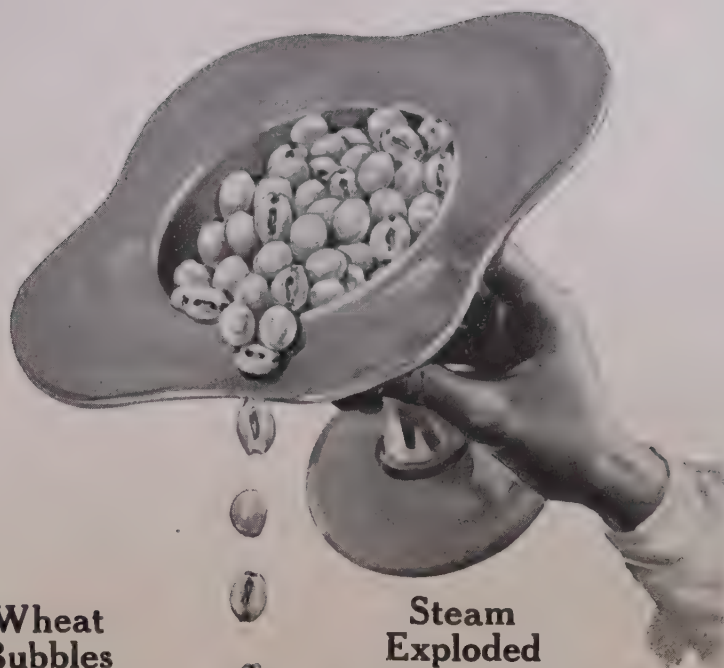
Little Mademoiselle B. was smiling. When she saw me looking she retreated shyly to her mother's skirt. I watched her. She was plainly French, and she was pretty. Visions of my own little girl flashed before me. But my little girl and your little girl never had to fly from their homes to escape a bayonet's cruel thrust. They never had to wrap themselves in anything they could find to shut out the biting cold. They never had to go hungry for days at a time.

But little Mademoiselle B., coming back home from four years' exile in England, knew that—and more. I sensed it. Touching a French woman in front of me, I said, "Please tell the little lady that she reminds me of another little lady miles and miles away." Our interpreter, herself a refugee, started to speak. The little girl looked up at me confidently. "I know what you said. You are an American."

With the simple faith of that child all France looks across to America.

Her need is urgent. In the former beautiful city of Reims there are just six habitable houses. Of the 170,000 of humans who four years ago lived in Reims, 300 exist there today. I could go on and on with similar tales.

But I would rather think of France as a land of hopeful, earnest people, cemented to our people through the copious shedding of our common bloods—a people who still need the helping hand of big-hearted, generous America. And I know that we will not fail them.



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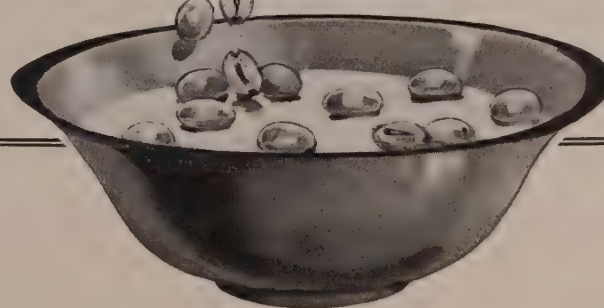
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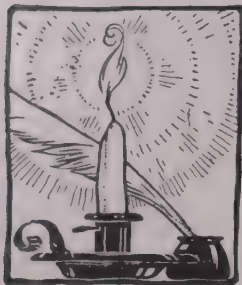
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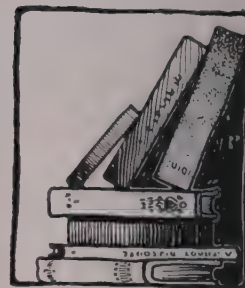


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Why Don't They Eat Cake?

Continued from page 18

leaves me nothing for clothes."

"You ought to be able to get a better position," I suggested.

"In Paris there are many girls who seek work. There are many in France. Most of the girls in our office—those who do not work on the machine—get but one hundred and fifty. For those who, like me, have no homes, it is terrible. We cannot stand it."

I turned to the subject of her budget. "It seems to me that seventy francs is too much to spend for your room."

"But now I have such a little room," she answered. "There is no place else for me to be. There I must spend all my time except when at the office. And one can hardly find a cheaper room now. During the fighting we said to ourselves, 'It is the war' to everything. We hung on and sacrificed that France might be saved. Always we were looking ahead to the time after the war when things would be better.

"Now it has been 'after the war' for three months, and things are always worse with each new month. To Paris have come the Americans, the French, the English, the Italians, and all the rest, and now there is no place for the poor. Food, as you know, monsieur, is much more costly than it was before the fighting stopped. How can we go on?"

I could offer no solution save a fifty-franc note and some rather hollow words of hope and consolation.

The casual observer sees no want in France. There is no shortage in the hotels, the restaurants or the shops. But the masses have little. France made a pretense of fixing prices, but did nothing to make price fixing effective. In England a starvation schedule existed in the best hotels and restaurants during the war. No one was allowed to have much more than his share, regardless of the size of his pocketbook. France even abandoned her meatless days because there was plenty of meat. There was plenty because no one could afford to buy it.

During the war, people struggled ahead, upheld by patriotism and hope. Now there seems no hope and no stimulus. The cost of living has continued to mount. Butter was two dollars a pound in Paris last winter and eggs the same price a dozen. Meat ranged round a dollar a pound, while vegetables were on a similar level. And there has been no increase in income in most cases in any way proportionate to the increase in expenses. The hotel, restaurant, and shopkeepers, who now seem to be reaping a golden harvest, lost heavily for four years, and it will be a long time before they are even. Much of France's invested wealth was in Russia; most of her industries lay in the now devastated regions of the north. To the great majority there seems no chance of beating back.

The men and women of the shops and factories are in a desperate plight, and desperate plights tempt to desperate remedies. France has had one great revolution. And the chaos of Russia is nearer to them than to us. The French have proved their love of country

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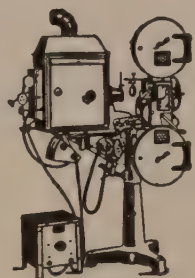
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again and again. Besides they own the country's bonds and draw pay from its public utilities. An overthrow of the government would make the bonds useless; the public utilities non-paying. But they feel that they must find relief and find it quickly. The attempt upon Clemenceau, the May Day riots, are but straws which show which way the wind blows.

In theory France is a democracy, yet her present government can scarce claim to be such. The last general election in France was in the spring of 1914, when the people declared themselves for the most radically socialistic program which any nation had then adopted. The German invasion came before the program could be begun. The exigencies of war forced many changes in the government. Strong men who had been viewed as reactionaries were brought back to power to save the nation from the invader. They are still in power, and many of the workers feel that they are using their power in the interests of the masses instead of the masses.

America has held her elections regularly. England had a general election shortly following the armistice. But Clemenceau and the rulers of France refused to hold a general election. The election must come following the signing of the peace treaties, and it is then that we shall find out more of what the masses are thinking and wanting. The present question is, can they hold on in their present uncomfortable state until their feelings find outlet in the ballotbox?

Dear Mr. Price:

Your article on "Why Italy Feels So Keenly About It" is fine. Best personal regards. You are getting out a corking magazine. Very truly,

W. S. Woods,
Editor of The Literary Digest.

France Learns Two New Words

Continued from page 11

"just outside New York."

"In what State?" asked the Y. W. C. A. girl.

"But I do not know what is a State," protested the little war bride. The Y. W. C. A. girl explained, and named the States over in their order until she came to Washington, almost the last on the list.

"That's it!" exclaimed the little war bride. "I remember, now—Kent, Washington, just outside New York."

The war is over now, but the need for social service is not over. That is greater than it ever was before. The French women, having learned their two words, recognize this fact. Each of the five organizations of French women who formed the Provisional Council is now engaged in some specific social service work. For instance, an organization of students has taken over the work of providing hostels in student centers, such as Lille, where good food can be obtained at reasonable rates. Another French organization is working out the recreation camp idea. Another is establishing model rooming houses for girl workers.

Best of all, a new international school will soon be opened in Paris. It is to be a school for social service workers. In it French women may learn to go on with the work that Americans began.

So it looks very much as if the two words are to be a permanent part of the French language.

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Mrs. Lindsay Patterson.

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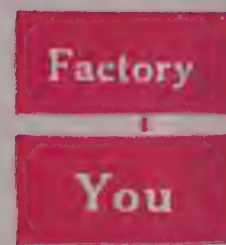
The Old Way



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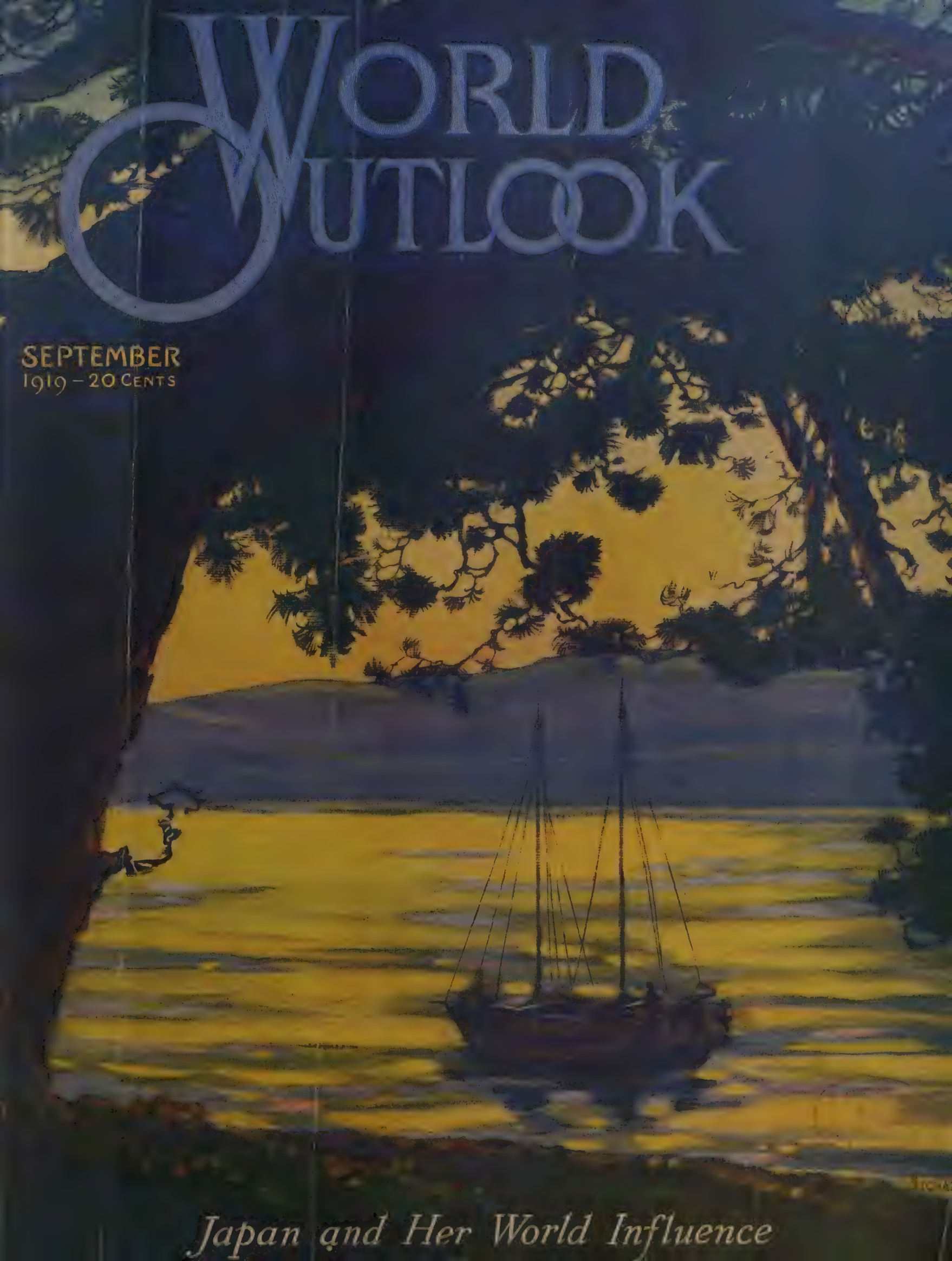
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WORLD OUTLOOK

The background of the cover is a painting of a Japanese landscape. In the foreground, a dark, traditional Japanese boat with two masts is on a river. The river reflects the light from the sky. In the background, there are rolling hills and a large, dark pine tree on the left side of the frame. The sky is a mix of blue and white, suggesting a cloudy day.

SEPTEMBER
1919 - 20 CENTS

Japan and Her World Influence



THE newsboys of Japan run about noiselessly, except for the merry tinkle of clusters of bells. The figures on the boy's coat tell what paper he carries. It is not a costly matter to start a newspaper in Japan. If you want to treat current topics you must deposit with the government from \$10 to \$87.50 as security for good behavior. Hence there are many starts—and naturally many failures—to reach the public ear.

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WILLARD PRICE
Editor

Japan-Around-the-World

By Marjorie Barstow

"HELLO! What's this? Why, I thought I'd left you behind."

"This" was a merry, small Japanese girl in speckled kimona, clattering down the streets of Shanghai, China, with a merrier and smaller girl bouncing up and down on her back.

It was only the first of a series of incidents which made me open my eyes wider as I circumnavigated the globe, forcing me to conclude that the Japanese, like the missionaries, are everywhere.

She didn't have much to say for herself—this scrap of Japan transplanted to the streets of China. Her knowledge of English was confined to "Hello" and "Goodbye." But she saluted me like a soldier, as little Japanese children often do, and escorted me along a street that seemed to be inhabited exclusively by kimona and wooden clogs. Finally, without ceremony, she disappeared in a little tailor's shop. Shanghai tailors are famous all over the Orient, even in Tokyo, but hitherto I had fondly supposed them to be Chinese. But here was Japan outrivalling its rivals in their own lands. I suppose this particular exile will some day return to his little gray home in Tokyo and hang out a sign, "Shanghai tailor," and none will be able to gainsay him.

From Shanghai a sail of three days down the dizzy China Sea brought me to the quaint, terraced city of Foochow. I had left the rickshaw behind—for the best kuramaya going couldn't draw a rickshaw up the perpendicular streets of Foochow—but the inventors of the rickshaw were still in evidence. Here they had gone straight at the heart of this matter of world influence and were attempting to rival the missionaries on their own ground. The bearers of my sedan-chair pointed out to me a fine gray building against the hillside, and exhausted their collective store of English trying to tell me what it was.

"Japanese hospital," said one with a knowing air, as if he could say more if he would.

"To cure sick Japanese?" I asked, wondering whether there was a sufficiently large colony to support an institution of such size.

It took some time for this question to percolate through their heads. When at last it did so, there was more excitement in their answers than mere statements of fact would warrant.

"Japanese make Chinese well. Japanese say 'Chinese man—him very sick; must make well.'"

There was inarticulate sarcasm in their manner. At last one of them found the English he was after, and came out with it: "Japanese no love Chinese man," he said. "Then why make Chinese man well?"

It seems the Japanese were beginning to realize that American philanthropy, represented by the missions and by the Rockefeller Foundation, was creating good-will for the United States. So they, too, decided to become philanthropists, and some fine Japanese hospitals for the Chinese were the result. The Chinese, however, still distrust the move. They cannot be sure that it has the genuine unselfishness of Christian propaganda. They tell tales about machine guns concealed in the hospitals, and soldiers who reconnoitre by night. I never heard these rumors substantiated, but I did meet a seemingly benevolent young surgeon and a Japanese nurse with the sweetest face in the world.

The next bit of Japanese world influence that I encountered was a first-class imitation of Woolworth's. One morning in Singapore I went shopping with an English bride who was going to meet her husband in Borneo, and wished to carry with her some furnishings

for their bungalow in the jungle clearing. And, of course, the shopkeeper who had just what she wanted, was a Japanese! We wandered through miles of counters, piled with cheap imitations of everything Western, and the crudest machine-made reproductions of the dainty fabrics and exquisite craftsmanship of real Japan. The memory of certain workshops in Kyoto, where men labor lovingly over cloisonne and laquer and damascene and fine embroidery, stood between me and this spurious representation of Japanese production. But the English bride, who had never been in Japan or learned from the Japanese themselves to evaluate such a shop as this, was delighted

because everything was so cheap and handy, and went away happily with ill-glazed porcelain and coarse cloth crudely stamped in blue. But, after all, it was the Japanese who was Johnny-on-the-spot, and what would she have done without him?

From Singapore we sailed out through the Malacca Straits. It was just before the signing of the armistice. The first night out we encountered Japan once more in the shape of a destroyer. This lively little creature held us up about midnight and catechized us at long distance. The military influence seemed to follow us all the way to Volombo, for, when I landed on that palmy shore, a naked little black boy rushed out, apparently determined to escort me to some important place. He scampered along beside my rickshaw singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary," and snapping his fingers in time to his own music. Then, with a flourish which seemed to say, "The long, long way is over and here is Tipperary," he brought me up short before a fine shop. Of course it was Japanese!

A highly Anglicized son of Nippon came to the door and welcomed me, bowing. He had all sorts of beautiful Burmese and Indian silks—made in Japan; and Cingalese jewels, set in Japan. There was nothing Japanese about the place except the audacity and naivete of imitation. Then I heard a familiar "Hai," and, in the regions to the rear, an architectural coiffure and whitewashed face emerged. Blessings on the daughters of Nippon! They alter not, neither do they change—whatever may happen to their lords and masters.

In Calcutta I encountered another daughter of Nippon. She had had the training of the geisha, but residence in a foreign port had stripped away the veneer from the real profession of these birds of paradise. Yet, withal, she had still something of reserve, discretion, and dignity, quite lacking in others who follow her calling. When I mentioned this, an Englishman, who spoke of these matters lightly, as a man of the world, remarked:

"Oh, yes, in all the resorts in these Oriental cities the Japanese girl is the favorite. She is the most finished little courtesan in the Far East. That is because she is a natural lady, and often

retains a refinement quite lacking in other women of that sort." It seemed a pity that such fine qualities of womanly character should not be turned to wholesome uses abroad. If the Japanese woman is to be known through all the ports of the Far East—her profession should be a credit to her nation.

It was in India that I saw something of the more vital elements in Japanese world influence. I attended a meeting of Indian patriots—mostly Brahmins. Several of them had been educated at Japanese universities, and, through all their talk of freedom and self-determination, there ran an underground current—a familiar doctrine—"Asia for the Asiatics." "That, too," I thought, "was made in Japan."



A merry, small Japanese girl with a merrier and smaller girl placidly bouncing up and down on her back—a scrap of Japan transplanted to the streets of China.

But if these young enthusiasts had received some inspiration from Japan, Japan, it seems, had not wholly forgotten the gift she had received from India. In the heart of India there is a sacred and sunny place off the main highways of the tourists. Wandering here among the palms, I came to a monastery. A handsome, bright-eyed monk, in golden yellow draperies, led me through the courtyard to a shaded roof top where the Abbot sat smoking a long pipe and reading holy books—and before him sat two sober and studious Japanese. They had come a long, long way to learn the truth of a gospel.

When the shores of India faded from sight and I was launched on the Arabian Sea, following the sun back to our own New York, I thought I had surely seen the last of the Japanese. But no, indeed; he turned up serenely the moment I touched Egypt, and offered to sell me a little Moses in the bulrushes—*made in Japan*. All along the Mediterranean I saw his little shops, and when I was hurrying down to the harbor in Gibraltar, where my ship was waiting to start on the final stage of the long journey, the last shop that I entered was still Japanese. It was a little museum of all the kinds of things I had bought in all my journeys—Japanese damascene, and Chinese embroidery; Java batik work and Cingalese moonstones; Indian brass and Kashmere turquoise; Egyptian enamel and Spanish lace. It seemed typical of the eclectic genius of Japan.

As I sailed away under the frowning fortress of Gibraltar and struck the mountainous gray waters of the Atlantic, I thought how living a thing this ubiquitous Japanese influence could be made. It is as yet hardly living. Though the Japanese is to be seen everywhere, he is not yet a warm personal force. As an individual in a strange country, he remains isolated, reserved. Externally he adopts foreign ways and imitates foreign products with ease. But there is a chilly self-seeking among the Japanese abroad and they remain isolated phenomenal little lumps of ice, as it were, unmelted in the warm currents of life among other peoples. If only the Japanese could be inspired with some genuine and burning convictions that would lead them to reach outward unselfishly—some political idealism such as leads the American to Europe; some philanthropic and religious impulse such as leads our missionaries abroad. These are what keep the outward progress of a great nation wholesome; and, without it, the peaceful penetration of Japan into other countries can augur no good to the world.

So I thought gravely—and supposed I should see no more of Japan. But when I turned into my own apartment in New York, home at last after this long journey, I saw signs of a new and different life in the first floor on the corner. It was a flower-shop full of porcelain and knick-knacks strangely familiar. I looked again; there was the Japanese—right there on my own doorstep.



What Japan Lacks

By Fred B. Fisher

COMMERCIALLY and economically Japan is supreme in the Eastern world, yet the reading people of Japan—particularly her more thoughtful statesmen—are coming to realize that material supremacy is not enough. They are coming to believe what Japanese Christians have long believed—that any selfish attitude toward Korea or China or any other neighboring territory will lose for Japan the goodwill of the nations and will inevitably prevent her retaining her place of leadership in the future.

These men realize that in spite of Japan's position as one of the five great powers representing the Allies at the Paris Peace Conference, in spite of her championship of the principle of racial equality and of the recognized educational attainments of her citizens, she is constantly being called upon to defend her policies and to prove her disinterestedness. They realize that if unselfishness and the desire for service characterized all of the relations of Japan with Korea, China, and Manchuria, there would be no further need of explanation—altruism would furnish all the needed apologia.

Since the war there is much evidence of this new trend in Japanese thinking. A well-known and successful missionary who has just returned from the Orient says that the psychology of Japan has completely changed during the past eighteen months. The people are thinking along new lines—thinking much about religion and ethics.

Japan does not need a religion of efficiency to develop a Japanese superman. If the war had eventuated differently some such religion might have prevailed. But since peace-loving peoples have overthrown Hun ideals; since the religion of service inspired a heroism which crushed the military machine which Germany had built upon the philosophy of

mastery, Japan will need a new religion, one based upon spiritual forces.

This is our opportunity to prove that Christianity is the only faith which will meet Japan's needs—"the only religion," as President Wilson says, "that does actually transform life." With such a religion Japan could become the mighty evangelizing and civilizing power for two-thirds of the earth's population. The restless millions await the call of some master Christian mind and heart.

The challenge of this opportunity to make Christian ideals the dominant motive and standard of Japan's national life is four-fold:

First—To American Christian forces comes the call to place wise missionaries and Christian representatives in large numbers at strategic places throughout the Empire and to give them the equipment which will enable them to do their best work.

Second—To the people of America comes the chance to show a real Christian spirit toward the Japanese living here. This will involve a fraternal attitude in our daily contact an earnest effort to assist their youth in securing the best possible education, a vigorous program of evangelism, and certain revisions of our immigration and naturalization laws. The new laws might, perhaps, be modeled upon those presented to the Congressional Committee by the National Committee for Constructive Immigration Legislation.

Third—To Japanese Christians comes the duty to pray, serve, and give as never before in an effort to bring the entire nation to a Christian standard of life.

Fourth—To the government and organized forces of Japan comes the opportunity to catch a vision of new life for the Orient, one to which Christ alone can throw open the gates.

"One thing thou lackest—follow Me."

Snow and Fireflies

By Gertrude Emerson



Illiterate fathers and mothers in the East hold education in almost superstitious reverence and are willing to make any sacrifice so that their children may learn to write with the ease of this public letter-writer.

THE Oriental is always and ever picturesque. The student of the East does not "burn the midnight oil." He works by snow and fire-flies. There is an ancient legend about a Chinese student who was too poor to buy oil. So in the summer months he studied all night by the light of fire-flies caught and imprisoned in a paper lantern, and in the winter by the reflection of the snow.

A BELL jangled harshly. In the sudden silence which fell the elaborate song of a fish vendor jogging past the schoolhouse echoed through the room with a contemptuous disregard for the military formality within its walls.

A tall boy in the farther corner was giving the familiar orders to "Stand! Bow! Sit down!" With the precision of long practice in extending this formal courtesy to the teacher at the beginning of each recitation, forty pairs of inscrutable black eyes fixed themselves on mine, the tops of forty heads of close-cropped, bristling black hair inclined toward me, and forty Japanese boys slipped back again into their seats, eyeing me the while with a sort of expectant curiosity.

"She wears red shoes."

"Look at her curious dress!"

"How old, do you think? Looks young—maybe sixteen."

"Oh, no, thirty!"

The running fire of whispered comment, translated by my friend, whose ears were keen to pick up such scraps of uncensored opinion, followed the course of some of my own mental observations. I had

already noted the faded, outgrown summer uniform pulling tight at the brass buttons across the chest of more than one tall youth, and my eyes were somehow caught and held by a pair of boots protruding from under one of the front desks—laced with white strings.

My name for the color of my shoes was brown, and if I was flattered at being called sixteen, I had been promptly and rudely awakened from undue exultation by the nonchalant supposition that I might equally well be thirty. But I knew that I was no less ignorant than the class in front of me in the far more important matter of understanding, not merely externals, but what lay behind them and what was the secret of those alien minds peeping shyly out at me from so many inscrutable black eyes.

As in China, there is in Japan a widespread reverence for education, which contrasts sharply with our own indifferent attitude. But China is without an equipment for popular schooling, whereas Japan boasts an extensive and universal school system, with compulsory elementary education, and a proud record of almost perfect attendance.

At seven o'clock on a summer morning, eight in winter, look out from the gate of your wood-and-paper Japanese house. You will need no interpreter to tell you that it is school time in the upside down half of the world. Clack, clack, clack go hundreds of pairs of wooden clogs, gnawing with an indescribable sound on the hard-packed earth of the narrow, intimate street.

The younger boys, jolly, laughing little imps, are invariably dressed

Photo Edward Salisbury



The modern Japanese school-boy is learning to read and write both English and Japanese. He has left behind the customs of his ancestors—the twentieth century, aeroplanes and all, is his birthright.

No sacrifice is too great to be made by parents and students alike for the sake of obtaining an education. To the illiterate *rikisha* coolie, painfully puzzling out the *kana* of the evening paper, as he squats on the shafts of his *rikisha* waiting for a "fare," or to such a person as our cook, who used eagerly to go over the lessons of her small daughter, trying to learn at night what the child had learned during the day, education is the one password, the *open sesame* to every golden dream.

Of the three R's in Japan, two are vastly more difficult than they are with us. Reading and 'riting, when they mean learning several thousand Chinese ideographs, each composed of a complicated series of strokes which must be set down in a particular order, represent untold hours of study. Even a middle school student frequently stumbles in making out the meaning of some ordinary correspondence, for there are characters that he finds confusing or does not know. In addition to his own language, a Japanese student must learn English, totally unrelated to any root structure with which he is familiar. The rest of the school program follows pretty much that of a Western curriculum, except that in Japan much attention is given to the study of "ethics," really the basis of the social and political life of the country.

Co-education is thus far unknown in Japan except in the cases of very small boys and girls, who usually begin their school life together. Although the opportunity for girls to obtain a real education is continually broadening, the girls'

in dark blue cotton kimono with white spots, of sizes depending on the age. The younger the Japanese boy or girl, the larger and bolder the pattern of the clothes. Over this is worn a pleated *hakama*, or divided skirt, a Japanese towel is tucked into the belt by way of "hanky," and the outfit is completed by a visored cap with the insignia of the school—a brass cherry blossom or flower of some sort.

The girls, alas! hide their pretty butterfly-colored kimono under long, ugly skirts of dark red or purple or blue woolen cloth, but fortunately the sleeves, sometimes reaching almost to the ground (and splendid pockets they are, too, for carrying everything from paper handkerchiefs to books), are free to flutter out flaglike behind them in the wind as they trip gayly along. Each youngster carries his books in a knapsack slung across the shoulder, or in a *furoshiki*, a square of cloth with some charming design, universally used in Japan for wrapping bundles, for not even a coolie would carry a package wrapped merely in paper.

The advantages of modern Western education are open to the children of the most humble dweller of Japan. Even in a small village one inevitably finds the schoolhouse rising above every other roof in the community. But no money is wasted in lavish display. Even the El Dorado of every young Japanese heart—a Tokyo school—is a bare wooden affair, with barnlike, undecorated rooms and corridors, always insufficiently heated in winter. They offer little attraction save to the real seeker for knowledge. But there are many students in the Orient.

schools still lag far behind those for the boys. It is true that one may find young Japanese women bending over laboratory tables, doing difficult chemical experiments, but in the next room you are likely to find the master of the tea ceremony explaining the fine art of serving tea according to the ancient cultural etiquette, or the "teacher of flowers" training his pupils how to bend and prune a branch of plum blossoms into a fantastic arrangement.

As far as woman's education is concerned, the superficial ideals still hold sway. Yet one comes across pioneer women such as Umé Tsuda, the head of a large and excellently run school for girls in Tokyo, who is not afraid to say that she considers economic independence an absolute essential for every woman in Japan as a preliminary toward establishing her rightful place in the life of the community, where she will no longer be merely considered a chattel of men.

In spite of excessively long hours and a terrible competition to obtain even standing room in the higher schools, to which admission is by examination only, school life means a treasured memory to every boy and girl in Japan. If his task masters are severe, if the system is a grilling one, with very little mercy for the individual, in an Oriental world where the family and state always come first, and where mistaken German standards and half military methods have been superimposed, there are compensations.

Something hardly won is more precious than the easy goal. And ties are formed in the long years of struggling companionship that last a lifetime.

A Million Social Outcasts

By Sydney Greenbie

"**W**HAT do you want here, you red-headed devil?" growled the old Eta.

Now, I'm not at all red-headed, and all I wanted was a snap-shot of an old crony beside the door of his hovel.

A Pied Piper's following of diseased and emaciated children had gathered in the eight or ten-foot alley-ways. When I turned from the recalcitrant old fellows at the door to photograph these urchins the mob was up in arms. There was instant division of opinion.

"If he takes our picture it will appear in the newspapers," jabbered the leader of one group.

"But what do we care?" shouted a youngster on the other side.

"The 'cop' will be after us," came from the objector. "We are always getting into trouble with them, anyway. They have been more angry and harsh since the rice riots."

"Let the 'junza' (policeman) be angry. We're not afraid of them," continued the pros. "They always come, but don't hurt us."

"But one never knows what these red-headed devils will do with their machines," insisted the objector, and won out, for I was alone, unprotected by the police, and accompanied by a young Japanese who was too timid to be of use and too disgusted to care to use his powers of persuasion. And seeing that stones were apt to fly, we passed on.

This is the spirit of the Eta villages toward an intruder. The air is tense with surliness and resentment; for these outcasts are part of more than a million Japanese who suffer from a brutal and unyielding discrimination.

It is said that recently a shoemaker offered yen 10,000 as dowry to any man outside the Eta class who would accept his daughter in marriage, but there was none so poor as voluntarily to sink so low.

A student of mine informed me that one pupil in his village school was an Eta. "He was exceptionally bright," he assured me, "and of fairly well-to-do parents. Still the rest of us would not associate with him, and often called him names."

Even if a Christian mixes too freely with the Eta his chances for work among his equals is hazarded. No Christian worker could stay at an Eta home if there were no hotel within reach, nor could he eat cake or drink tea with them. A number of Christian Eta once gave a tea for missionary purposes, and were incensed because the guests left the food untouched.

Yet the Eta are not a separate or subject people. Neither their color nor features nor language distinguish them from other Japanese. They have no distinct religious convictions which evoke ostracism from the dominant religious groups. They have no group organization. They are simply a cancerous growth upon the race. Why, then, are they outcasts? What have they done? What were the sins of their fathers that are now visited even beyond the third and fourth generation? They are the victims of Buddhist faith and

of Japanese military ethics and feudal custom.

Buddhism, that most gentle of religions, has been responsible for two great crimes in Japan. One is the Eta, the other the treatment of animals; and these two crimes are closely interrelated.

The edict against the killing of any creature has resulted in slow torture of undesirable animals, and the necessity of using them for food and clothing has brought into existence the Eta. Even to this day Japanese will put kittens out to starve rather than do away with them outright.

And because men would eat meat, a class of people who could slaughter without fear of losing their souls came into existence. To touch a carcass or dead body was to become defiled, according to both Buddhism and Shintoism; yet, both being unavoidable, the Eta took upon themselves the burdens of this fanaticism. Consequently, even to this day, the Eta are the butchers, the tanners, and the buriers of dead animals. They live in separate

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Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,—strangely enough, any or all of these may belong to the Eta class in Japan. Butchers and tanners, forced by the tenets of Buddhism to become outcasts, and soldiers who refuse to commit suicide after a breach of military ethics, go to make up this brutally ostracized class.



Three little maids from school—but under Japan's present educational system, efficient though it is, the chances are strong against their ever getting to a college or university.

But a prominent educator in Japan says that soon even the University of Tokyo will be open to women. Already the Imperial University has a woman on its faculty.

Behind the Paper Shutters

By Bessie Beatty

From Underwood & Underwood



THIS Japanese lady marched with the women of New York in their last suffrage parade. Mrs. Yosano, Japanese feminist and mother of ten children, says, "Equality is incomplete, of course, without the vote. In Japan it will take some time, but we shall have it." Ten years after European women take their places at the voting booth is her guess for the women of Nippon.

THE paper shutters of Japan are thin but they are opaque.

The tourist drops coppers before Shinto Shrines and Buddhist temples, spreads traveler's checks upon the counters of quaint shops, thrills over the bizarre and picturesque street life, and gazes speechlessly at the cherry blossoms.

To most of them the Japanese home remains a sealed castle.

The family is the Japanese unit. It is not possible to judge the place of woman in the Japanese scheme without seeing her in her own home. Even then generalizations are unwise, for the paradoxical East is ever an affirmation and a denial.

When I feel tempted to generalize, I recall a dinner conversation in the country home of Dr. Inaze Nitobé at beautiful Kamakura, where I was spending a weekend.

"Why is it," wondered Mrs. Nitobé,

"that people find it so difficult to understand the Japanese?"

"My dear," said Dr. Nitobé, glancing up from the head of the table, the tolerant, patient smile of the philosopher upon his face, "it is because they are always trying to fit us into categories and the categories were made in Germany or America or somewhere else."

To say, in the phraseology of the West, that behind the paper shutters of the millions of Japanese homes women have suddenly become socially conscious, would be untrue. To say there is no feminist movement in Japan would be equally false.

There is a feminist movement, but it is still in swaddling clothes and its cradle is vastly different from that of any other country.

With the mass of Japanese women, the social sense is quite undeveloped. There are no clubs. The Red Cross and the National Patriotic Association are practically the only organizations in which women band themselves together, and these are undemocratic in control—imposed upon women rather than created by them. There

is a movement to abolish liquor and the segregated district, that walled city of the Yoshiwara where the little slave girls live their pathetic lives. Some Japanese women have done amazing work in this direction, but it is confined to the Christianized Japanese and controlled largely by the W. C. T. U. and the Salvation Army.

Nevertheless, a new word has crept into the Japanese language. *Atarashii-onna* it is, and its meaning, new woman. Seeking the *atarashii-onna* I left my shoes on many door steps. I drank tea in the slums of Tokio and coffee with the foremost Japanese poet. I discussed education with graduates of Wellesley and Bryn Mawr and exchanged professional reminiscences with fellow journalists and editors.

Only the American college graduates and one newspaper woman spoke English, so my adventures into the minds and hearts of these Eastern women had to be made through the medium of an interpreter. The natural feminine equipment of the Japanese woman includes all the passive virtues. She is self-effacing almost to the point of exasperation. She is unselfish and industrious, patient and courteous. She is a bubbling spring of good nature. Graft on to her Oriental virtues an Occidental education and she is as charming and cultured a person as you will meet along the world's highway.

It was at a tea at Miss Umé Tsudo's that I met most of the Japanese women graduates of American universities. Miss Tsudo's English school has opened a window on the wider world for hundreds of women. She was one of Japan's first ventures in higher education for women. She and three other girls were chosen to be sent to America for a college education and she returned to make splendid use of it. She has confined most of her efforts to obtaining educational opportunities for women, believing they must have educational background before they can determine what they want and how to get it. She is the foremost exponent in Japan of economic independence for women.

The "blue stockings," for, if you please, Japan has blue stockings, though she has her own very original conception of the term, are inclined to think Miss Tsudo's ideas old-fashioned and her conception of the woman movement too limited.

The blue stockings, though they are just a handful in number, are the most spectacular group in Japan. Like children loose in a

candy shop, they have swallowed at a gulp the feminist's conception of the rest of the world. The result is indigestion. The Japanese press has heaped invective upon them, and some of their fellow women who believe in the policy of moderation are very bitter.

"They spoil everything," one woman said to me. "They go to the Yoshiwara and drink *saki* and say, 'I am a new woman,' and spoil everything." Whatever one may think of them, they are an interesting phenomenon and the fact that Japan has produced them is, on the whole, a good sign. By the adverse publicity which they have created they have dragged the whole woman question out into the light, and light is always good.

The press is playing a large part in the development of women. The women's magazines have enormous circulations. Some of their editors have a program more farseeing than the magazines themselves indicate. Mrs. Moto Hani, editor-in-chief of *Fujin No Tomo* (friend of women) said to me:

"In my magazine I am trying to make women find themselves instead of unthinkingly following custom and tradition. Of course, I have to put in a great many—what you call—household hints," she added laughingly.

I suggested that in America we call it sugar-coating the pill.

"Yes, yes, that is just it," she said. "Men have not been willing to let women see the world, but the young women are beginning to think it is not right for them to be kept in the dark, and the magazines are helping, but we cannot go too fast. We must what you say—sugar-coat the pill."

Of all the women I met, Mrs. Akiki Yosano was most nearly the advanced Western Feminist. Mrs. Yosano is a poet, essayist, and critic. There are those in Japan who claim for her first place among the poets of her land. She lives in an odd little hybrid house where East and West, old and new, jostle each other in strange confusion. The furniture is foreign.

The delightful simplicity of the Japanese home was absent. The walls, usually bare, were covered with pictures, cubist, futurist, and impressionist. Disciples of Cézanne and Kadinsky glared down upon me. A glance at the book shelves discovered Ellen Key and Nietzsche.

Mrs. Yosano and coffee arrived simultaneously. Using her children as a conversational wedge, we plunged quickly into the subject of my inquiry.

"The value of women—that is what we must teach our boys," said she. "They must learn to regard her as an individual personality. I am trying to educate my boys and girls to understand each other. For instance, I give the boys girls' magazines to read and I give the girls tales of adventure. Before we can do much in Japan, we must change the conception of marriage. First of all, we need equality between husband and wife. Then, more freedom for the children. Japanese parents exercise too much authority over children. It leaves no room for the development of individuality."

I asked Mrs. Yosano whether her conception of equality included the vote for Japanese women.

"Unless the vote is given, the equality is incomplete," said she. "In Japan it will take some time, but we shall have it. I should say that ten years after the European women solve this problem, Japanese women will be voting."

We ranged far in the hour that followed, from Japanese women to modern tendencies in art. Mrs. Yosano's sentences were those of an incisive thinker, and her opinions informed with broad culture. When I deplored the tendency of Japan to exchange her own beauty for more European conceptions, she disagreed vigorously.

"Beauty in itself is equal everywhere," she said. "When the small beauties of this country are lost the great beauties will come."

Mrs. Yosano is a young woman, still in the early thirties. She has demonstrated that one can be a vigorous feminist and a mother. She has ten children, a sturdy, lusty lot, for the testing of her theories. Her husband, who is also a writer, was formerly her teacher, and to-day there is such a great demand for her books, her poetry and her political and feminist magazine articles, that he has subordinated his own work to editing and translating for her.

Another woman who demonstrates that in Japan, feminism and families are not incompatible, is Mrs. Harou Isomura. Mrs. Isomura has seven children. She was the first newspaper woman in Japan. When she pioneered into the profession twelve

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When this truckman started in business, his wife bravely donned trousers and worked side by side with him. What the life of a Japanese peasant woman loses in leisure and

charm, it gains in freedom and vigor, so that on the whole she is better off than her higher-class sister. But the "New Woman" works with her husband, rather than for him.





"Never too young to learn" is the motto of this toy-seller. Even the children of Japan play at foreign-trade.

"Made in Japan"

By Oscar E. Riley

Manager of the Japan Society

A LONG one of the narrow, winding streets of Peking a Chinese gentleman of culture was being sped to his destination by a barefooted rickshaw man. They both wore cotton garments: The coolie's of the faded, heavenly blue that the foreign traveler especially notices everywhere in China. Both were made in Japan.

"We were talking of trade," said the Japanese at my side. And of course we were—what else does one talk about in modern Japan where the war has "made three blades of grass grow where one grew before"? The war trebled Japan's foreign trade—in the last year of peace, 1913, her exports amounted to \$313,230,107; in the last year of war, 1918, they were valued at \$981,050,334.

Cotton—and China,—those are the high spots.

That China should be the foremost purchaser of Japanese factory products is natural, because of China's proximity, size of population and lack of factories—and Japan's low prices. British India is second; the United States, third, which returns from Japan with its market basket 26 per cent full of finished manufactures, and the rest—64 per cent raw silk, 4 per cent beans and peas, 6 per cent miscellaneous

raw products. Great Britain, France, Australia, Africa and the British Straits Settlements fall into line at Nippon's market-place.

Japan's life depends upon her trade—and present indications look as though the life of Japan were to be a phenomenally healthy one. The cost of living is rising. The limit of soil production has been reached, and food for the increasing population has to be imported.

The Japanese have entered upon a period of commercial and industrial development. They were already proficient in artistic goods, vases, tea-sets, the little toys all Americans know, water flowers, dolls, toy furniture. Now they are manufacturing—first of all, cotton.

All China—with its 400,000,000 people—wears cotton. There are only a few who can afford silk. Once the United States had a generous share of the cotton trade, especially in North China, but the Japanese developed their trade with such energy and success that in 1916 the United States' exports to China had fallen to \$200,000 while in the same year Japan's had risen to nearly \$60,000,000. In 1918, Japan's total output reached \$119,000,000 worth.

Hundreds of millions of people in Siam, India, Burma, the Dutch

Islands and the Philippines, besides the Chinese and Koreans, dress exclusively in cotton. The soil and climate of these countries is better adapted to cotton raising than Japan's—and to-day Japan is manufacturing their raw product and shipping it back in bolts, not only there, but to Hawaii, Siberia, and even Australia.

Japanese ships shuttled through the Yellow Sea during the war, carrying raw cotton from India, and returning with cargoes of cotton goods to clothe the people of all Asia. Japan obtained 75 per cent of its raw cotton from Asia and Egypt and 25 per cent from the United States.

The manufacture of cotton goods was the first Japanese industry to be fashioned upon an Occidental model. When the war demand came the mills were filled with English machinery, but as additions became necessary American machinery was installed. There lies the importance of Japan's increasing cotton trade to the United States. Labor is cheap in the Orient—but it must be supplied with the good machinery in whose manufacture the United States has excelled for many years. To-day Japan has 180 cotton mills in operation.

Silk fabrics stand second among finished manufactures, the exports of \$59,000,000 in 1918 being exactly three times the 1913 figure. They were shipped chiefly to the United States, England, France and Australia.

Clothing exports in 1918 were worth \$42,000,000, again tripling the 1918 mark.

Steam vessels followed next—\$40,000,000 worth of them. From the Japanese shipyards in 1918 there were launched 158 vessels of over 1000 tons—going to the British and French governments and Scandinavian private interests.

Paper stands next on the list, with a value of \$18,500,000. Besides the newsprint paper, which went chiefly to Asia, a substantial export trade has grown up in Oriental Panamas. In making these hats native paper is twisted and treated in liquid celluloid, the gloss of which is afterwards subdued. The United States stands first in the purchase of these hats.

Then there are hundreds of miscellaneous manufactures. Japan is making bicycles, guaranteed to be equal

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Japanese window-frames and doors are crowding "art" objects on America-bound boats.

Japan's industry costs yearly the health and happiness of 200,000 girls.

Photo Paul Thompson

to ours, for twelve dollars. They are turning out matches at a price that is closing the Asiatic market to Western factories. They can deliver sashes, blinds, doors, and woodenware in North and South America so cheaply that American manufacturers would have to close their shops were it not for protective tariffs.

The story of the soy beans has spread wide. Japan's privileges in Manchuria have made it possible for her to create the soy bean industry that is benefiting not only the natives of Manchuria but tens of thousands of coolies in Shantung Province. Where ten years ago Manchurian farmers barely eked out a living, they are to-day exporting \$40,000,000 worth of beans and bean-cake.

The war that gave the final push to industrial Japan is over. Peace is at hand, and the warring countries are ready to resume business. The stage is set for a new commercial struggle in the markets conquered so recently by Japan. Price, quality and sales ability will be factors in every stage of the combat. For the benefit of the peoples of Asia—where the high cost of living has made its unwelcome appearance—we may wish that victory shall come to the nation which best serves.

Three Blades of Grass Where One Grew Before

This table shows Japan's trade increase in five years:

	1913	1918
China	\$77,000,000	\$180,000,000
British India	15,000,000	101,000,000
United States	92,000,000	265,000,000
Great Britain	16,000,000	71,000,000
France	30,000,000	71,000,000
Dutch East Indies.....	3,000,000	36,000,000
Australia	4,000,000	33,000,000
Hongkong	16,000,000	32,000,000
Africa	1,000,000	24,000,000
British Straits Settlements.	5,000,000	21,000,000
Complete Foreign Trade...	313,230,107	981,050,334

THE WANDERING JAPANESE



How can they stay at home in a country 10,000 square miles smaller than the state of Montana—56,000,000 of them—with a birth-rate that is increasing at the rate of 400,000 a year? There isn't room. They've got to go somewhere.

IN CALIFORNIA

By Sidney L. Gulick

Sec'y Nat'l Committee for Constructive Immigrant Legislation

THE trouble over Japanese immigration in California began with the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Among the conditions of union was the requirement that the thousands of contract laborers in the islands should be released.

As soon as the enterprising Japanese on the sugar plantation discovered that they could stay or go, as they pleased—and especially when they learned that they could get better wages in California—they went. Ten thousand of them landed in San Francisco in 1900. And that was the beginning of the California-Japanese problem.

They came too fast; they did not know and could not learn the English language or American customs; they had no idea of settling down for a permanent life here. They were mostly young men without families, adventurers of fortune, birds of passage. Wrongs began to be done, by them and against them.

And soon the flood began to set in from Japan direct. Thirty thousand Japanese, mostly young men, came to the United States in 1907 alone. By that time California was seriously alarmed, and began to demand laws enacted by Congress to stop the Japanese

immigration, just as Chinese immigration had been stopped twenty-five years before.

The Japanese government also began to see that the anti-Japanese feeling in California was in danger of affecting the good relations of the two countries. Moreover, it recognized the justice of California's objection to the thousands of immigrants who were creating difficulties for the working classes on the Pacific Coast.

These considerations led to the "Gentlemen's Agreement" by which Japan undertook to stop all new Japanese labor immigration to the United States, on the understanding that America would not pass anti-Japanese legislation. The agreement went into effect in January of 1908, and has been faithfully kept.

For many years after the agreement more Japanese men were annually leaving America than were arriving. And of those that remained, many began to send to Japan for wives, in keeping with the agreement, and to settle here permanently.

But in spite of this, anti-Japanese legislation has been enacted by several states. Japan resents differential legislation as humiliating, and earnestly asks for equality of race treatment.

A careful study of the situation in 1913 led the writer to believe that the "Gentlemen's Agreement" is an excellent temporary arrangement, but that it cannot be permanently satisfactory.

The United States should have a scientific standard for the regula-

tion of immigration. It should meet two conditions—first, it should under no circumstances admit more immigration than we can assimilate, and second, we should admit immigrants no faster than we can assimilate (that is, Americanize) them. The standard should be flexible, so that the amount of immigration may be adjusted to our changing economic conditions. And there should be no race discrimination in applying it.

IN CANADA

The Japanese came first to Canada as fishers of salmon, and to-day probably 2500 of the 12,000 Japanese in the Provinces are fishermen. The increasing immigration to Canada caused, in 1908, a "Gentlemen's agreement" very much like our own. After this agreement, Japanese immigration dropped to well below a thousand a year.

IN MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA

The ordinary traveler does not come across many Japanese in Mexico any more than in California. But they are there—the 1911 edition of Terry's "Mexico" estimated that there were some 8000. The Japanese legation has recently reported that there are now in that country only some 2000 subjects of the Mikado. Unofficial reports deny that—probably there are about four or five thousand. The tales of alarmists about Japanese in Mexico are ridiculous; the worst that can be said from a purely selfish American point of view is that what Japanese are there are extremely alive to their commercial opportunities.

South America encourages Japanese immigrants, since they devote themselves to fishing and the cultivation of coffee and sugar. Three hundred Japanese landed near the headwaters of the Amazon, in Peru, a few weeks ago. This brings the number in that country to probably over 7000. In Brazil there are over 16,000, and probably more than a thousand in the other countries. English is the only required language in Japanese schools, but since the war many students have taken up Spanish. Japan is directing her attentions seriously to South America.

IN HAWAII

Hawaii is the Orient—it is Japan. Perhaps no country in the world has such a mixture of races—but 100,000 of its 250,000 inhabitants are Japanese.

IN THE CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

In the Caroline and Marshall Islands the Japanese are introducing dentistry, hospitals, and industry—not to speak of their language. That is one of the incongruities of Japanese expansion. At home they learn English, but abroad—if they have any control at all—they try to drive home to the natives a difficult language which cannot but be useless to them.

IN SIBERIA

To-day Japanese troops are practically in control of Siberia. J. Ingram Bryan, in the *Nation*, says: "For the last twenty years or more Japan's main objective in national defense has been Russia. . . . Now that Russia is practically eliminated, the danger lies in some third party establishing itself in Siberia. . . . Until the situation is adjusted, Japan is bound to remain in control." America proposed that allied troops in Siberia should number 7200 for each nation; Japan dispatched 72,000, eventually increased to 150,000. It is said that to-day there are 100,000 Japanese troops in Siberia, although real figures are unknown.

IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

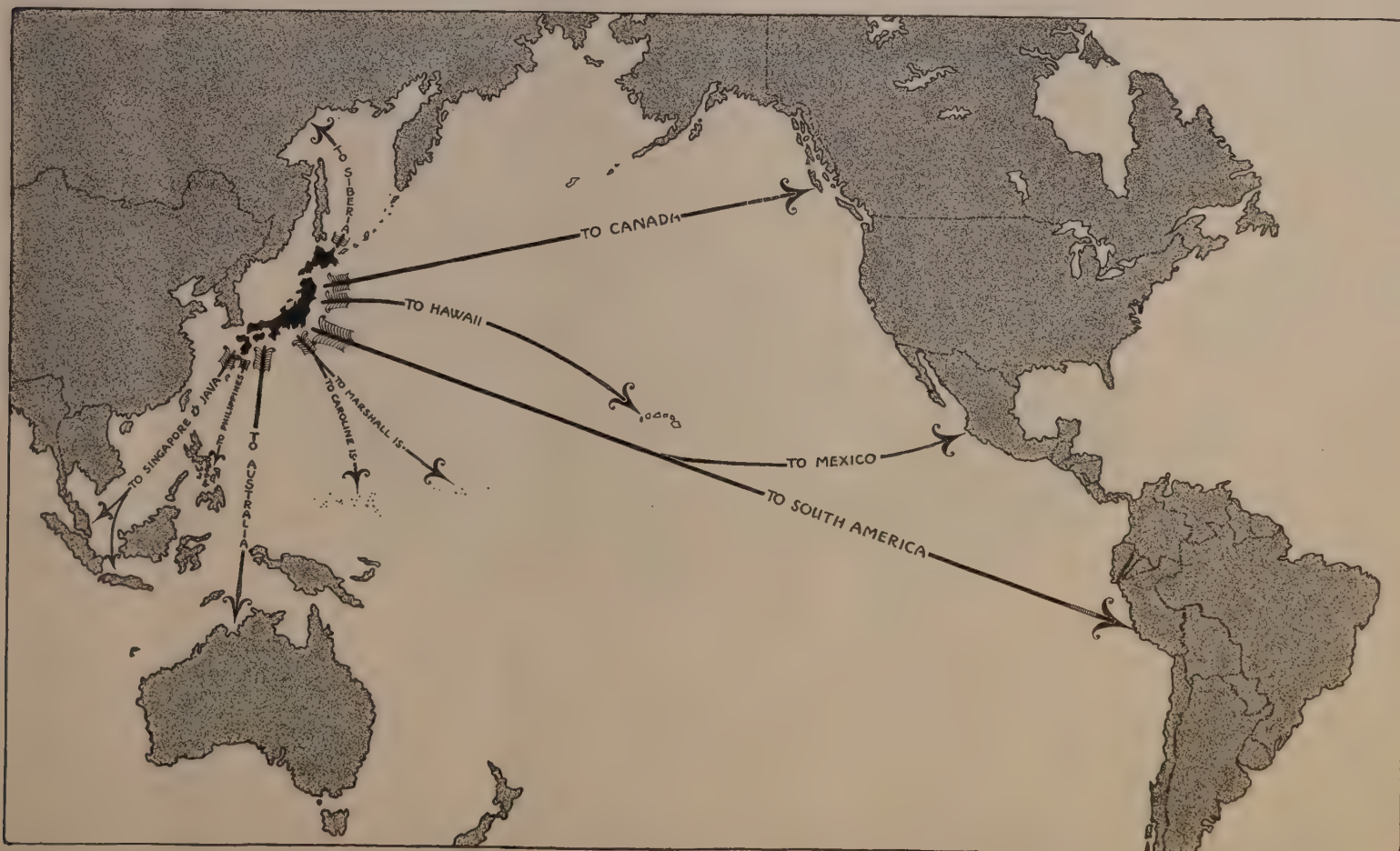
Despite rigorous laws excluding them, the Japanese are here. Probably over 3000 of them, although reports have risen as high as 71,000.

IN SINGAPORE AND JAVA

During the war there was a considerable increase of Japanese immigration everywhere, but especially in the islands of the Pacific. In Java and the Straits Settlements there was a considerable increase of Japanese, but on account of the interruption of census taking there are no available figures.

IN THE PHILIPPINES

The last authentic report numbers the Japanese in these islands as 2000, but the governor general's report for 1917 announces the arrival of 3789 Japanese that year and the departure of 817. There is no definite restriction against Japanese immigration in the islands, but the number is not large, partly because the climate is not suited to Japanese colonization, and partly because China has sent over 50,000 laborers across the sea.



The small and very black spot on the map holds 56,000,000 Japanese. The arrows point to some of the spots on the Pacific where they are spilling over.

The Honorable Inside of the House

By Grace Gardner Neil and Adelaide Lyons

IT was the American dinner that started it. That and the house cleaning. But the dinner came first.

Mrs. Suzuki had never expected to go to an American dinner, even after the mission people arranged for the marriage of her son with a mission-trained girl, and the mission ladies had come to her house to drink tea with all due ceremony.

Then came the invitation for her and her husband to go to the mission house in the city to have dinner and to meet the honorable parents of Etsu San, who was to be her daughter-in-law. She had never been anywhere with her husband before, but he said that he would take her this time.

The dinner was even more wonderful than she had imagined it would be. The chickens were brought in whole, and the mission man cut them right there at the table. And the way the missionary ladies talked to their husbands! It made little Mrs. Suzuki open and shut her tiny fan very fast.

The mother of Etsu San was almost as bold as the foreign ladies, for she, too, lived in a foreign house. At that moment Mrs. Suzuki was afraid of the girl who was coming into her old-fashioned home.

On the way to the train, after the dinner, Mr. Suzuki was quiet, as men usually were, but, oh, how his wife did wish she could ask him what he thought of American ways.

When they got into their train, where the two long seats ran the length of the coach, like an old-fashioned

American street car, Mr. Suzuki entered first, as Japanese men do. Mrs. Suzuki followed a few steps behind. He slipped out of his sandals and hopped up on the seat, sitting on his feet in a sort of kneeling posture. Mrs. Suzuki slipped out of her sandals and hopped upon the seat, sitting in like manner, but not near enough to converse—oh, no! Her husband took out his pneumatic pillow, and, placing it against the side of the car, slept. She sat with her back to the aisle, as a proper Japanese woman should, but her thoughts were far from those recommended by Confucius.

She was thinking of that American dinner and the American house.

One only turned a handle, and the water flowed into the bathtub, hot from the kitchen. She thought of her own bathtub with the little charcoal stove in one end. She thought of the ten, twenty buckets of water which Chio San, the little maid, had to carry before the tub was full enough for the family bath. She would like to have an American tub, where one just turned the handle—so. The mission-trained daughter-in-law would like it, too. She had heard that these mission girls objected to the whole family bathing in the same water.

When the train reached their station Mr. Suzuki woke up, and again Mrs. Suzuki wished that she could talk to him as the American women talked to their husbands, but in absolute silence they seated themselves in their two rickshas and rode home.

The next day was housecleaning day. Not that Mrs. Suzuki wanted to clean up, for she was tired. But the police regulate housecleaning in Japan, and that was the day set apart for her section of the town.

So she piled all her household possessions on the sidewalk and hung the bedding out in the sunshine. Then she set the man servant to work beating the floor mats, and gave Chio San the dishes to wash. Chio San took the dishes to the gutter, for it was already full of water. But then the police inspector came in and told Mrs. Suzuki that her housecleaning was not properly done, because Chio San was washing dishes in the same water where another woman

was washing her family underwear.

At that Mrs. Suzuki went into the inner room, where she might be quite alone. She sat on the floor in the farthest corner from the tokonoma, the place of honor in the house. She was in disgrace, and scarcely dared be even that

near to the tokonoma. There she wept two tears, which is two more than a Japanese woman should shed. After a while Mr. Suzuki pushed back the sliding partition of the room and entered. But Mrs. Suzuki forgot the centuries-old custom that a wife should bow before her husband. Surprised at the omission, he asked,

"Have you been seeing too much of the foreign ways?"



"MOST servants in Japan can only cook a little rice in plain hot water," said a Tokyo lawyer. "They know nothing about fixing all the good things that go with the rice. That is why the women of Japan are too busy to get lonely or to need clubs."

Photo by Paul Thompson.

Mrs. Suzuki, forgetting that a wife should not raise her voice in the presence of her husband, said,

"May it not be, my master, that I have been seeing too little. If the water ran into my house when you turn the handle, even as it does in the American house, the police inspector would never have said that my dishes were dirty."

"There, there, Honorable Inside of the House," her husband said, "You must remain calm."

But Mrs. Suzuki was not calm.

"If I am 'The Honorable Inside of the House,' as you men say that wives are, I think that I ought to have the inside fixed to suit myself."

"What would you have?" her husband asked.

"I would have my house like the American house, and the dinner with you and my son and his wife at one table together."

For a long time Mr. Suzuki thought silently, his eyes on the brass filagree lantern above the tokonoma.

Mrs. Suzuki trembled, for she was afraid that she had made her lord angry. Finally he looked at her and said:

"Let it be as you wish. Our daughter-in-law will like it, and I think it may be well for our son to have dinner with his wife instead of going out always and having geishas entertain him. We will make our house like an American house."

That is how it began, and this is how it ended, with an American-trained carpenter, and a call on the daughter-in-law-elect.

The carpenter came because American furniture is not like American people. It cannot fit in just anywhere.

American beds cannot get into tiny Japanese bedrooms, and American chair legs punch holes through thin Japanese floors, which are made only for pillows. So the American-trained carpenter said that there must be new floors, and that then the little brass hibachi would not be enough to heat the rooms, for in American chairs one could not sit on one's feet and keep them warm. More rooms must be built, too—a bathroom out in the garden where the blue iris grew, and a place for the big kitchen stove which would heat the water. The new stove would take up much room, and would burn coal like the Americans burn.

"How will I know how to broil my fish without charcoal?" Mrs. Suzuki asked. "And how can I tell when my rice cakes are crisp?"

The carpenter only shrugged his shoulders.

That day Mr. Suzuki suggested that his wife should call on the daughter-in-law who was coming. Was not this the fashion of Western ladies? If they were to adopt American ways they should begin.

To the tiny Japanese woman who was used to being "The Honorable Inside of the House" the trip across town alone was a fearful adventure, but she put on her best plum-colored kimono with the gold obi, and started out in her little ricksha.

In Etsu San's American home Mrs. Suzuki sat uneasily on the edge of her chair while she sipped tea from a cup with a handle. She wondered if sometimes the girl and her mother did not grow tired of Western ways and sit on the floor, as they used to.

In the midst of Mrs. Suzuki's wonderings Etsu San's mother said,

"Would you not like to hear my daughter play upon the piano, the great American musical instrument which her father bought?"

After polite bowings, the girl sat down to play upon the great box. And the noise she did make! Such noise Mrs. Suzuki had never heard. How different from the koto, with its thirteen strings, on which she played when a girl. She sat on the floor to play it, in a nice modest fashion, not on a horrid three-legged stool. Her koto made soft, proper music—but that American box!

Would she have to have *that* in her house?

All the way home Mrs. Suzuki thought of that noise, and of the hard chairs so high from the ground. When she got to her own gateway she could scarcely wait until Chio San came to answer the tinkling bell.

She wanted to get into her own house to be sure that it was not changed.

Once inside the wall, she darted to the kitchen and hovered over the square brick stove. She touched the iron kettles in which rice and soup were cooked, and picked up her shining copper ladles and fingered them lovingly.

She was still in the kitchen when her husband came, and she scarcely waited to bow low before him, as was meet, when she said,

"Honorable husband, I have heard that in foreign countries a married son lives no longer in his father's home, but has a house of his own."

"That is indeed so."

"Would it not be well, honorable husband, that we should build for our son the American house while we live here as before?"

"For our ways are no longer the ways of the young people,

nor are their ways our ways."

"You speak wisely, Honorable Inside of the House."

"Yes, for she who is to be our daughter-in-law has an American musical instrument upon which she makes a noise most terrible. Never could I live with such a noise. Come, while Chio San carries the water for your bath."



If it takes twenty buckets of water to fill the family bathtub, how many must it take to do the family wash? But washing is only part of the trouble of clean clothes in Japan. Kimonos have to be ripped up before they are washed, and sewed together afterward.

What the Centenary Has Made Possible in Japan

By Herbert Welch

THE \$1,700,000 which the Centenary has promised to Japan during the next five years will be enough to revolutionize our work in the Sunrise Kingdom.

To begin with, these funds will help to erect about fifty new churches. One outstanding item is the authorization which the Centenary will give for the building of a Memorial Church to Bishop Honda, the first bishop of Japanese Methodism. This will be in that section of Tokyo where our great Aoyama school is situated. At two other points in Tokyo we are planning to develop institutional centers, one of them in a thickly populated residence section, the other at the very heart of the street life of Tokyo.

In Nagoya, another big city, the Centenary askings provide for the building of a hall which would be the focus of certain institutional activities, especially for young men.

Down at Nagasaki a great artisan community is growing up at the big shipbuilding works across the bay. There, likewise, an institutional church has been planned. With an eye to the future we are providing for a Church Extension Loan Fund, through which the Japanese may be encouraged to do their own building.

At present we have but two schools under the General Board. New gymnasiums, athletic fields, and new dormitories must be provided for each of these.

The Chinzei Gakuin at Nagasaki, and the Aoyama Gakuin at Tokyo, both must have some endowment to ease a little the annual strain on the local and mission funds. Chinzei must have a worthy chapel building in place of the inadequate wooden structure, which has been entirely overcrowded and outgrown, and additional accommodations for laboratory and recitation work.

Aoyama must have a library, an administration hall, and a pastor's residence. The latter is being erected this summer and is immediately in the fall to house the college pastor and his new wife. The new college building given by an alumnus, Mr. Katsuta, at an expense of \$150,000, has this last year been

finished and occupied. The grounds have been rearranged, and minor buildings added. The new campus and school group is to be one of the most presentable in the whole East.

Happily our participation in the establishment of several new institutions is also made possible by the Centenary. At Sapporo, in the far north, we have a growing educational center of great importance. The fifth of the Imperial universities is situated here. Its president is a magnificent Methodist layman, Dr. Sato. There is a recognized need for a Christian Middle School, and Methodism, either alone or in co-operation with one or two other Missions, should establish it. This the Centenary will make possible.

We need also a Bible training school for lay workers and men who cannot go to theological schools. This is provided for. We need in South Japan a college, which ought to be a union institution. This is included. We need as the climax and capstone of our Christian educational system a Christian university. Six, or eight, or ten of the missions must unite to make this a commanding success. It must be substantially the equal of the Imperial universities, if not in variety of departments and size, at least in quality. The backing of our own Board, through the Centenary funds of this great Christian undertaking, I count most valuable.

But churches and schools, after all, are only instruments. The living agents of Christ are the vital factors in the Christianization of Japan. The Centenary has planned to add almost a hundred native workers to the number we now employ, and to bring out eighteen new missionary families to add to our present force. The utmost that money can do is to put these workers at the points of need, to give them tools with which to work, and to maintain them there with such a degree of support as will relieve them of undue anxiety. If the Centenary can accomplish this, great will be the glory of Methodism and great, far greater, the glory which will come to Christ through this means.

A Million Social Outcasts

Continued from page 5

villages, and cannot enter the houses of even the poorest of the poor.

Responsibility for the existence of the Eta may secondly be traced to Japanese military ethics.

We have been led to believe that the Japanese aristocrats of old were all brave and faithful warriors, who, out of a fear of disgrace following capture, or out of loyalty to a deceased lord, did not hesitate to commit *harakiri*, preferring death to a life devoid of full happiness and glory. But it is never published that there were not a few among Japanese soldiery in ancient times to whom life, no matter how mean, was dearer than a code, and they slipped away into the Eta villages which bordered upon the cemeteries, cheating the sword of its prey. Perhaps these renegades among the old nobility were merely suffering from the fact that they were the only ones who had not wholly lost their sense of humor.

These offscourings from a social order too rigid to embrace the needs and impulses of all the people were added to a nucleus of the slaves taken by the Japanese from the Ainu, the first inhabitants of the islands. Thus there has been formed a group like no other

outcast group on earth—so nearly akin to those who despise them that if the prejudice against them were removed all traces of their origin would disappear in a generation; yet hopeless and degraded beyond measure.

Eta villages are not hard to locate. Generally they are somewhat on the outskirts of the main town or city, but often in modern Japanese cities they will be found surrounded by thickly crowded districts. In Kobe, for instance, one village is side by side with Shankawa, the worst slum to be found in Japan. The stranger would not know which was slum and which Eta, except that your guide will immediately whisper to you not to use the word Eta any more, as we have come to their regions.

Then there is a large Eta district in Hoyogo, which is the older city, now incorporated into the city of Kobe. A little outward toward the hills is another district known as Eta. Then nine miles from Kobe is Shioya, on the Inland Sea, a lovely residential section for foreigners and rich Japanese. A path leads across the hills to an Eta village a couple of miles away. It is merely a small group of thatched-roofed houses with mud walls, not a little weathered. But for its isolation it would not be more noticeable than any other

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In the most perfect Japanese garden ever reproduced, little ladies who *must* have stepped out of Japanese prints played with doll-like Japanese kidlets.



Japan Makes Her Bow in Columbus, Ohio

Enthusiasts about Japan always want to take everybody-in-the-world by the hand and lead him to the East, to see for himself the eerie beauty of Nippon. Obviously, it can't be done. The next best thing was to transport Japan and set it down within reach of us all.

That's what the Centenary workers did, knowing full well that to know Japan is to recognize her needs and their appeal.

Two of the blackest-haired and whitest-toothed little Nips in the kindergarten held daily by the Lady of the Decoration.



Japanese students in America were present to personify the youthful vigor of Christianized Japan. In the lovely shrine there presided a solemn priest, who assured everyone that his Shintoism was only a disguise; he was a Christian student.





The East-is-East-and-West-is-West attitude is the older order of things. To-day the East and the West are inextricably tangled—through trade, is compulsory in Japanese schools, and because of that the Japanese schoolboy can read the words of President Wilson on Oriental affairs. The mo
Even this Japanese landscape has caught the spell; it might



ough education, through politics, through art. The Occident is manufacturing for the Orient—and the Orient is returning the compliment. English
Japanese painter is influenced by Cezanne and Matisse—and the West is borrowing from the East designs and patterns for fabrics and ornaments.
Massachusetts or California instead of the heart of Nippon.



The Interchurch Gathers

DR. JOHN R. MOTT, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Interchurch Movement. Dr. Mott is best known for his able leadership of the International Y. M. C. A. and America's United War Work Drive. Theodore Roosevelt once said, "If John R. Mott had gone into politics he would have been president of the United States at an earlier age than any other chief executive in the history of the nation". Associated with Dr. Mott are men and women recruited from America's big religious movements of the day.

WHAT IS THE INTERCHURCH MOVEMENT?

The American Protestant Armies united under an allied command.

In the United States there are 41,000,000 Protestant church members and 170 different denominations. It is possible to be six kinds of an Adventist, twelve kinds of a Mennonite or a Presbyterian, thirteen kinds of a Baptist, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, or seventeen kinds of a Methodist.

These denominations have many features in common. Above all they have the same goal—the furthering of the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

In the world war French, American, English, Italians had a common goal—the defeat of Germany—but only when they united under an allied command did they drive on to victory.

No military leader would crowd half his forces into small, easily defended forts and leave great stretches of the battle-front unprotected.

We have been singing, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God."

Yet in a town of California of 1600 population there are fourteen churches—with memberships ranging from 125 to twenty-five.

In a sparsely populated section of upper New York there are 3000 people—and *thirty-seven* churches.

On the lower East Side of New York City there is a section which is a large city in itself—80,000 people—and there is only one Protestant house of worship.

In the Portsmouth District of Ohio the map shows a space with no minister within twenty-five miles.

There are whole countries in the foreign field where the Christian banner has never been unfurled, whereas in others as many as ten denominations are competing—like a many-ringed circus—for the attention of the passersby.

W. W. Pinson says: "The Church has not been marching; it has been marking time."

WHY IS IT?

Because American Protestantism believes that this is the hour for an international crusade to carry Christianity into every corner of the earth.

Nearly one billion people—almost two-thirds of the population of the globe—have never heard the name of Christ.

Among the non-Christian peoples of China foot-binding and child murder are still common.

The majority of the natives of Islam-conquered Algeria are tainted with syphilis, and some of the tribes have reverted to the pagan custom of buying and selling wives.

In one village of India the Hindus died of plague rather than be inoculated, for the serum was made of the blood of cows—the sacred animal of Hinduism.

The war has thrown wide the gates of all nations, has made neighbors of the peoples of the world.

America has moved out of its isolation into the realm of world affairs; the program of the church must match the policy of the nation.

The war cost the United States \$20,000,000,000, or two million dollars an hour for over two years. It cost the world \$450,000,000,000 or \$721.25 for every living human being.

Interest on this sum at four per cent exceeds in one hour all the money that American Protestantism contributed to foreign missions in the year 1918.

Raymond Robins says: "Morals are only valuable when they are on the job as far as the rest of the world is concerned. You may be ever so moral, and if you are in a cell somewhere it doesn't matter a whole lot to the rest of the world. . . . We must have the Big Brother Business on an international scale."

WHAT HAS IT DONE—ALREADY?

It has recruited its generals from the leadership of the big apprentice movements of the day.

The campaigns and manoeuvres of the Individual Protestant armies—the Methodist Centenary, the Baptist "Victory Drive," the Laymen's Missionary Movement, all down the long list—will be seen as practice lessons, prophetic forerunners of the world-wide, united crusade.

It has sent out companies of fact-collecting scouts in advance of the main army's march.

A world-survey, almost literally a house-to-house canvass of the world, is rapidly moving toward completion.

Looking at world needs under the searchlight of this survey, the allied generals can plan together the distribution of their forces.

It has constituted itself umpire and adviser, not dictator, to the separate armies it represents.



The black and gray portions of

World Movement Momentum

Co-operation, not union, of the denominations is the watch word of the Interchurch Movement.

The war was won by team-work, all the Allies pulling together, but the doughboy was no less an American, the poilu no less a Frenchman, and Tommy Atkins no less British because they had clasped hands.

As the spokes of a wheel are distinct from each other, though converging at the hub, so the Protestant bodies may remain distinct while reaching out to the common center.

It has offered itself as a financial clearing house to avoid overlapping and overlooking.

Two years ago seven of America's win-the-war agencies gave practical demonstration of the word "co-operation." Under the title, "United War Work Campaign," they presented to the war-givers of America, a single, understandable budget, against which each man could measure himself and his capacity to help.

DR. S. EARL TAYLOR, general secretary of the Interchurch World Movement. Dr. Taylor is the General Pershing of the Methodist Episcopal "expeditionary forces" which went over the top in the recent Centenary drive. The Centenary army early swept past the \$105,000,000 goal at which it had aimed. Today the \$168,000,000 mark has been reached and the halting place is not yet in sight. Dr. Taylor has been called "the leader who sees through things and sees them through."



In less than a year the Interchurch World Movement of North America has shaped itself from a vision into a reality. Already its armies are mobilizing and its generals are planning the most far-reaching campaign in the history of Protestantism. United Protestantism waits only for the words, "Forward, march!"

PROTESTANT OCCUPATION OF THE WORLD



A map of the world indicate territory "unoccupied" by Protestant Christianity, the black showing densely populated areas, the gray sparsely settled sections. Only where white spaces appear has the banner been unfurled.

The Land of Microscopic Farms and Record-Breaking Crops



They thresh rice in Japan by combing it with a sort of fine-toothed comb which lets the straw pass through, but catches the grain.

The Food-god sowed the first rice plant in wet ground. As a result rice simply will not grow on an efficiency basis, and Japanese farmers have to flood their paddy lands. The fields are so small and the culture so intensive that at certain seasons you can travel a whole day through the lowlands without losing sight of bare-legged farmers up to their knees in water nursing rice plants as carefully as if they were chrysanthemums.

NO one but a Japanese farmer could raise enough rice to go around in a country where there are 56,000,000 people and only 25,000 square miles of farm lands. The government is helping by experiments which have increased the yield by one-third during the past twenty years. But where a "farm" is two and a half acres, and where an additional acre costs \$600, every inch and every minute must be used. Even then one-third of the farmers' families have to add to their incomes by silk raising. No wonder there is a drift toward the city factories especially since the old order which gave the farmer social prestige is being replaced by one founded upon a financial basis.



The Japanese farmer is independent of the Rubber Trust, for his overshoes are made of wood, and his raincoat is ricestraw matting, reaching nearly to his knees and ravelled for about a foot into fringe. In the old days he could not afford a hat,

but now he gets a better price for his crops, so he no longer goes bare-headed. The hat that he buys is a thing of use more than of beauty; the rain slides from it as from a pointed roof, and does not put out the fire in his little "one-puff" pipe.



There isn't room enough in the little paper houses to dry vegetables for winter; so every tree is festooned with drying *daikon*, which is Japanese for radish, also for relish.

Tea shrubs in the uplands are as carefully pruned as millionaires' hedges. Their yield is greater that way, and the pickers can reach the leaves more easily. On warm hillsides the tea grows after each rain, and every growth means a new picking.



Men and women are the domestic animals of Japanese farms, for the land is crowded with human beings, and fodder for a horse or an ox is very dear. Every inch of the earth is utilized; there is not even room for fences to separate one

pathetically tiny farm from its neighbor. This system produces record-breaking crops of rice and millet, but is wasteful of the most valuable commodity of all—human effort—which is one reason why Japan believes the more babies the better.

Small photos
Paul Thompson



Music, in Japan, calls to mind the geisha. Their lives are set to music—the years of their training and the years afterwards are a succession of songs and dances. There is little



Large photo
Brown Brothers



music in the life of the "nice" Japanese girl — she must be guarded from comparison with the geisha. The nipponophone — Japanese victrola—is opening a new world to her.

Harmonizing Nippon's Music

By John Kenelm Winslow

DID you ever hear a musician admit that the victrola has done anything for music? A real honest-to-goodness musician? Of course you didn't—but it has.

Music, in Japan, has always had a bad name. It existed mainly in vulgar songs, in accompaniments for the dances of the geisha. Properly brought up Japanese flappers never could hum the equivalent of "Smiles" or "Silver Threads Among the Gold," as they arranged flowers or adorned their shining hair with bright ornaments.

Then one day a young American with sandy hair, and kind eyes behind his shining glasses, appeared in Japan, the business manager of the Nipponophone Company.

Did you ask what a nipponophone was? It's as much the word for phonograph in Japan as "kodak" is for camera here in America.

The Nipponophone Company was organized in Japan in 1908. Immediately the idea was welcomed by the women who train geisha girls and hire them to tearooms and private parties. But Mr. J. A. Rabbit, although a very practical young man, backed by engineering experience, had ideals and imagination. He decided that the Nipponophone was not going to have records of the geisha's songs.

Good records were published—and there was an immediate loss to the company. More good records were published, and still the company found itself losing money. But Mr. Rabbit kept straight

on with his policy, and the losses proved only temporary.

The nipponophone is raising the standard of music in Japan: the geisha who wanted phonographs had to take them, good music and all. And stern Japanese parents who had held up their tiny Japanese hands in horror at the idea of phonographs brought them home to delighted Japanese wives and children.

Can't you see him, the stern Japanese parent, with all the delight of a small boy, winding the nipponophone and starting the record? Suddenly through the doors comes music—perhaps it is a *shakuhachi* that is playing—the ancient Japanese flute, whose name, literally translated, measures its length, one foot eight inches. Perhaps it is the *samisen*, the Japanese stringed instrument that is something like a guitar; or the *koto*, the fine lady's favorite, a stringed instrument six feet long.

Can't you see the little Japanese wife forgetting that respectable women must remain expressionless, and the tiny slanting-eyed daughter clapping her hands?

Japanese music is a strange thing. It has never been harmonized, and in recording real Japanese music the company had to gather a staff of trained musicians to add harmony to the native airs. The Japanese like these records, and music is becoming as popular in Japan as it is anywhere else.

There are new records which take Japanese

Continued on page 29



At the Foot of Nunobiki

By Natalie McCloskey and Adachi Kinnosuki

“AND now,” said Diana Barry, in a wave of discouragement and homesickness, “here I am tied down, by the grace of God and my own determination, to a year and a half more of these blessed heathen, and it has taken me six months already to accomplish nothing!”

The bamboo grove in which she sat was strangely quiet even for the Sunday peace of the little castle town of Kameyama to which the Church had sent her.

“The worst of it is,” she went on, dropping her chin into one palm and scowling off over far Japan, “I’m not sure I’m right, anyway. Oh, jiminny, *what’s* the use?”

“Very much use, O Teacher-San.”

Diana blinked for a moment, and slowly turned her head in the direction from which the voice had come. There, just beyond her elbow, bowing like a bent jackknife, was Taro, the eleven-year-old mischief of her class, whose merry antics and abject apologies had provided a little break in an otherwise endless Sunday school monotony.

“Taro!” Diana feigned a disapproving anger. “What are you doing here? You were dismissed over half an hour ago and sent home.”

“Please, O Teacher-San, don’t thunderstorm words at Taro,” pleaded the lad, breaking his sentence into little jerks by rapid bowings to the ground. “Taro see honorable American lady troubled and come back.”

Diana’s frown relaxed, and she swept the kimonoed youngster into

her arms and bent her head to his, laying her cheek against his smooth black hair.

“Honorable Teacher-San,” began Taro, and then hesitated, swallowing. “Honorable Teacher-San not sorry she come to teach Japan boy and girl about Christian God?”

“No-o-o.” This time it was Diana who hesitated. “Not if I can make some kind of an impression in your impervious politeness.”

Taro wisely asked for no explanation of words that meant nothing to him, but indicated that lovely foreign person was ruffled like the surface of smooth Japanese lake in a breeze. “But,” he asked, “why *did* Diana-San come here at all?” He held his breath, expecting the wrath of the All-Wise to descend upon his daring head at the use of the name by which he had heard a Christian friend call his loved teacher. Apparently, however, she had not noticed the familiarity, and answered with unwonted shyness.

“Because, Taro-San, I wanted to see what you were like. After I got here I hoped I could do some good.”

“Japanese boy pretty good anyway,” he said, grinning at her in keen appreciation of his own audacity. “Why doesn’t greatly wise Teacher-San help Japanese man who needs to know about Christian God who forgives the sorry?”

“Who, Taro-San?” Diana asked, with no little curiosity, for she thought she knew the villagers fairly well.

“Mystery man who live at foot of Nunobiki. Honorable mother and everybody call him wickedest man of village.”

“Will he see Christian lady?” asked Diana.

"Yes," vouched Taro, eagerly anticipating something novel in the way of diversion.

"Take me to him," and she gave the boy a little push that started him skipping ahead of her as fast as his kimono would permit.

Walking until the close-set houses of the village were well behind them, they reached Nunobiki, the waterfall that stretched a white veil of chiffon mist down the green sides of Kameyama, and ran off in a clear brook that wound its tortuous way through the village. Sprayed by the mists of the fall was a thatched hut.

"This is where he lives, honorable Teacher-San."

Diana hesitated a moment. After all, there was much about Japan she had not fathomed, and she was a girl, unaccompanied save by a mischievous lad whose actions never resulted from thoughtful premeditation.

Taro watched her closely, and finally ventured, "Teacher-San not want to help Japanese man?"

The question, the implied criticism, decided her. She pushed open the wicket and walked to the house.

Taro rushed ahead to call out that Christian missionary had come calling.

Diana watched him while he made tea. He was an old man, with white hair and a pair of piercing black eyes that seemed too large for the hollow cheeks and pointed face into which they were so deeply set. Little by little Diana drew from him the details of his living, that he eked out a bare subsistence from the making of lacquer ware to be sold at the bazaar, that he lived quite alone—had no friends, and wished none—saving, of course, such gracious visitors as her most lovely self.

"And you," asked Diana, reaching the inevitable missionary catechism, "are you a Buddhist?"

The old man shook his head gravely.

"A Confucianist? A Shinto?" Again he replied in the negative. Diana was puzzled. "Have you any religion at all?"

"No," he replied. "I suppose not. But—" He paused. "No," he repeated.

When it came time to leave, the old man accompanied her to the wicket. "Will Christian missionary lady deign to honor this house again with her presence?" he asked.

Diana smiled shyly, and, detecting a strange eagerness in his voice, nodded swiftly and said that she would be most pleased to come. And as the days slid into weeks, the visit was the forerunner of many. Twice or three times a week she and Taro walked over to the lonely hut at the foot of Nunobiki and took the old man fruits or sweetmeats, books or some bit of political gossip that she had gleaned from other villagers or from the papers. And gradually the old man's reticence wore away under her tactful friendliness, until one day as they sat sipping tea together, always with the faithful Taro playing somewhere about, he said in answer to her, "Why do you shun the other villagers?"

"Because I killed a man."

Diana gasped in startled horror, feeling that she must have misunderstood, so steadily the old man's eyes held hers. Before she could collect herself and make any reply, he continued his amazing confession in a monotonous voice that seemed to have been shorn of emotion.

"No one knew why or how or when I killed him. I did not care

to state. To you I say that he was as evil as anything low that ever crawled the earth, and his evil deeds extended not only to his associates, but even to my mother. And so I killed him.

"It was snowing heavily, and early twilight was just falling. All Kameyama was veiled in a soft mist, and no sound broke the stillness save the pad of my own feet, as I made my way to the authorities to confess.

"For twenty years I was in prison, and then, on a great holiday, I was freed with other prisoners of good conduct, by the grace of the Emperor. During those twenty years I had much time for lonely contemplation, and inevitably my introspection led me to a hungry seeking for some spiritual truth, some creed on which I could rest my troubles. Against the religion of my ancestors, with its 'Shikata ga nai' (there is no way to help) for every wrong, my whole being rebelled. Day after day I meditated, and gradually there formed before my troubled eyes a picture that I had seen the evening I made my way to the authorities to confess my guilt.

"As I rounded the castle moat and came upon the house of the Samurai, I saw in a window two little children. They were looking out upon a small snow figure of Buddha which they had fashioned, and the clear treble of the little girl floated to my ears.

"Oh, my little brother, think you honorable Buddha will take cold? Let us bring him within."

"The boy expostulated and arrogantly asserted with that superior wisdom small boys feel is their particular prerogative, that brought inside, the snow image would become water and run away. The little girl thought a moment. 'Then, little brother,' she said, 'let us wrap him in your old coat for the night.' And so the two wrapped about the crudely fashioned image of snow an old brown kimono, then slipped indoors, the little girl turning on the threshold to fling a kiss to Buddha from the tips of her maple-leaf hands."

The old man paused in his story, and then turned to Diana with unusual gravity and reverence.

"You asked me once if I had any religion. I told you no, but I think that if there was a god who appreciated and revered the flower-like souls of little children, I would worship him most humbly."

Diana looked at the old man, at his bowed head, and the pathetic droop of his shoulders, and slowly there spread warmly over her heart an understanding of all she might bring to his loneliness.

"But there is," she said. "Jesus, who is the prophet of our Christian God, loved little children. He taught men that they must have the faith of these children to be accepted into His Kingdom." She went to the low table in the corner, and took the mission Bible she had given him. "Read this," she said, and slowly the old man spelled out the English words.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.'"

Twice the old man read the words over. Then suddenly he dropped his head on his hands. Diana, understanding, stole quietly out of the house.

She called to Taro, and they walked home almost in silence. The little boy understood, with uncanny intuition, that the thoughts of his beloved Teacher-San were wandering a long way from the woodland path of his castle town.

Duties about the village and in the school kept her busy for the next few days, and she could not reach him. But she felt that he was not as lonely, perhaps, as he had been.

On Sunday, as the kimonoed children gathered about her in the grove, Taro was missing, and not until the lesson was half over did he appear. His eyes were bright with excitement, and his black hair awry as he bobbed three times before her.

"He's dead, O Teacher-San, he's dead!"

Diana did not ask who he meant. She knew, had vaguely guessed as Taro precipitated himself into the class. Of all the villagers this old man had come closest to her, had seemed hers to protect and guide, and now it seemed she had come too late to bring him comfort. Again a sense of failure, of great depression swept over her, and she was only half aware that Taro was shoving something into her hand.

"Please, Teacher-San, he sent for me and asked me to give this to gentle Christian lady."

Diana looked down at the paper in her hand, and slowly unfolded it. In straggling characters the old man had written there:

"I go to bow before Christian God like little chi'd."



TAKING away the emptied beer-bottles from a small Japanese tea-room. Men, women and children slipped in here to get cool—children ordering beer and *sake* as casually as the American child demands "n ice cream soda." Beer is a comparatively new drink to Japan, but it has rapidly become popular. This Japanese woman is probably drinking *sake*, the national liquor, which tastes much like sherry, but contains from 15 to 50% alcohol.



When Will Japan Go Dry?

By Etsu
Inagaki Sugimoto

ABOUT thirty years ago a man named Taro Ando was Consul General to the Hawaiian Islands. There were many Japanese farmers there, simple, honest peasants. They were receiving higher wages than they had earned in Japan, and too many of them were spending their extra money for drink. Conditions were growing rather serious, and finally Taro Ando organized a temperance society. But Mr. Ando, himself, like all Japanese gentlemen of that time, drank *sake* with his dinner; the yellow wine was always served to guests at his house. And the farmers knew this. So finally he realized that the society would be useless, unless he set an example by giving up *sake* himself.

This was difficult for a man in his position to do, as *sake* is an important thing in Japanese social functions, not only as a beverage, but on account of its significance. *Sake* is holy. It has from time immemorial been an important and sacred factor in every religious and civil ceremony, and because it is made from rice, which is a gift from the gods, a curse pronounced upon it would be sacrilege.

Taro Ando was about to acknowledge publicly his resolution, when a formal gift arrived from Count Inomoto, the Minister of State in Japan. It was a casket of choice *sake*.

This was a great honor. To refuse it or to treat it with disrespect would be a serious breach of Japanese etiquette. Mr. Ando hesitated, sorely tempted to postpone his public announcement regarding *sake*. His wife, a gentle, submissive—but clear-headed—little lady, understood the situation and gave her husband unexpected help. She had the cask taken into the garden, and ordered a servant to empty it into a stream leading to the river. When the man, afraid to obey without his master's consent, hesitated, she herself broke the cask, thus assuming all blame.

It was the one thing needed to strengthen Mr. Ando's resolution, and it decided his life work. At the end of his term as Consul, he put aside the promise of a brilliant political career and devoted his unusual gifts to the cause of temperance.

The Woman's Temperance League, Kyofu Kai—"League of Straightening Errors"—was already in existence; it had been or-

ganized in 1888 by Madame Kajiko Yajima and Mrs. Trueman, an American missionary. They concentrated their efforts on the influence of the home.

Hon. Taro Ando organized the Men's League, Kinshu Kai—"League of Total Abstinence"—in 1898. They endeavored to enact laws controlling the use of alcohol. So the aim of the two leagues was the same, although they reached it from different directions.

To-day there are over 12,000 members of the Men's League, and the temperance sentiment is steadily growing. It would be over-optimistic to conclude that any immediate legislation against *sake* can take place. But a beginning has been made.

Japanese *sake* is plentiful. It is said that there is a per capita consumption of 15 quarts a year. It can be found wherever bottled waters are sold, and even children may buy it, although it has never been considered good form for women and minors to drink.

Each year 15,000,000 bushels of rice are consumed in the manufacture of *sake*, and with the population of Japan steadily increasing, and the rice crop falling on account of the decrease of farmlands through industrial expansion, people are beginning to doubt the wisdom of *sake* manufacture. The recent rice riots gave an opening to the temperance societies.

Another problem facing the temperance workers is the increasing popularity of imported liquors. Beer is widely advertised as the "fashionable drink of civilized people," and is promising to win a greater number of followers even than *sake*. Would-be fashionable ladies drink it in European style restaurants; it is served in homes to honored guests, and even school boys take it with meals at restaurants. Beer was introduced in Japan in 1876. To-day there are 950 breweries with a yearly output of about 17,000,000 gal.

The outlook of temperance seems discouraging, but to those who understand the Japanese people the problem is far from hopeless. The Japanese, generally speaking, are a "self-lofty" race. In other words, they are conceited. But they are keen observers, are generally open to intelligent argument, and, once convinced, generally live up to their convictions.

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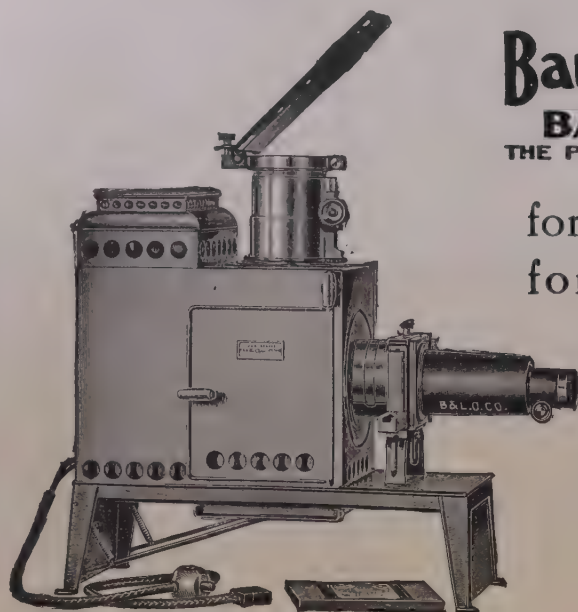
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Is Korea Another Belgium?

Recently the Presbyterian Church has issued a report about conditions in Korea. Korea is spoken of as another Belgium, so horrible has been the treatment meted out to the inhabitants. Men and women suspected of complicity in the revolutionary movement, according to this report, have been seized and tortured unbelievably. Christians especially—for do not Christians believe in the Brotherhood of Man?—have been persecuted.

"*Christians Murdered and Burned by Japanese Soldiers*" announces the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokio, April 29, 1919. The report of that massacre is verified by both the American Vice Consul and the British Acting Consul. H. H. Underwood, a missionary resident in Seoul, made a statement of a trip in the neighborhood of Pal Tan, Korea. Two miles before reaching Pal Tan they came upon the smoking remains of a village. Mr. Underwood stopped and spoke to a farmer.

H. H. U.—What is that smoke?

Farmer.—That is a village that has been burned.

H. H. U.—When was it burned?

F.—Yesterday.

H. H. U.—How was it burned?

F. (glancing around fearfully)—By the soldiers.

H. H. U.—Why? Did the people riot or shout for independence?

F.—No, but that is a Christian village.

The entire story came out eventually. The soldiers had gathered all the Christians except the women, murdered them (they numbered about thirty) in the church, and then set fire to the village.

To quote the report: "The Governor-General says that the lieutenant in charge of the troops who committed this crime has been punished. We should like to know whether this means removal from his present post and promotion to a higher position somewhere else."

A Million Social Outcasts

Continued from page 14

Japanese rural village. In and about Kyoto, the loveliest city in all Japan, will be found the greatest number of Eta.

What is being done to help them out of the pit into which they were cast hundreds of years ago? The government has given them political freedom, but has not thereby removed the social prejudice. It placed upon the Eta the chief blame for the rice riots of August, 1918, and undertook investigation into their conditions. Later that year, when I visited the Detention Prison in Kobe, where 175 of the rioters were being held for trial, half a dozen in a cell, the warden told me that many of them were Eta.

The day one of these was sentenced to death a strange incident occurred in the thick of Theater Street. A man stepped out from the crowd and shouted: "Don't forget the man about to die. What are we going to do about it?" He was instantly arrested. The moving throng had barely time enough to collect itself. Nothing further happened. That is the way the submerged of Japan give voice to their wrongs. They rise, give vent to an unorganized protest, and sink again into dull

stagnation. And calm closes over the disturbed surface of society.

But this governmental attack on the Eta is merely a stop-thief method of reform. To do away with Etaism more than mere legislation is necessary. The whole political, religious, social, economic and moral system on which Japan has thrived must first undergo a change. It means doing away with all false notions of honor, prestige and divinity. It means a thorough shaking of prejudice and hatred of the Japanese for these people and for all aliens, and a revision of *bushido*.

In Tokyo a movement has been started for the uplifting of the Eta. A meeting was convened there last April which was attended by many of the leading politicians of Japan, including the president of the third largest party, the Home Minister and General Kusunose, former Minister of War. Only about 100 Eta were present. General Kusunose's statement was significant. He expressed regret that the Japanese, while urging the abolition of racial discrimination abroad, retained differential treatment against this special class at home.

Christianity, like the governmental reform, has as yet scarcely reached down to these dregs of Japanese life. The Eta are still what they have been for centuries—sharers neither in the old historic dignity nor the modern industrial success of the nation—outlawed, despised, neglected.

Nippon's Music

Continued from page 23

poems and set them to American tunes. There is the song of the firefly, a thing of tinkling, staccato little Japanese words—and the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

And there are records in dialogue; to the Occidental, strange mixtures of the old and the new.

In one record one hears the victorious troops returning home from Tsingtau, singing their marching song. Rabbit had to use his whole office force to make this record convincing.

The company is trying to introduce the nipponophone into the public schools, but as yet the Department of Education cannot afford it. Already 600 schools have privately bought the instrument. The phonograph is not used for teaching classical music, as it is in America, but for national songs and for marching.

But probably the most original thing the company ever did was when they entered politics in 1915. The election was in April, and the company induced Count Okuma to make a record of his speech before the Japan Aid Association, the Okuma party organization. They made the record on extremely short notice; over the telephone came word that the count would be pleased to talk into the phonograph at ten o'clock the following morning at his house. Records had always been made in the laboratory; the instruments were too cumbersome to take about. But remember that Rabbit was an American and a business man. The company worked all night, and at ten o'clock the next morning they appeared at the count's house with special apparatus.

"How can a hunter take aim when he cannot see his game?" complained the politician. "How can I make a speech to a machine?"

Continued on page 32

Wheat Bubbles

In Milk

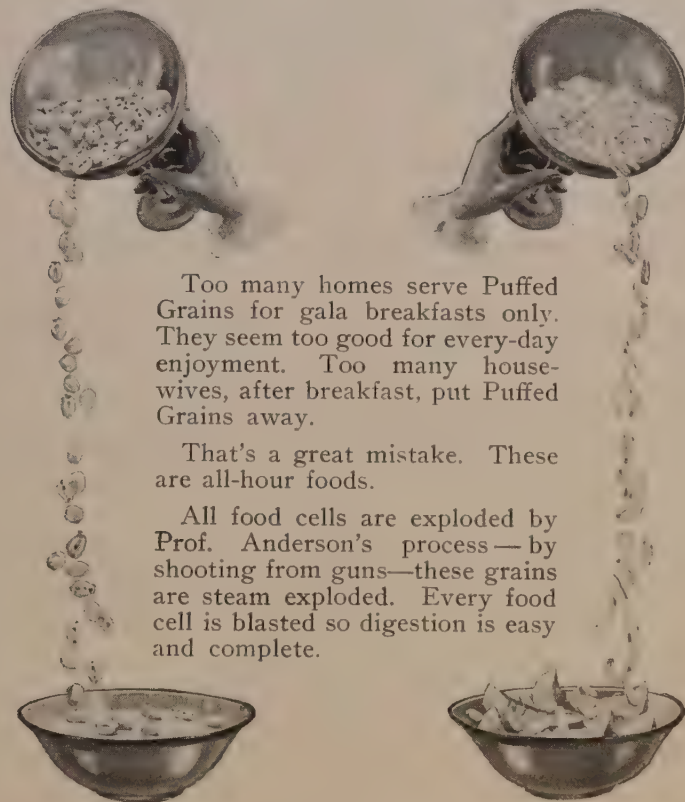
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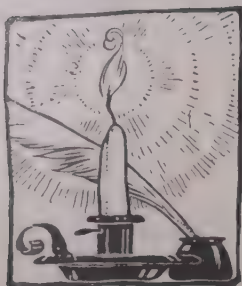
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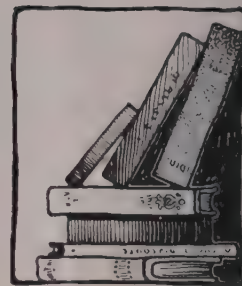


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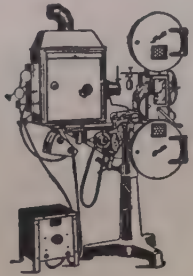
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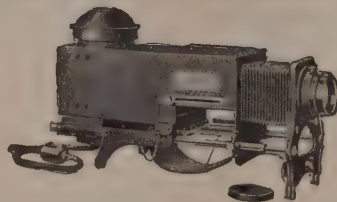
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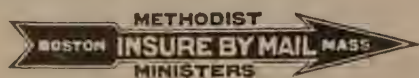
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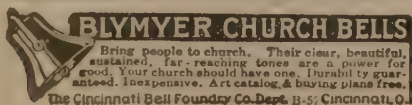
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Behind Paper Shutters

Continued from page 7

years ago her advent was greeted with lifted eyebrows and pointed expressions of masculine disfavor.

"They sniffed at me," said Mrs. Isomura. Then, with a little prideful toss of her dark head, "but soon they were bowing to me."

English was Mrs. Isomura's open sesame. An enterprising editor discovered that she could obtain more information from visiting foreigners than the men on rival newspapers. He sent her to Yokohama to meet the incoming steamers and featured her articles. Every foreign celebrity who has set foot on Japanese soil in the last dozen years has poured his opinions into her receptive ears. She has little to say for the woman movement in Japan today, but declares she is bringing up her children for another day.

"Our movement is too small to be worthy of consideration," she said, "but all that will be changed. We must begin at the bottom. In the Japanese home, life revolves around the boys. 'You are a boy, you need do nothing'—that is the Japanese idea. In my home it is different. Boys are just the same as girls. When the girls sweep, I make the boys scrub. When the boys work, the girls help. If there is heavy work like drawing water, I bid my boys to do it. I am teaching my girls to have wills of their own, not to yield so easily to the will of men. That is the one great trouble with the Japanese woman. All her life she does just what men want. My husband's friends say to him, 'Your wife is one of the severest new women.' We share the expenses of clothing and educating the children. I have my own money and he has his own. That is as it should be. It is through economic independence that we become strong and fine."

The difference between Mrs. Isomura's economic contribution and that of the mass of Japanese women is chiefly a psychological one. She is conscious that she is a contributor. The farmer's wife has always worked knee-high in the rice fields with her husband. But she worked for him, rather than with him.

Perhaps that is the greatest change that is taking place behind those paper shutters. Women are learning to work *with* their men rather than *for* them.

Nippon's Music

Continued from page 29

Rabbit found sixty professors to whom the Count spoke. The Okuma party organization bought 1600 records, which were sent throughout the country, and placards were posted: OKUMA WILL SPEAK!

The audiences were requested to listen with deference as though the Premier were speaking in person. Perhaps if Rabbit had seen the serious Japanese voters bowing to the phonograph he would have forgotten that he was a business man, and laughed.

It was believed that these records influenced the election. At any rate, Okuma was elected. Afterward the Nipponophone Company released and have sold over 5000 of the records.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE MAN AS I KNEW HIM

By FERDINAND COWLE IGLEHART, D.D.

of the Editorial Staff of the Christian Herald



"I am for the square deal"

THE books about Theodore Roosevelt begin to make their appearance, one after another, and within a year or two the number of them will be considerable. It is understood that we are soon to have Mr. Bishop's authorized biography, based largely upon Roosevelt letters and papers. There will be essays, estimates and tributes from many sources. Meanwhile there will also be popular volumes, some of them mere compilations made out of newspaper clippings, and others genuine books written out of a good deal of knowledge and from the standpoint of the particular author.

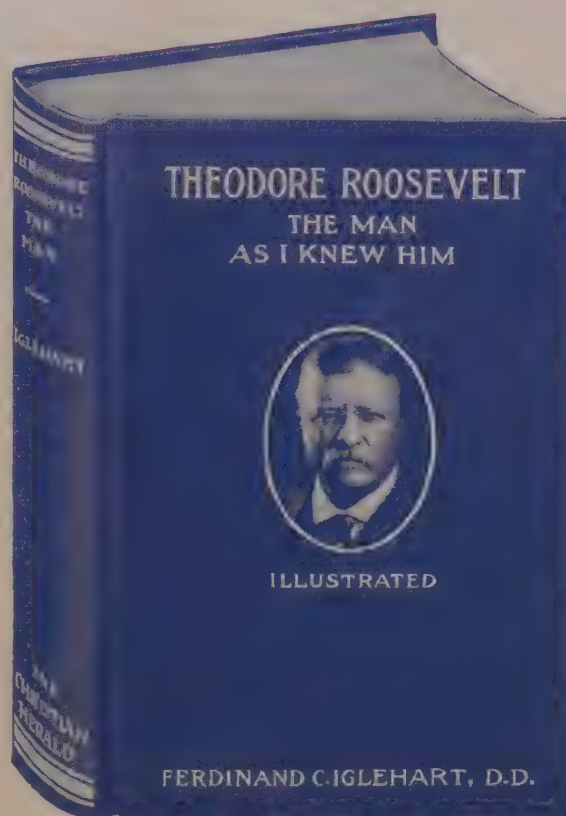
One of these now appearing entitled "Theodore Roosevelt, The Man as I Knew Him," has been written by the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart and is a book that will hold its place just as some of the books about Lincoln have survived as written by neighbors or associates who knew him intimately. Dr. Iglehart—who has had a long career as one of the most eloquent of the Methodist preachers and as one of the leaders in the temperance movement—has always had a talent for politics, and through the whole of Roosevelt's career the older man was a profound admirer of the younger. Through a great part of that career the preacher was the warm and devoted friend of the politician and statesman.

Dr. Iglehart's biography of Roosevelt is intensely personal. It is the kind of book that will be read with sympathy and pleasure by old and young in many a modest home. The book will be a family treasure for one reason above all others, namely, that its hero-worship is genuine from beginning to end. It does not try to be a critical estimate of the Rooseveltian period in American politics, nor a philosophic study of Roosevelt's personality. It begins by giving Roosevelt a sure rank with Washington and Lincoln, and then proceeds to tell the story of his boyhood, his youth, and his manhood, in a very readable, unsophisticated fashion that does credit not only to the robust American manhood of the subject, but also to that of the nature-loving, humane and large-spirited author.

The chapters in Mr. Roosevelt's early official life are here restated with delightful freshness, and with many touches of new material in the way of anecdotes and illustrative sidelights. As a very skilful public speaker, accustomed to hold popular audi-

DOCTOR IGLEHART has written for the Christian Herald (to publish in book form) his appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt, from an intimate friendship of many years. The Author cooperated with the Colonel back in the strenuous days when Colonel Roosevelt, as Police Commissioner of New York City, made the saloons obey the law on Sunday closing. For over 20 years, the two had been intimate friends. Dr. Iglehart honors in this appreciation the memory of a great personality who has left a warm spot in the hearts of all Americans.

WHAT THE REVIEW OF REVIEW SAYS:



THE BOOK will be printed on fine book paper and includes 16 pages of illustrations on plate paper. There will be nearly 400 pages, in 31 chapters. The binding will be fine cloth embossed in gold. Size 5x7 ins.

ences, Dr. Iglehart understands the use of anecdotes and the personal appeal. Knowing Colonel Roosevelt well, he had many conversations with him at different times, as had many other friends of the Colonel. But most of those friends would not now be able to write out a statement of such conversations, giving the Colonel's own vernacular. Dr. Iglehart perhaps made notes at the time. However that may be, he manages to reproduce a great many conversations which are excellent reading and which are positive additions to the stock of material which the public will be glad to possess. Dr. Iglehart is able to tell us more than most of the Colonel's friends knew in answer to questions regarding religious views and personal characteristics. He has several chapters dealing with such matters.

The reader will regard it as not less appropriate than convenient that Dr. Iglehart has found space to give us some of the memorial tributes that were called out soon after Colonel Roosevelt's death. He has included that of Archdeacon Carnegie in Westminster Abbey, that of Mr. Chauncey Depew, a fine one by Bishop Luther B. Wilson of the Methodist Church, and at greatest length the superb oration of Henry Cabot Lodge in the United States Senate. The address of Charles E. Hughes is also given at length, with those of Chairman Will H. Hays and Gifford Pinchot. Dr. Lyman Abbott's tribute in the *Outlook* is reprinted, as are estimates by Gen. Leonard Wood, Secretary Lane, and Chancellor James R. Day. Gen. Goethals contributes an original chapter about Mr. Roosevelt's relation to the Panama Canal, and Dr. Albert Shaw has written a chapter at Dr. Iglehart's request on Mr. Roosevelt's characteristics in the office of the Presidency.

In one or two concluding chapters, Dr. Iglehart compares some of the great achievements of Roosevelt with the labors of Hercules. Thus the book is not merely a labor of love and appreciation, but it is an unusual book in its range of fresh information. It will be welcome in that it sustains so fully the best of the Roosevelt traditions. The nation likes to believe in its leaders; and the spirit of hero-worship is still eager in its quests. Americans like to believe that Roosevelt was highly worthy of affection and honor; and Dr. Iglehart's book will do much to convince the next generation as well as to satisfy contemporaries.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, - - 97 BIBLE HOUSE, - - NEW YORK

OCTOBER
1919
20 CENTS

WORLD OUTLOOK





JUST exactly what do you think I can do, as an individual, about this Negro question?" asked a white woman from the South of the thoughtful Negro educator. Race riots had been going on in the city nearby and a group of us had met on the green to exchange our views.

"First, don't be afraid of us," said the educator, quickly. "We are peace-loving people. Next, more meetings like this, more questions like yours—straight out."

Then he added, "The situation is serious, more serious than we guess, but for all that, I believe that if every educated man and woman made it a duty to know well the habits and standards and interests of at least one really educated Negro family, the problem would be solved. There must be a new white man's point of view to meet the new Negro's viewpoint. He expects educational and industrial opportunity. Talk with him about it."

Educational and industrial opportunity! Was there ever a more wholesome demand? Should not the moment when the spokesmen for the 12,000,000 Negro Americans ask for all kinds of education and the chance to work wherever their work is needed be heralded as one of the most thrilling moments of our national life?

Do you know how true the educated Negroes are to their own people, how colored teachers actually go into debt for the privilege of teaching colored rural schools where the salaries won't pay the most accommodating landlady? Do you know what Negro physicians and lawyers and others, who have fought for and won an education, have done to build up healthy national standards? Do you know—but talk it over with a really educated colored family.

Four hundred thousand Negro soldiers went to war. How did they fight? An impressive French officer gave his seat to a Negro woman in a crowded subway express in New York. "It is an honor," he said to a bystander, "to give my seat to an American Negro. I saw the Negro troops fight in France!"

Don't we want them to have all kinds of education? Don't we want their partnership in community betterment? Don't we want to discover other poets like Dunbar, other artists like Tanner, musicians like Burleigh, and leaders in education like those who have taught us all so much?

"Don't white people believe," said a Negro woman wistfully to me, "that there is enough education and citizenship to go round?"

No missionary movement ever solved a single human problem without studying that question first. Get acquainted with the educated Negro and don't be afraid education and citizenship won't go round.



Contents for October, 1919

THE October World Outlook was stopped on its way to press by a local printers' strike, and compelled to suspend publication temporarily, along with about 150 other periodicals, among which were Collier's, Scribner's, Century, Survey, Independent and Harper's.

World Outlook will be printed in the west until the strike is over. The November number will appear about Nov. 30th, and the December number as nearly on time as possible.

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WILLARD PRICE
Editor



THE NEGRO'S HOPE IS IN THE FUTURE

That is why he insists that his children shall be educated. Two millions of these children are in the public schools, while thousands of others go to the fifty private institutions which are largely supported, managed, and maintained by negroes. At this rate it is small wonder that negro illiteracy has declined eighty per cent in the last fifty-three years.



The Way to Racial Peace

By George E. Haynes

The forces of good, of understanding, of cooperation, are now lined up against the forces of evil, of wilful misunderstanding, of brute force. Which will win? Dr. Haynes, Director of Negro Economics, United States Department of Labor, tells of the origin and development of the factors necessary to the attainment of racial peace.

IN Nashville, Tenn., a few years ago, a disastrous fire destroyed the homes of hundreds of families, the majority of them Negro families. At once the Commercial Club, the strongest business men's organization in the city, took the lead in drawing together representatives of white and colored organizations. They found vacant houses, bought household goods and supplies in carload lots with money contributed by members of both races. They reestablished about five hundred white and Negro families in new homes. They provided these families with the necessities for starting house-keeping again, and finally visited each household with a parting message of good-will.

This and other activities of racial cooperation are a part of several years of effort in meeting community needs. With a little settlement house in one of the needy Negro neighborhoods as a base of operations, white and colored men and women of the several schools and colleges of five church denominations of the city have worked together for community betterment. They have rendered large service in meeting the problems of poverty, of ignorance, and of delinquency. They have led in efforts to provide better housing, wholesome recreation, vocational instruction, and home and community ideals for neglected Negro neighborhoods.

An ounce of such planning for prevention of riotous outbreaks is worth more than a pound of cures after racial conflicts. Yet riots as well as wars—serious catastrophes though they are—shake us out of our conventional ruts. They force us to find new ways of adjusting our relations with our neighbors and our near-neighbors of whatever nationality, creed or color.

UNDER the stress of the world war programs of racial cooperation developed with a vigor heretofore unknown. The experience gained in past experiments was enlarged and developed in many directions. Local Red Cross chapters formed colored auxiliaries for Home Service work and for other activities. Councils of defense, Liberty Loan committees, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. War Work Councils and other agencies had joint Negro organizations. Various mission boards, welfare societies and associations enlarged their effort to bring both races into cooperative actions.

Federal and State governments adopted the principle of racial cooperation in war efforts. The war program of the Department of Labor may be given as an illustration. The Secretary of War could draft men, send them as soldiers wherever he desired, and could compel them to stay put. The Secretary of Labor, as the leader of

our agricultural and industrial army, had no such authority to compel workmen. He had to depend upon the confidence and enthusiasm of the labor recruits.

In dealing with Negro workers, Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson recognized that, since they constitute about one-seventh of the working army, their confidence and enthusiasm could best be fostered by giving them representation in councils where matters affecting them were considered and decided. He therefore created the office of Director of Negro Economics and adopted a plan for local county, city, and State Negro Workers' Advisory Committees composed of Negro workers and cooperating with white employers, and, wherever possible, white workers.

TO transfer such a plan from paper to actual operation in ten states demanded racial understanding. Before such understanding could be developed, the friction, prejudices, antagonisms, fears, and suspicions of both sides had to be met. There stood also in the pathway of such a program the inevitable lack of adjustment between national needs, standards, and policies, on the one hand, and local needs, problems, and desire for self-direction on the other. Furthermore, racial-labor problems necessarily had to be solved in local communities. The task was to get these local communities to recognize the larger national standards and needs in adjusting local situations. State conferences composed of representative white and colored citizens were held in Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Missouri. The State governments cooperated in these conferences, which led in ten states to the establishment of State Negro Workers Advisory Committees with county and city branches made up of representatives from the Negro workers and cooperating white members from employers, and, wherever possible, white workers.

THE success of the first conference in North Carolina gave impetus to this whole war-labor movement among Negroes.

Governor T. W. Bickett called it at his own office, presided at the meeting and in a newspaper statement afterward said it was one of the most important and patriotic meetings he had ever attended. Governor Catts of Florida called the conference at Jacksonville; Governor Stanley of Kentucky gave the principal address at Louisville; Governor Cox of Ohio did the same at Columbus. Governors and other public officials in other states gave cooperative assistance in various ways to make the work a success.

The good feeling and enthusiasm for co-operation in local labor efforts ran high at these conferences and flowed out from them over the states. Besides the State conferences, sixteen local conferences were held and one informal national conference with white and colored representatives from forty-five interested agencies, mission boards, and associations met in Washington last February.

In nine states these committees set up by the conferences, and through which much constructive work was done, have continued to operate in spite of the fact that a failure of congressional appropriation forced the Department of Labor to discontinue the employment of State Supervisors of Negro Economics. These state supervisors as paid workers helped to make the work of the volunteer committees effective.

A FEW practical cases will illustrate the results gained by these committees.

One of our important ports of debarkation for soldiers and war supplies was facing what seemed to be a serious shortage of labor due to the disinclination of workers to respond to community labor needs. To meet the situation local citizens and officials adopted a plan to compel all men either to go to work or to go to jail.

Learning of this plan, the chairman of the local Negro Workers Advisory Committee sought the leaders of the work-or-jail program. He told them that their plan would be more effective in driving workers away from the city than in inducing them to go to work.

In its place he proposed a ten-day publicity and educational campaign by the Negro Workers Advisory Committee appealing to negro laborers to rally to the needs of the hour. The first result of this campaign was applications from more Negro laborers than were needed for the work.

The second result was that the chairman of the Negro committee was asked to serve on the white labor-shortage committee. A Negro has been elected to the Chamber of Commerce, and a permanent city-wide movement for cooperation on matters of common interest has been developed.

FROM Ohio comes the example of the Supervisor of Negro Economics and Negro Workers Advisory Committee working to improve housing conditions, to stimulate savings, and to induce negroes to own their own homes. A careful study was made of the laws and practises of building and loan associations in that State. Bulletins were prepared and sent to the committeemen over the State. Wilberforce University was encouraged to give extension lectures in three cities on how to organize and operate building and loan associations.

Within four months after this campaign began well-grounded building and loan associations had been started in three cities, and plans were under way for similar organizations in five others. In one of these cities the newly established association has been so successful that the promoters are now seeking to arrange for a bonding company and for the agency of a fire insurance company to care further for the interests of home-owning Negroes.

During the past fifteen months a publicity and educational service has been furnished through Negro newspapers and through messages to be read or delivered to audiences in churches, lodges and other places. Such subjects as thrift, health, full-time work and the like have been stressed. In New Jersey probably the majority of Negro workers placed in jobs by the Federal offices were handled with the advice and assistance of the Negro supervisor and volunteer committeemen.

Last June, after listening to the first annual report of the North Carolina Negro Workers' Advisory Committee, Governor Bickett of that State said: "I wish to thank the supervisor and his assistant and all the members of this committee for this splendid work. If every man, white and black, in the United States could read and digest this report, it would go a great way toward solving all our race questions."

OUT of such experiences of racial co-operation in these many war organizations and activities a few definite indications point clearly to the first steps in plans for prevention of racial conflict and for amicable adjustment. We see clearly that every community in which racial problems are an issue needs three things:

First, a form of racial co-operative organization.

Second, a program of work.

Third, an organization personnel with a conciliatory, co-operative spirit and an appreciation of the human qualities of all, from the highest down to the lowliest of either race.

It is well to bear in mind continually the fact that the purpose of this organization, program and personnel in action is action that brings results. Constructive work to meet the needs of the community must be the dominant policy. It is not enough merely to fight evils. Cures for typhoid and malaria, and remedies for mobs are certainly needed after these ills appear. More important, however, is prevention of the occurrence and recurrence of these evils. Preventive social sanitation is more effective than social therapeutics.

LET us look now at the general form of organization for co-operative agencies. In every community there already exist a church, a school, and, in most Negro communities, a secret society. These communities also have police officers, health officers, and court officials. In addition, many communities have women's clubs, men's clubs, commercial bodies, labor organizations, Christian associations and welfare societies. Such organizations among the white people are usually duplicated among Negroes.

Through representatives of the more responsible among these agencies there may be formed a joint community council with white and colored committees, which may meet together or separately, as occasions make expedient.

The general outline of a working program may include: First, problems of employment, of efficient work, fair wages and reasonable treatment. Such questions have hardly yet received more than first-aid attention in any community.

The second item in a co-operative program relates to the Negro home. This is a point of need where co-operation will bring results not only for the Negro but for the whole community. A campaign for better housing, help in promoting home-ownership through building and loan associations and housing corporations, legislation to improve the building code, and other housing measures may well form a part in any community program.

Third, recreation, amusement and instruction during leisure hours are important. When at work, one obeys his boss; when at play, he follows the line of least resistance, which helps him forget both his work and his boss. In both city and country, facilities are needed for music, games, wholesome moving pictures and other recreational devices. Large funds are not always necessary for such a program. With the Negro's love for music and singing, the problem needs mainly thought and planning. The success of the War Camp Community Service "sings" indicates the practicability of such a plan.

The usefulness of public lectures and musical and literary features as a means of enlightenment for the masses of the people is only beginning to be realized. The public library and the public press are gaining in popularity among Negroes.

Let us always bear in mind that the organized forces of evil can be overcome only by the organized forces of good playing on human desire.

Fourth, the question of recreation leads naturally to the question of schools for Negro children. There is not a Negro community in the country which would not be benefited by greater racial co-operation in improving educational facilities for Negroes.

A fifth plank in our program is health. A campaign to make health catching is not difficult to develop at the present time when the United States Public Health Service is conducting a nation-wide campaign against venereal diseases; when nearly every state, city and town has some public health activity. The need for such a health program, as well as other improvements, is indicated by statistics of the death-rates in cities. For instance, in a middle western city the Negro death-rate is twice that of the whites. Three colored children under one year of age die for every white child who dies at a similar age. All the population of any community which neglects Negro health in this way pays a penalty. Death draws no color line.

Many other items will be included in the programs of different communities, but these five points are fundamental and have a practical constructive value to members of both races. And as the races work together to meet these needs, there will grow up good-will, racial self-respect, and racial peace.

FINALLY, let us look at the personnel of this community organization. It should be recognized that such a program as has been outlined needs some one who can give a large amount of time to the carrying out of details. It should also be recognized that a community executive is needed on the Negro side. Such persons working together on the delicate and difficult questions of race relations, ready for prompt action when action

(Continued on page 34)



The Church That Welcomed 10,000 Strangers

By Charles A. Tindley

THERE I stood, face to face with 10,000 black men, weary, homeless in a strange land—and they reached out their arms to me and said, “Where shall we go?”

Where should they go, indeed? They had already gone a long, long way from their old homes in the South, lured by the hope of safety of life and limb, and better working conditions for themselves and better educational opportunities for their children. There they stood in the gray streets of Philadelphia, and looked out upon the Promised Land that held no welcome for them—ten thousand of them homeless, and fifty thousand pressing on behind. They came in awful plight. Many of them had scarcely any clothes on their backs, and no money at all in their pockets. One man had lost his reason altogether. He had owned a farm of 300 acres in the South, with three mules and two yoke of oxen. One morning he had found a sign on his door which read: “Nigger, be gone before morning.” He had fled in terror, with his wife and children. They had walked thirty miles to a railroad station. When he reached Philadelphia, he went raving mad and so died. There were others in a plight almost as bad as his.

And it was these folks that reached out their hands to me, as if I were Moses, and said, “Where shall we go?”

Dr. Tindley's handshake alone is worth coming to East Calvary church for. He is never appalled at the prospect of shaking 1200 hands every Sunday—he even stops at times to chat. Then the long line of those waiting to speak to him becomes an informal, laughing circle, and friendly groups cover the sidewalk for a block. Who says Northern churches aren't sociable?



Dr. Tindley's Church in Philadelphia

AT seventeen Dr. Tindley had never seen a book, nor the inside of a church—now he is the greatest Negro minister in America. It took him twenty years of hard plugging to achieve a college education—but he did it. He refused special concessions and honorary degrees, followed the regular academic curriculum in the midst of an active life in the ministry and elsewhere—and finally arrived at the goal of his ambitions—a degree from Bennett College in North Carolina.

One of his early jobs was janitor in East Calvary church in Philadelphia. His religious zeal forced him onward to the ministry; he finally went back to East Calvary as its pastor. That was seventeen years ago—there were only 150 members and he could not collect enough from them to pay a janitor. Now there are 4700 members, and the church is crowded to the doors every Sunday.

Even in the South, white men are asking Dr. Tindley's counsel concerning the present situation—and he now stands on the threshold of a supreme leadership which the coming years will test.

Well, we did what we could. The first thing was to find them a place to live. That was not very easy. Many people would not rent to black folks—not the poorest rooms. The rooms we could get were often very bad. At first we had to put as many as twenty people into a room 16 by 20. We filled up our church, but our church holds only 1,000. We established a mission where, in some fashion, we reached about 40,000 in all. Then some of my church members—about 120 of them—began to buy houses for them. Everyone who had a little money laid by bought houses. So gradually we found some place for the poor souls to stay a little while.

At the same time we got to work on more permanent plans. We didn't want them to live in overcrowded districts in Philadelphia. Most of them had come to better their condition, and we wanted it to be better. Most of them, too, had work—so they could earn their living if they could only find a place to live. Outside of Philadelphia we have now established several little colonies which relieve the congestion. In central New Jersey men of my race have bought 20,000 acres of land on which to build homes—called the Florence Estates—beautiful green country. This is to be improved and sold in small lots. No one can build a house there which costs less than \$1,500. We don't want shacks, you see. We want a nice, neat community. There is to be a post-office and schools, and churches, and good roads, and all public conveniences.

At the present time we have not only solved the question of housing for the time being, but are on the way to making really good permanent conditions.

But these folks who came were not merely homeless. They were discouraged. They thought God had forgotten all about them, that he was staying too far away, and not reaching out a hand to set very bad things straight. So we had to put some hope and faith into them. We gathered them into great meetings, and God came into the midst of them. And they knew that even if there should be a president who was not interested in the Negroes, or bad rulers, that they weren't to worry because their president was elected already. And they got true religion, many of them by the hundreds, and started on a righteous and faithful life in this new home. About ten thousand of them have joined churches. I hope to win a thousand more souls before Thanksgiving.

We are building a new church now that holds about 3,000—not nearly enough for all the members we might have if we had room.

And these folks were not merely homeless and discouraged when they came. They were mostly ignorant. So now we are working on the third phase of our redemption plan. We want to build a settlement house, which will cost about \$30,000, where we may teach the people. We want to gather in the children and the young folks, and the older folks, too, if they will come, and teach them the rudiments of an English education and a good trade. The girls we want to teach domestic science, laundry work, millinery, and needle-work, and the boys carpentry, and wood-work, and caning, and everything that is useful—every boy and girl a trade. We also want social rooms—a library and parlors where people may meet. And we want bathtubs and showers and a swimming pool.

We are doing all we can to teach our people now. Every single night there are classes in the church. We have an old private house where we gather the people to teach them, too. But we can never really do our best till we have the facilities. A great many of my own people are interested in helping. I know where I can get plenty of teachers. But, with all our buying of houses, we haven't much money.

All this I feel to be a very great step toward solving the race problem in our country. I feel

that the exodus to the north has been the beginning of the freedom of my people. In the first place, it will move them out of congested districts—like many of those in the South—where the problem has become acute, into sparsely settled areas, where they can develop without coming into conflict with people of a different color and different ideas. It will give them a chance to start anew, and start better. Everything that we do to educate them, to help them to economic independence and decency, is solving the problem for black men and white men alike. No black man who thinks wants his white neighbor's house. He merely wants the right to earn one just as fine, if he can. He doesn't want to marry a white woman. He merely wants the girls of his own race to have a chance to be just as refined and pure and clever in their own way. He doesn't want any of the white man's things. He wants his own, but he wants them just as good; and when he has earned them he wants to be left alone to enjoy them.

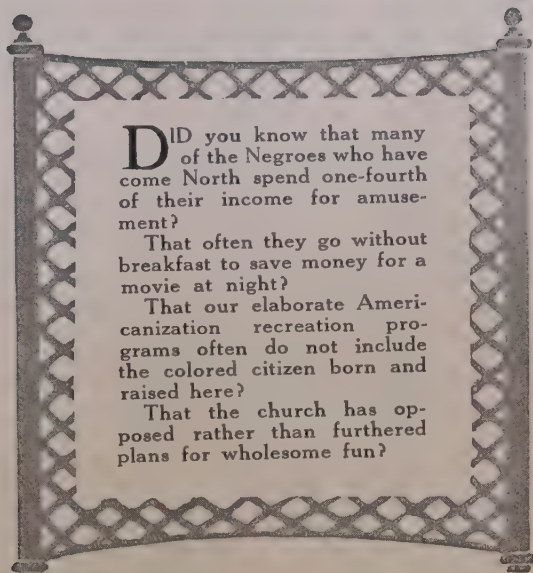
In all this I am seeking for my people not *sameness* but *equality*. I don't want men of my race to override the white man, but I want to hasten the day when they will stand face to face with him—alone on their own ground. We must keep our humility and patience, but we must sanctify them to manly effort.

I would not keep the Negro a coward; I would make him a gentleman.

“—Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness”



The Negro can enjoy the better class of sport just as well as the white man. All he needs is the opportunity.



DID you know that many of the Negroes who have come North spend one-fourth of their income for amusement?

That often they go without breakfast to save money for a movie at night?

That our elaborate Americanization recreation programs often do not include the colored citizen born and raised here?

That the church has opposed rather than furthered plans for wholesome fun?



*By Florence Larrabee
Lattimore*

WHAT but the undying love of liberty and the pursuit of happiness have brought nearly a million Negroes North these past few years? Hopeful, smiling, and yet determined, they have pioneered into our biggest cities, bringing with them a background of home-made entertainments and a desire for simple fun. Play, with them, is not yet a lost art. Will it be?

And what happens—once they are crowded into narrow quarters in city streets? After days spent in factory labor indoors, how does this outdoor product spend his time?

“The Negro spends about a quarter of his income on amusements,” advertise the commercial amusement interests bidding for investors in a negro district. Has the cost of leisure gone as high as that?

“I think it is true,” said the intelligent Negro manager of a popular Negro movie house, “that the Negro migrant does spend more on commercial fun than white people. But it isn’t a racial matter. Anybody would who had been poor and discriminated against all his life. They are like birds let out of a cage. At first they can’t get enough. They have more money than they ever had before, and they don’t realize what it costs to live. They will go without breakfast in the morning to save money for a movie at night. Non-commercialized agencies aren’t trying to meet the need. We are. We advertise.

“Of course,” he added, “when I say the migrant squanders the first year North, and learns to save in the second, I refer to the ignorant Negro. The educated Negro always chooses the best, and is moderate. Like all other questions, the amusement question is not racial, but one of education.”

True, the living conditions in which the migrants are now compelled to pack themselves do not foster home life as they should. “You’d rather go out than ask your friends into rooms like these,” says a Negro elevator boy, whose banjo evenings had made him a magnet till space got too crowded. There is no place to play baseball.

He and his group go to the Negro theater around the corner. A colored company is playing. Two comedians challenge each other to a game of checkers, with a glass of whiskey and a glass of water used instead of “men,” and this since prohibition went through. “Come on back home,” said one of the boys, “let’s try it ourselves.” And they left.

“But,” you say perplexedly, “I thought we had recreation programs that looked after the young people in our cities.”

Well, we have, but is the Negro included in them? Sometimes he

is and sometimes he isn’t.

“What is Americanization?” asked a school boy who held a handbill announcing Americanization classes in a near-by school and telling of clubs and festivals and classes. “Am I in it?”

Is he?

Take the public parks. You can’t generalize about them. That’s just the point. Sometimes Negroes use them freely, but again—Do you see those two young Negroes turned away from the ticket office of the park merry-go-round while a bunch of Italians and Bohemians is admitted and distributed over the cavorting tigers and prancing horses? Do you know that in only one day out of the year—Emancipation Day—can the colored residents of Cleveland have access to the amusement features of the best public park there?

Do you wonder that the Washington Negro does not seem to “care” about really using even the beautiful Potomac Park, lying in the very shadow of our National Capitol, because he is quite likely to be asked to leave, and it isn’t exactly comfortable to have a searchlight kept in one’s face when one is enjoying the river on a hot evening.

Nor can you generalize about playgrounds. Sometimes the Negro children feel comfortable in them, are truly made welcome, but there are not enough playgrounds, and, few as there are, there are more for white children than for an equal number of Negro boys and girls. The playground movement is gaining. As Rowland Haynes holds, the number of playgrounds for colored children and young people should be in the same proportion to the number of such places for white children and young people as the colored population bears to the white population in the locality in question. And as Mr. Settle says, every community that needs a public school needs a public playground, whether that community has white people or colored people in it. The best Southern sentiment is back of these views—the view that sees folks as folks, whether they be black or white or blue or pink.

What is true of public parks and playgrounds is true of all other public recreational facilities. The recreation-hungry grownups, or children of dark skins, are finding out that even “up North,” in the land of freedom, they are never sure of a welcome except in a colored commercial show.

“The indifference of the North is harder to combat than the hatred of the South,” said a Negro War Camp Community leader. “In the South we know exactly what we are allowed to do, exactly what the average Southerner thinks, but here we are all at sea. The Northerner hasn’t made up his mind about us. He does not think clearly about us as human beings. And do you realize that when the Southern

Next month **WORLD OUTLOOK** will bring you the first instalment of a big strong serial, "The Touchstone," by Katharine Holland Brown. It is a challenge to the pessimist—is full of fresh air and sunshine, fun and laughter. Watch for it! There is in it that something which made "Helen's Babies" the book it is. See *World Outlook* for November.

Negro goes to the movie he sees films of white life? That every day he knows your life and your privileges better? There are practically no films of Negro life. If there were, the white movie houses would not show them.

"Reading ought to be counted in as a recreation, and yet the stories our young people get at the public libraries—when they are allowed inside the doors—are stories of white boys and girls. I know a group of girls who won't read standard novels recommended in the high school because they are all about white people. How would the white people feel if all the fiction they could get was about us?"

It is not a question as to whether the Negro shall have amusement or not. The only question is where he shall find it. If you are not convinced of the absolute necessity of a community program that shall include the whole family of every race drop into a session of the Juvenile Court or the Court of Domestic Relations or almost any other court where the results of the wrong kind of fun are in evidence. Listen to the testimony of Detroit and Newark. In no uncertain terms we are told that deficiency in recreational provision means perfectly definite increase in vice. Which will you have? Did you ever think that every delinquency can be traced to a desire for some sort of pleasure, some sort of a good time?

It is a challenging fact that hundreds of Negro preachers are to-day opposing play programs. The city church does not realize that it must somehow make up to the Negro migrant for the loss of the social features unconsciously developed by the rural church. Take the woman who came out of one of the crowded metropolitan churches the other Sunday, looked about for a group to chat with, saw none, and went lonesomely home. "I hardly know what to do on Sundays," she said later. "We always been used to all-day meetings out doors. Going to church was one of our recreations because it was so friendly." Then she told me, very shyly, of the church down South named Heart's Delight—named that by the people who built it because they could go there and pray and sing as long and as loud as they pleased. It was near the tiny place called Aswego, pronounced As-We-Go, with a lilt when you say it to show that one might be passing casually along and be perfectly free to stop and pray at Heart's Delight! "All the Negroes own

their own homes around there," she said. "You couldn't get them to leave."

The splendid social program of the modern church has a mission straight ahead in our northern industrial centers, in St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York, and others. Already it has begun to extend its work for and with colored people—to demonstrate to them the value of features successfully carried on in institutional effort, the responsibility of the church for supervised play, clean amusements, helpful classes of all sorts.

Object lessons are not wanting. Take the great northern branch of an industrial plant forced to employ Negro labor or shut down. It was told that Negro labor was shiftless, unreliable, indifferent, wanting to earn just enough for a good time and then quitting. It called in educated Negro residents and put the problem up to them, and with their guidance showed Negro labor that it didn't have to stop work to have a good time. It introduced recreational facilities, including tennis, baseball, handball, lots of music, clubs. These settled the human question miscalled the Negro problem in that particular chain of plants.

The Colored Music School Settlements point the way. Wherever a resource works constructively for white people, rest assured that it will work for the Negro. Multiply every type of upbuilding agency until no Negro can ask as the boy did in regard to the Americanization program, "Am I in it?" without hearing a shout back, "Yes, you are!"

But in extending all facilities that will help the Negro one thing must be burnt into the innermost consciousness of every human welfare promoter, a thing that every Negro knows and that white communities have not yet faced. It is that nothing is as important as a right attitude of mind. The Negro resents being patronized, he hates pity, he recoils from being regarded as a curiosity. To him the need for amusement is natural and right. There is no "race" about it. To him the only problem connected with this recreational question is that of making the white people understand. To ignore human needs, whether North or South, is to the Negro "race discrimination," a problem of prejudice.



CRAP - SHOOTING may be exciting fun, but it hardly develops mind, body and character. Neither are the cigarettes behind the players' ears good for mental and physical growth.

The Negro who has pioneered into our Northern cities brings with him a background of home-made entertainments and simple fun. The recreation which he finds in his new home will determine to a large extent his future value to the community.

Photo by Brown Bros.

All That Is Human Should Care For All That Is Human

By Wilbur F. Thirkield

ONE of the most urgent needs in America to-day is the adoption of a program for the Negro rather than the perpetual discussion of the problem of the Negro.

A problem is a puzzle rooted in the past with mazes of ignorance and prejudice, hard to see through. A program has in it prophecy and hope. It looks to the future. It is constructive. It may strengthen and build up. It means co-operation. It spells progress and makes for peace.

The Negro is human. Negro nature is not different from human nature. We should recognize his rights as a human being. A good motto and a fundamental teaching of Christianity that cuts straight down through color, and creed and caste and which, lived up to, will cure our race conflicts, is this: All that is human should care for all that is human.



LET us then do away with our everlasting discussion of the Negro as a problem. Let us face the facts, and we shall find certain conditions to be corrected, worked out, lived through. Problems have to do with theories. Programs have to do with facts.

My own work among the Negroes has been chiefly in the far South, but it is impossible for us to separate the Negro in the North from his brother below the Mason and Dixon line. The economic, moral, and social conditions which surround one group have a strong bearing upon the other group. It would appear to me, therefore, that the program of co-operation which we have been carrying out in certain sections of the South relates itself intimately to the situation in the North.

Enlightened democracy demands for all people three things:

First, protection of health, property, life, and morals.

Second, the enlargement of economic opportunity: efficiency, not race or color, the test.

Third, the chance for development through education.

In the South the practical working out of these principles involves four main considerations:

Better houses with a chance for raising vegetables, fruits, flowers, chickens and pigs. A clapboard cabin in a barren field, without windows, gives no sense of attachment. Move? Yes. There's nothing to leave behind.

Fair wages honestly paid, and a fair division of crops with tenants.

Even-handed justice in the courts and protection from the mob, for which many leading Southern newspapers are now pleading.

A more equitable division of school funds, equal, if separate, traveling accommodations for equal charges.



ADJUSTMENTS in the North would naturally follow slightly different lines, but for both sections the fact remains that if groups of the best white and colored people could meet together once a month, or once in three months, to talk over the mutual interests of both races, the result would be a new spirit of confidence, hope, and good will.

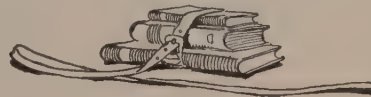
Do such meetings seem to you impossible?

The worst elements of both races get together to stir up mischief; why should not the best meet to counteract this evil influence?

In several Southern towns such meetings have already been tried and proved successful. At one place in Mississippi one hundred white people, including the mayor, the leading ministers, bankers, and educators met in the court house with four or five hundred colored people. As to the results of this meeting, a colored pastor says:

"The Efficiency Conference has made this town a new town so far as the feeling between white and colored people is concerned.

"The plan of co-operation between the two races has been taken up and has been carried out *in toto*. As a result, the leading banker had me come to his office for a conference as to steps to be taken in looking after the negro soldiers. The County Superintendent of Education has appointed a colored man and woman as demonstrators for the colored people of the county. Just a few nights ago the principal of the white school asked the principal of the colored school and myself to confer with him in his office as to the best steps to take in working with our people."



AS a practical step in the extension of such a program throughout the country, representatives of thirty denominations which have work among Negroes met in New York in September. Members of this conference included outstanding men from the North and from the South, white men and colored men. They spent some time in a careful consideration of present conditions, and adopted a program looking toward the co-operation of the white man and the black man in the interests of a larger economic, industrial, and moral life for both races, and justice for all.

If this conference can do no more than lead the way to other meetings in which all matters relating to education, morals, housing, sanitation, social well-being, and civic progress can be freely discussed, it will have added to the security and progress of both races. For it will mean that in the hour of calamity or of social strife we have the basis for mutual understanding, for common leadership, and for united action.



Jennie Porter says: "A school that's on the job only eight hours a day is doing only half its work." So she stretched her school to Sinton Park, where she and her teachers keep alive the influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe School in playtime hours

Black Is a Perfectly Beautiful Shade

By Alfred Segal

"**K**ATE," said Jennie Porter, "I want you to be in our show this year."

"You don't mean me, Miss Porter," cried Kate, "I'm so black and so ugly and my hair is so kinky."

Jennie Porter took Kate's hand.

"Kate," she said, "we can all be beautiful. It's the way we take care of ourselves that makes us beautiful or ugly. I am going to make you beautiful."

This story is really about Jennie Porter, but I have started it with Kate, because Kate stands for what Jennie Porter has been dreaming about all these years.

Kate came up to Cincinnati from the South two years ago, and is a pupil in the Harriet Beecher Stowe school of which Jennie Porter is the principal. Every year Jennie Porter's pupils give a pageant in which is portrayed the progress of their race. The pageant is one of Jennie Porter's methods of making her people proud of themselves and their history. She says that once a people achieve wholesome pride they acquire faith in themselves as well. But we are getting away from Kate.

Being but a man, I am not familiar with the intimate processes

whereby volunteer hairdressers and volunteer dressmakers transformed Kate on that wonderful night of the pageant and made of her a queen. But I do know that Kate looked at herself in the glass many minutes and then embraced Jennie Porter.

"You made me beautiful, Miss Porter," she cried.

"And," adds Jennie Porter, "she has been beautiful ever since. We helped her find herself that night. When I look at Kate, I feel that we're getting somewhere."

"My purpose is to make my people believe in themselves and in their destiny; to make them so proud of their race that they will want to better themselves on its account. I tell them that black is as good a color as white and that brown is a perfectly beautiful shade. Has it not been an obstacle to the advancement of our race that so many of us have been ashamed of our color?"

So, you see, Jennie Porter is more than a school principal. She is an idea and an institution. The Harriet Beecher Stowe public school of which she is head is more than a school. It includes a city park, a farm in the suburbs, fifteen clubs, a community center and a social service bureau. And Jennie Porter runs them all.

Until 1914 Jennie Porter was very comfortably situated as teacher

in the Douglass public school for Negro children in Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati in which live many Negroes of what we white people call "the better class." But in that year, when many Negro families came up to Cincinnati from the South and crowded into down-town tenements, living often five in a room, Jennie Porter saw there was work for her to do down-town.

The children of these immigrant families were attending "mixed" schools, as we call them. Theoretically in our schools black is as good as white. But, really, really! What white teacher would scrub a little black boy who needed scrubbing? Who would worry much when a little black girl was wearing clothes that let in winter winds? And who would give a thought to a very black girl who believed she was too ugly ever, ever to be beautiful? Who cared? Who cared?

Jennie Porter, seeing that somebody ought to be caring, asked to be transferred to a "mixed" school down-town. The teachers are all white in these schools. To mix a colored teacher among white ones was to experiment with prejudice. Jennie Porter tried it.

We skip the first difficult months when Jennie Porter was gathering together her first class of Negro pupils. It wasn't long before the fame of what Jennie Porter was doing spread among the people of her race, so that one class room became too small and a school building had to be found for her.

And thus the Harriet Beecher Stowe school was born in an abandoned school building that soon became too small for Jennie Porter's work, so that it was necessary to erect three colony buildings elsewhere in the district.

When Jennie Porter selected her teachers she was not content that they had passed excellent examinations in pedagogy and its various branches. Concerning each of them she inquired: "Is she willing to work overtime for her people? Does she think she is too good to scrub a dirty little boy or girl when necessary? Would she give her life to her work?"

If the number of Jennie Porter's pupils increase year by year, so that now there are more than 1100 of them, it is not because down-town colored children are compelled to go to that school, for there is no enforced segregation. In fact, almost every day Jennie Porter says to her pupils: "You don't have to come to this school if you don't want to."

"They come to us because they like us," explains Jennie Porter. "We do for them just a little more than other schools can do. In our school they learn that it's really 'something' to be a Negro. In our school every child is 'somebody,' for whom some other body cares."

In Jennie Porter's school there is a clothing department, filled with shoes and stockings and underwear and suits and dresses; and there is a bath room; and a lunch room.

"When they are ragged we clothe them; and when they are hungry we feed them; and when they are dirty we scrub them," says Jennie Porter. "But there is no indiscriminate giving. When we give a boy a suit we know for certain that his parents cannot afford to buy a suit for him. And he is made to understand that he must work just a little harder in school on account of it. The new suit helps him look like 'somebody,' and the extra work he does teaches him that only by working can one be 'somebody.'"

And, asks Jennie Porter, hasn't the Negro always had to work a little harder than other people for everything? She learned that lesson in high school, where, in the chemistry class, for instance, natural processes of segregation compelled her to work alone in the laboratory, when white girls, working together, would help each other.

"My situation developed in me considerable pride," she says. "Helping myself, I achieved a wholesome race consciousness."

The lesson she learned at school she imparts to her pupils every day. As an instance, there is the story of Jennie Porter's farm. At the end of the last school year she was worried as to what her bigger

boys, under 15, and, therefore, too young to work would do during vacation. Most likely they would be loafing.

"What we need is a farm," she said. But there were no farms in Cincinnati's school system. So Jennie Porter went forth to get one. Conferring with five rich white men, she said: "We need a farm. How much will you give?" And each of them promptly put up \$200, and with the \$1,000 Jennie Porter went to College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, and leased a farm.

White people didn't want a Negro farm in College Hill, and they were frank to say so. Therefore Jennie Porter called her boys together and said: "Boys, they don't want us here. It's our business to show them that we are good citizens and proud of ourselves and our race. Then they will be glad to have us."

"It turned out just that way," says Jennie Porter. "Nearly every day now our boys are called upon by our white neighbors to run errands and do this and that for them. They are glad to have us."

Even if the boys hadn't raised crops more than enough to pay all expenses; and even if they weren't making money for themselves out of the crops from their own little garden plots; and even if they hadn't succeeded in turning the old barn that stood on the farm into a beautiful home for themselves—even then, says Jennie Porter, she would have regarded the farm experiment a huge success because the boys had won the respect of their neighbors and gained pride in themselves.

Jennie Porter's school is "out" for her pupils at three o'clock, but it is never "out" for Jennie Porter and her teachers. There are talented little girls who must be given special music lessons, and there are homes that must be visited, and then there is Jennie Porter's Park—so it is called by some—with its clubhouse and community and all that.

Jennie Porter says: "A school that's on the job only eight hours a day is doing only half its work." So she stretched her school over to Sinton Park and playground, about ten blocks away, in the heart of the Negro district. The park was under supervision of the Park Commission, but Jennie Porter said she needed it in her work, and got it.

"Jennie Porter's Park" covers a city block, and in its center is a clubhouse—a one-time Community Service shelter house. From it the influence of the Harriet Beecher Stowe school radiates to every Negro home in three wards. This clubhouse is the center of the neighborhood's better-baby service; it houses a certified milk station; it is the home of fifteen clubs, an orchestra, a ukulele society and neighborhood dance parties, all of which have been organized since Jennie Porter stretched her school to Sinton Park.

When I visited there the Friendly Visitors' club was in session. Each friendly visitor has adopted a family, which she visits regularly to impart friendly counsel covering household economics and hygiene. And some, in addition, have adopted back yards which, being adjacent to tenements, belong to everybody, and, therefore, to nobody, so that it becomes necessary for somebody to look after them. And some of the friendly visitors for the same purpose have adopted tenement houses.

There are those who may ask how Jennie Porter gets the funds to carry on her work outside the school house. Of course, consid-

erable support comes from the Board of Education; and no small amount of money has been realized from the pageants her pupils give; and, then, wealthy citizens contribute generously.

Thus, when she told a certain rich man the need of a colored Y. W. C. A., he told her to select a building, bought it, and is letting the colored Y. W. C. A. use it free of rent for one year and \$50 a month thereafter. No appeal of hers ever is turned down, for by her works she has won respect. She has made beautiful to the sight of others the cause of her race, as she made Kate beautiful.

To me this story is as new as to the reader—and vastly more exciting. I have lived in Cincinnati all my life, and have hunted newspaper stuff for fifteen years, and yet didn't know about one of the best stories in the city. Like most of my fellow-citizens, I never thought of looking among my Negro neighbors for worth-while things.

I am grateful to World Outlook for leading me to get acquainted with Jennie Porter and her splendid work.

—Alfred Segal





Photo by
Western
Newspaper
Union

Large groups of Negroes were simply "innocent bystanders" during the recent riots. But, as is always the case, some of this class got hurt.

Has the Negro Gone Bolshevik?

A digest of opinions concerning the Negro's change of mental attitude as indicated in the recent race riots.

"THE riots were the work of the worst elements in both races. They did not represent the great overwhelming majority of either race," Governor Lowden of Illinois reminds us, and the New York *Tribune* agrees, "The truth indicts both races equally."

Finding the causes is almost as complicated as finding a remedy. Political angling for the Negro vote undoubtedly had something to do with the situation in Chicago. There, also, the labor unions played a part, though investigators seem unable to agree as to just what part.

One says, "Organized labor, by its conduct in Chicago during the race riots and since, has clearly demonstrated the fairness of its attitude toward the Negro. Union leaders labored to prevent friction between whites and blacks; union men refrained from joining in the rioting. After the riots the unions went back as a body to work with non-union Negroes in the stock-yards."

Another says, "At the same time the Union labor sheet was accusing the packers of being responsible for race riots, the packers were feeding the victims of mob violence and urging Negroes to return to work, while the union labor leaders were threatening a strike of all packing house union workers—Negroes included—on account of the return of Negro workers and the presence of armed guards to protect these workers."

As for Washington, the riots were chiefly ascribed to newspaper reports of Negro crime. Commenting on this fact, a leading Negro paper says:

"The newspapers of Washington were not chiefly concerned with the fact that either white or colored women had been assaulted in the District of Columbia. What they were concerned with was an attempt to make the public believe that there was more crime in Washington under prohibition than there was when the city was wet."

The Negro's New Attitude

But wherever the blame may be placed, the facts of the riots indicate a new attitude on the part of the Negroes. Mackay Hoyne, Illinois State attorney, accounts for it on the ground that "for years they pinned their faith to the spelling book, then for years they pinned it to the bank book; now, as if convinced that neither education nor material prosperity could advance their cause, they appear to be putting their trust in brute strength."

W. E. B. Du Bois in the *Crisis* openly advocates brute strength:

"For three centuries we have suffered and cowered. No race ever gave Passive Resistance and Submission to Evil longer, more piteous trial. Today we raise the terrible weapon of Self-Defense. When the murderer comes, he shall no longer strike us in the back. When the armed lynchers gather, we too must gather armed. When the

mob moves, we propose to meet it with bricks, clubs and guns."

The *Veteran*, a newly-founded Negro journal, openly discusses the necessity for race wars:

"Must the Negro fight to secure his rights as an American citizen? Must he who fought across the seas to save the world fight again at home to save himself? Must he who faced death and braved it to make the world safe for democracy, fight and brave an unfortunate issue to make America a safe place for his sons and his daughters to live? Must he fight?"

"There is a fight ahead for the Negro, and the sooner he gets into it and carries it through to victory, the less intense and prolonged shall be the struggle."

Have the Blacks Turned Red?

Naturally these expressions have raised the charge of Bolshevism. The New York *Times* discovers "some evidence which goes far toward suggesting that the Bolshevik agitation has been extended among the Negroes."

One of the articles which might support such a view appeared in the July *Messenger*. It says:

"No intelligent American Negro is willing to lay down his life for the United States as it now exists. Intelligent Negroes have all reached the point where their loyalty to the country is conditional."

Even church leaders express similar views. In the *Central Christian Advocate* Rev. William H. Brooks declares:

"If the government would protect us and cannot, it is weak; if it can protect us and will not, it is wicked, and in either case we are forced to self-protection."

And in an open letter to President Wilson, Rev. C. J. Robinson says:

"Before the Negroes of this country will again submit to many of the injustices which we have suffered, the white man will have to kill more of them than the combined number of soldiers that were slain in the great world war."

But the Church has not been a tool of Bolshevism, according to Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield. Instead, it has been the point of attack for Red agitators who have "reached certain classes with their messages—the church is the servant of capital, and your preachers will not fight for your rights; your educators are dependent on rich men; the Republican party has betrayed you."

However much some Negro leaders may have been influenced by



these agitators, it is certain that the whole race has not "gone Bolshevik." Willis N. Huggins, a Negro editor and educator from Chicago, says:

"The charge of Bolshevism among my people North or South is absurd. Even the few Negroes who lean toward Socialism and Red doctrines know in their heart of hearts that the race has more to gain by fighting for virile, constructive Americanism than by embracing the arguments and methods that are but vapors from the brain of Red propagandists."

He admits that Chicago "has some kick about the southern Negro. He came North feeling that he will be able to enjoy complete democracy. He overdoes it. The result is often clashes that are uncalled for and a good part of the time the fault of the colored man. We in Chicago who have studied the problem have tried hard to show the colored people where they make these errors, and I can truthfully say the colored people have tried hard to keep out of trouble. But so long as the housing conditions persist, trouble will be in the wind."

Advising a Safe-and-Sane Policy

Many Negro leaders counsel steadiness and caution. In the *Crisis*, which may be classed with the more radical Negro journals, W. E. B. Du Bois reminds his people that "whether the line between just resistance and angry retaliation is hard or easy, we must draw it carefully, not in wild resentment, but in grim and sober consideration."

On the first day of the Chicago riots forty-five Negro ministers held a conference in which they advocated five steps as necessary for an immediate solution of the issues involved in the struggle. The New York *Globe* quotes these proposals:

"1. Eliminate open vice and gambling, which are the breeding-grounds for bad Negroes.

"2. Advise Negro workers to join the labor unions of their craft wherever possible.

"3. Organize a committee of 100, with a strong membership of both races, being particular to have on the committee some white men with outspoken race antipathies.

"4. Hold a mass meeting with speakers from both races.

"5. Send Negro speakers on trucks through the Negro districts, admonishing the people to regard Negro inciters to violence as their enemies."

"A little later," the *Globe* continues, "300,000 handbills were distributed in the Negro districts urging the people to keep off the streets, to obey the police, and above all not to attack a white man."

Black and Khaki

That does not sound like Bolshevism. But there is no doubt that there has been a change in racial psychology during the past few years. The Negro is developing self-consciousness. As Willis N. Huggins sums it up:

"For the last two years a large number of my people have been ordered to hold their heads up and walk erect, and it is probably difficult for them to forget such training. An amicable, equitable adjustment of race relationships is bound to come. It must come. But it will be delayed so long as white people continue to judge my people by their Negro servants, who, for the most part, are ignorant, careless, easily satisfied and quick to laugh."



Photos by International News Service



Housing was a factor in the Chicago trouble. If 80,000 people try to crowd into a district where 50,000 were already congested, something is bound to happen.

What did happen was that many Negroes moved into "white" districts. There some of these Negro homes were bombed.

Landlords complicated matters by charging excess rents. So the colored people were always "on the move" even during the riots, when they had to have police protection.

Exploitation That Is Getting Dangerous

In the search for decent living quarters many of the Northern Negroes spend the equivalent of from six to eight months' rent in moving vans.

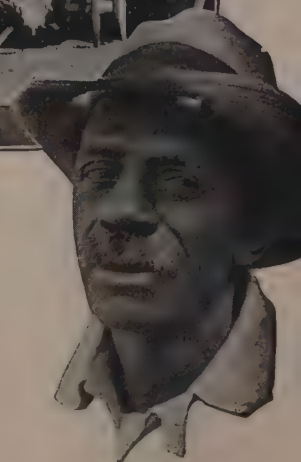


Photos by Brown Bros.



In this house families of six are living in two rooms.

"No conveniences" means no gas, no water except from the street hydrant, no inside toilets, no heat, except from stoves, and very little air or light. And the rents run as high as \$15 a month for two rooms.



surrounded by hostile neighbors who moved if they could afford it, or, if they could not, remained to cherish race feeling.

No real attempt was made to house the Negroes, but many real estate agents grew rich finding homes for them. Negro tenants found their rents increased twenty per cent or more, and if they tried to buy property, the agents demanded profits of a thousand dollars or so.

Brooklyn has a similar story. There most of the colored population lives in rotting wooden tenements, or rather moves from house to house hoping to find a home that will be watertight at least—but they do not find it. And in their searching many of them spend the equivalent of six or eight months' rent for van hire. If they are well-off and can afford to pay high rents, they are no better off because of the landlords' prejudice to colored tenants.

Across the river in Newark landlords have no prejudice against colored people—indeed not. They even go to the extreme of putting out white tenants on a few hours' notice to make room for migrants from the South. Extraordinary philanthropy on the part of the landlords? Not exactly. You see, colored people pay higher rents proportionately than any other race, and the owners found that they could double the returns from their property.

Detroit received the greatest proportional increase in Negro population during the migration. In 1910 there were 5700 colored people in the city. Now there are about 40,000 and the number is still growing. If the newcomers are informed, they go to the Urban League and read the list of available rooms, the list that is never so long as the demand.

They find high rents—sometimes as high as seventy-five dollars a month for a small house with no conveniences. "No conveniences" does not mean gas rather than electricity. (Continued on page 38)

Acute housing trouble is the inevitable result

when three people of any race are forced to grow where one grew before. The recent migration which has made Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Washington the world's largest Negro cities, has brought about a critical situation.

Only Philadelphia had room to care for the Southern newcomers. There about ten thousand Negro families found vacant houses in different parts of the city, cheerfully paid a slight increase in rent and settled down to the happy state of that people whose annals are brief.

In other cities conditions ranged from passive misery and congestion to active rioting. Chicago, in a way, is typical of the rest.

Then the Negro district which had a population of 55,000 was suddenly called upon to house 125,000. Old buildings which had been vacant because of disrepair were rented, often as homes for two or more families.

To make matters worse, police restrictions were largely removed in the "Black Belt," and the district became a meeting place for the worst elements of every race.

When the better class of Negroes tried to escape these conditions by moving into white residential sections, they found themselves

Cincinnati's Answer—Philanthropy at 5%

By J. G. Schmidlapp

about \$3 per day. None can be called wealthy.

My suggested budget for the wage earner's family is:

One day's wage for one week's rent.

Two days' wage for one week's food.

One day's wage for one week's clothing.

One day's wage for all extras, including fuel, and

One day's wage for profit and pleasure.

These homes in Washington Terrace rent at from 50c to 74c per room and net the owners 5% on their investment.

We employ no rent collectors. Instead, the tenants bring their rent to branch banks and offices. Only in case of delinquency do we go after it. In this connection it might be mentioned that in one community with houses accommodating twelve families we have lost only six days' rent in three years.

The best house for the wage earner is the same as the best house for yourself, and that is the individual house. But because of the greater cost of this type of house, we are obliged to sell and not rent the one-family dwellings. But we sell them on what we call a rental plan—\$100 initial payment and a weekly payment of \$3.10 for ten years. Besides the \$3.10 weekly payments the prospective owner assumes the taxes, water rent and insurance, which brings up the payments to \$15.50 per month; but the average rental

(Continued on page 39)

How long are we going to allow human beings to be forced to live in shacks like these, calling them "homes"?

Good housing for the wage earner

has always been a problem. Just now good housing for the Negro wage earner, who has come North in response to the labor demand only to find himself, more often than not, practically homeless, is more than a problem. It is an acute and pressing necessity.

Some years ago I was asked to act as a Trustee of the Industrial School for Negroes in Cincinnati. The appalling condition in which this part of our population was housed in our city convinced me that we could in no way help the Negroes as quickly as by offering them better living accommodations.

I decided to build model homes for wage earners—agreeing that the net return should never be over five per cent. In other words, we would charge 10 per cent upon the total cost of the building, allowing 3 per cent for taxes and repairs, and 2 per cent for depreciation, thus leaving 5 per cent for the capital. (We find now with the advance in taxes and cost of repairs it requires 11 per cent gross in order to net 5 per cent.)

Every apartment was to have both hot and cold water, set wash tubs in the cellars or in the kitchen, gas and a private bath and toilet. For we believe that the individual bath is the greatest single contribution to the improvement of the moral standard.

Since 1911, when the first cellar was dug, we have built 102 houses accommodating 402 families or approximately 1,400 persons. Forty-two of these houses are of the semi-detached type, with four families in each. In one group we have succeeded in keeping the rental down to 50 cents per room per week, counting the bathroom as one room. In fact, we rent apartments of four rooms—that is, three rooms and bath—as low as \$1.75 per week, we paying the water rent. The average weekly rental ranges from 50 cents to 74 cents per room, again counting the bathroom as a room. Our rooms contain on an average of 136 square feet.

The people housed are distinctly wage earners, averaging



Photo by Brown Bros.

This quarter-of-a-million-dollar house at Irvington, N. Y., was the home of the late Madame C. J. Walker, the famous beauty culturist. It is one proof that the Negro, given an opportunity has as high standards as his white neighbor.



IN CLEVELAND

STRAP-HANGING, it seems, may soon become necessary in Cleveland colored churches. Out of a membership of 8000 only 4000 can find seats. There is church equipment for only about one-sixth of the total colored population of 25,000. This is double the population of two years ago, but the churches have not doubled.

Cleveland needs a well-equipped community center. It has only a Methodist mission with headquarters in an old store-building in the slum and vice section. Not much chance in that old shack of reaching the 5000 Negroes who live round it!

IN PHILADELPHIA

IT is a sad day when a church must come to this. But what can one do when one's church holds only 1000 and about 10,000 would like to come? Every Sunday at the entrance of Dr. Tindley's church an usher has to announce "Standing room only," and gently steer the surplus congregation to an overflow meeting in the basement.

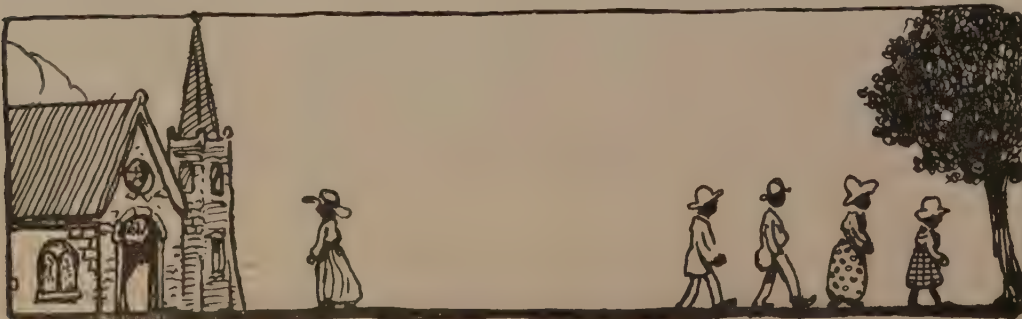
East Calvary's members are buying houses to rent to the newcomers, and are raising money for a big community center.



IN CINCINNATI

IT is not pleasant to be turned down like this when one really wants to go to church. One hesitates to inquire where the four out of five who cannot find room in church in Cincinnati go for consolation. It is especially serious when one must shut the door in the face of the little tots who come to Sunday school. Yet the Park Street Methodist church in Cincinnati is continually overcrowded in its attempts to look after the little folks.

In Cincinnati the colored population has almost doubled since 1916.



Waiting at

Arranged from
a Survey by

Charles E. Carroll



The larger figure represents 750,000 Negroes in the South. The smaller figure represents the 60 per cent who were church members there.



NEVERTHELESS, the church has not yet risen to the present occasion. Of the 750,000 Negroes who flooded our northern cities, sixty per cent were church members in the South. Only twenty-two per cent of these acknowledged Christians have found church homes in the North.

There is an almost complete lack of churches equipped to deal with the social problem of establishing these people in decent conditions in their strange new homes.

The situation is urgent. There is a need for doubling the church equipment at once; for establishing

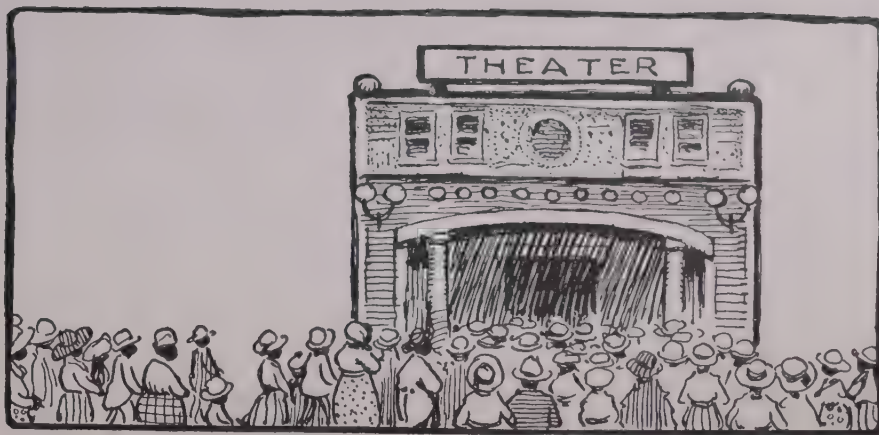
the Church

IN the past the church has been almost the only institution to which the black man could turn in his struggle for advancement. It still remains the normal center of his communal life and the source and best expression of his culture.

There are more church members in proportion among the Negroes than among any other racial group in America.

The institution which was the pioneer in Negro education, and still remains through its twenty-one schools the best source of trained leaders—the Freedman's Aid Society—is supported by the church.

The larger figure represents the same 750,000 Negroes, migrants to the North. The smaller figure represents the 17 per cent who are still church members.



IN DETROIT

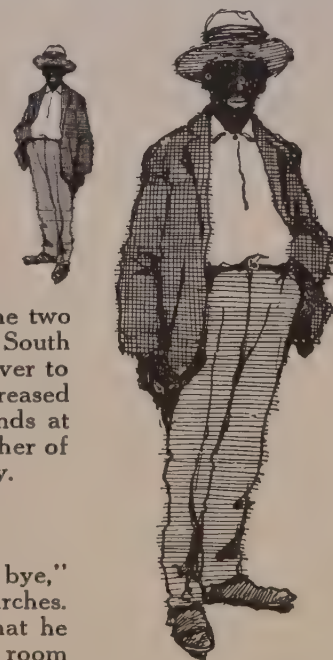
THE discipline does not tolerate this, but it cannot be helped. They are not going to a vaudeville show; they are going to a church service. The Theatre is the only building big enough to hold the congregation. Two years ago this same congregation consisted of twenty-eight.

During the past three years Detroit has had a larger percentage of increase in colored population than any other city. The colored population is now 50,000, while the seating capacity of the church is only 18,000.

IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO is the real crux of the problem, as was seen in the recent race-riots. It has received a larger influx of colored people than any other northern city. Since 1916 its colored population has trebled, increasing from 50,000 to over 150,000. Of these about 113,200 do not belong to churches, and, of those who do 8000 have no adequate church equipment.

This is not the fault of the Negroes. In the two years since the present stone structure of the South Park Avenue Methodist Church was turned over to the colored society, the membership has increased to the rate of fifty a month until it now stands at 1400. The church has even become the mother of two or three other colored societies in this city.



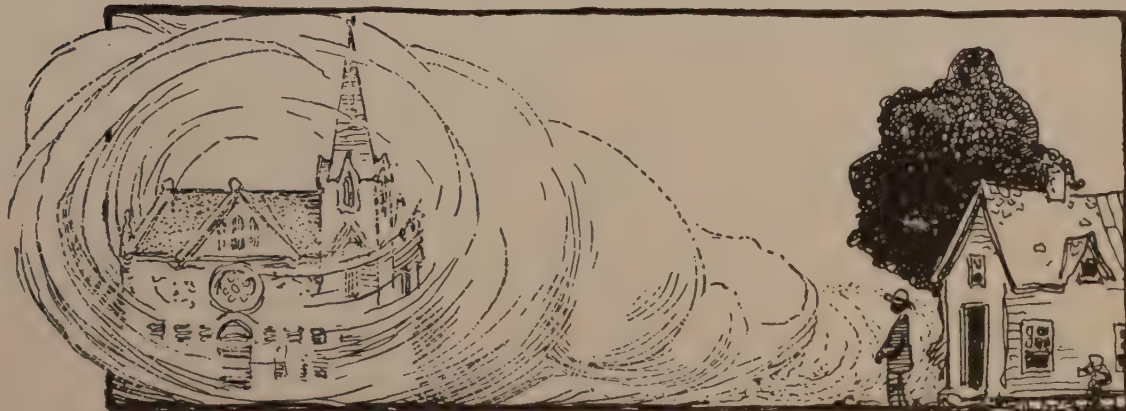
IN WASHINGTON

"THERE'S a good time coming bye and bye," they sing in the colored Methodist churches. The Methodist in Washington knows just what he wants this good time to be. It will mean room enough for everybody to gather in a great memorial church in honor of John Stewart, the first negro missionary.

In Washington there has always been a large colored population. About 10,000 migrants from the South have recently been added. They seem to feel rather out of it. The only church which is doing much to help them is a Methodist mission which resides in an old rented hall. No wonder they are dreaming of "a good time bye and bye!"

at least one Christian community center in each of the chief cities affected; and for assisting the Freedman's Aid Society and similar institutions to provide trained leaders in double and treble numbers. To this end the Centenary is pledging \$4,000,000.

Such action is the real solution of the race conflicts. As Dr. Tindley says to the sympathetic white visitor: "It is not the Christians of your race or mine who cause these riots."



WE TAKE OFF

W. E. Burghardt DuBois—Scholar, Author, Editor

Who was the first colored man to receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University.

Who was for fourteen years professor of Sociology and Economics in Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia.

Who was the founder and secretary of the Pan-American Congress which met in Paris in February of this year.

Who is the author of several well known and authoritative books on the Negro problem.

Who is the director of the Department of Publicity and Research of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Who is editor of "The Crisis," a magazine devoted to the interests of the Negro, which was founded by him in 1910.

Henry T. Burleigh—Composer, Singer

Who is one of America's leading composers, beside being a singer.

Who is particularly well known for his arrangement of the plaintive Negro "spirituals."

Whose composition, "The Young Warrior," the Italian soldiers adopted as a marching song in the recent war.

Who was for many years soloist at St. George's Episcopal Church, New York City, and later at the Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue.

Marie Luvernia Fitzhugh—The Negro "Helen Keller"

Who, though totally blind, has won an enviable reputation as a dramatic soprano and elocutionist.

Who began as a prima donna in 1905 and since then has given musical entertainments in almost every principal city in the United States and Canada.

Who sings in three different languages.

Who plays the piano, operates a typewriter, knits, sews and crochets.

Eugene Kinkle Jones—Social Worker

Who was teacher of sociology and economics at the State University, Louisville, Kentucky, 1908-1909.

Who has been associate director since 1911 of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes, a welfare organization for Negroes which has branches in twenty-five cities, and the motto of which is "Not alms but opportunity."

Who is a contributor to various newspapers and magazines.

Leroy Oliver Wilson—State Librarian, Business Man

Who has been president since 1909 of the Pythian Mutual Investment Association of West Virginia, having accepted the office when debt had nearly forced the Association to dissolve. Who gradually improved the condition of the Association so that in 1914 it was practically out of debt and owned property valued at \$75,000.

Who has been State Librarian of West Virginia since August 1, 1914, his appointment having been loudly acclaimed by white papers at the time.

Who was director of the Colored Bureau at the Republican State Headquarters during the campaigns of 1912 and 1914, the first colored man ever stationed at that Bureau.

The Negroes Who

The 67,245 Negroes who have engaged in professions, among whom are

500 authors	578 dentists
1279 actors	2000 lawyers, judges, justices
59 architects	4000 physicians and surgeons
123 chemists	2500 trained nurses
237 civil and mining engineers	

The 1000 Negro inventors who have been granted patents.

The 22,440 Negroes in the employ of the United States Government.

The Negro landowners whose combined holdings would equal Ireland in area.

The race which owns 500,000 homes and 64 banks and publishes 398 newspapers.

The 500,000 Negroes who served in the Ameri-

"Jim" Europe—King of Jazz

Who, with ninety-nine other colored music makers, jazzed his way through France in the recent war and was found on the banks of the Rhine the day the armistice was signed.

Who, as a boy, spent his time consorting with fiddles and improvised musical instruments until he became acquainted with an upright piano.

Who later learned to play practically every instrument known to an orchestra or a brass band.

Who turned his back on Broadway's handclappings that his band might jazz New York's old Fifteenth to victory.

Who is responsible for the present epidemic of ragtime in France.

Robert E. Jones—Editor

Who received the degree of M. A. from Bennett College and LL.D. from Howard University.

Who was field secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools from 1901 to 1904.

Who has been editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* since 1904.

Who is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Negro Business League, a national organization of Negro business men and women, bankers, stock raisers and professional men.

Howard Porter Drew—Athlete

Who was a member of the American Olympic Team at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912.

Whose records are as follows:

50 yard dash,	5 2/5 seconds,	New York, 1913.
60 " "	6 2/5 " "	Elizabeth, N. J., 1913.
75 " "	7 1/5 " "	New York, 1913.
100 " "	9 3/4 " "	Berkeley, California, 1913.
120 " "	11 3/5 " "	Providence, R. I., 1913.
220 " "	21 1/5 " "	Pomona, California, 1913.

Who was assistant manager of athletes, University of South California, 1915.

OUR HATS TO -

Have Made Good

can Army and Navy during the recent war.

The 5000 men of the two Negro regiments which were cited for bravery.

The 200 Negroes of "Old New York's Fifteenth," each of whom received the Croix de Guerre.

The Negro patriots whose subscriptions to the United War Work Drive totaled \$2,000,000.

The man who gave \$100,000 to the Liberty Loan, the highest individual subscription in Louisiana—a Negro.

The most religious of all Americans, eighty per cent of whose wealth is in church property—the Negro.

Every single man of the Negro race, who through persistent, individual effort, has achieved self-improvement and accomplished something really worth while.

James Weldon Johnson—Poet, Consul

Whose poems fall into three classes: lyrics in pure and unexceptional English; jingles and croons in dialect verse; and a small collection of poems voicing the aspiration and the unrest of his race.

Who wrote the remarkable poem, "Fifty Years," which is a powerful plea in the name of his race for recognition, sympathy, understanding and justice.

Who was American consul to Venezuela from 1906 to 1909, to Nicaragua from 1909 to 1912, and to the Azores from 1912 to 1913, when he resigned.

Who is field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Mme. C. J. Walker—"Beauty Culturist"

Who has been called the leading colored business woman in the United States.

Who was traveling saleswoman in 1905 for a hair-growing preparation she herself had introduced.

Who became president of the Madam C. J. Walker Company which employs about 15,000 agents and does an annual business exceeding \$100,000.

Elmer McCowan—The War Hero Who Spilled the Coffee

Who was starting out to carry dispatches through German machine gun fire when the captain called, "Hey, bring me back a can of coffee." He didn't know the captain was joking.

Who carried that coffee back under fire using all his fingers to plug bullet holes in the can.

Who stumbled and spilled that coffee after he reached his own trenches.

Who, half an hour later, went back into No-Man's-Land and brought in a number of wounded.

Who was badly gassed, but even then went out after another fallen soldier.

Who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his bravery under fire.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell—Public Speaker

Who is called "the foremost colored woman in America."

Who is a graduate of Oberlin College, class of '84.

Who is president of the Bethel Literary and Historical Association at Washington, D. C., the only lyceum established and controlled by colored people.

Who represented the American Negro at the International Congress of Women which met at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1917.

Who was offered the position of registrar of Oberlin College—the first colored woman so honored—and declined because of her approaching marriage to

Robert Herberton Terrell—Lawyer and Municipal Judge

Who received an A.B. from Harvard University and and L.L.B. from Howard University.

Who was chief of a division in the Treasury from 1889 to 1893.

Who was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

Who was a civil magistrate from 1902 to 1909.

Who has been a judge in the Municipal Court, District of Columbia, since 1909, having been appointed by Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson.

Benjamin F. Hubert—Director of Agriculture

Who was chairman of the agricultural survey made by Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, from which he received his B.Sc.Agr. in 1913.

Who has been editor of "The Palmetto Farmer" since 1914.

Who has been Director of Agriculture at the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, Orangesburg, South Carolina, since 1912.

William Edward Scott—Artist

Who is a painter of religious and character pictures.

Who has about twenty mural paintings in the schools of Indianapolis, Indiana and Evanston, Illinois.

Who exhibited in Europe in 1910, 1911 and 1912, and at the Salon, Paris, in 1912 and 1914.

Who has received several prizes and scholarships and who won honorable mention at the Salon, Paris.

John Paterson Green—"Daddy of Labor Day"

Who was a member of the Ohio House of Representatives from 1882 to 1884 and from 1888 to 1890.

Who was a member of the Ohio Senate from 1890 to 1892, the only colored man ever elected to that body.

Who presided over the House several times and over the Senate once, which at that time made him de facto lieutenant-governor.

Who wrote and introduced the Labor Day Bill which passed the Legislature in 1890.

Who was acting superintendent of finance for eighteen months.

Who, as postage stamp agent for the Post Office Department.

Washington, D. C., from 1898 to 1907, manufactured in the last year of his term over five billion stamps which were sent out to 77,000 postmasters.



The Majestic Background of the Negro Race

THE world often forgets that the Negro has an ancient history which yields in majesty to none. He derives his heritage not merely from the jungles of Africa, but from the fertile valley of the Nile whose monuments are still among the supreme wonders of the world.

Though the present North African, often of Arab or Berber origin, is usually a white man, the ancient Egyptians probably represented about the same racial mixture as that of the American Negro — that is, they ranged from a light mulatto to absolutely Negro types. The pure-blooded white man was rare among their leaders; the pure-blooded black man rather common. Indeed, it is evident from the pictures on the monuments that in the greatest age of Egyptian building, and, in some respects of Egyptian power, the Pharaohs were distinctly Negro in type. Queen Nefeteri, "the most venerated figure in Egyptian history," was a Negress of great beauty and ability.

It is not familiarly known that the great Sphinx which guards the pyramids of Gizeh, represented in the picture, was carved with a Negro face — benign, magnanimous, inscrutable.

The pyramids and their guardian Sphinx stand in the desert like a prophecy and a promise left by the long dead Pharaohs to the later men of the race they were not ashamed to claim. Looking out over the desert to the continent of Africa they seem to be saying: "Have patience a little while. Your day will come again."

Singers in a "Weary Lan"

By Marjorie Barstow

"HARK!" Above the chorus of the frogs on that summer night rose another chorus—rich, melancholy, vibrant—a veritable cry from some suppressed community of hearts.

"It is the Negroes singing," said my companion. "Did you ever hear anything more sombrely beautiful?"

We were in a country suburb of a big Northern manufacturing town to which many black people had come during the war, lured by promises of high wages. They lived in a row of green cottages under our hill—"Watermelon Row," we irreverently called it. However, it was a neat community, and the red rambler roses which æsthetic charity had once planted before these workmen's cottages had flourished under kindly black hands.

And now, in the twilight, they were singing those strange pathetic songs which are the richest heritage of the race in America, and are too likely to be lost as the Negro approaches the status and the education of the less musical white man. Even now we knew that the few who really remembered and loved the old music among these immigrants from the South were being led by the fine flexible tenor of a graduate of Fiske who cultivated the music of his people self-consciously, and some of the little children who were chiming in had learned to sing not at their mother's knee, but in the kindergarten.

They were all about Heaven—those songs. It seemed a fitting subject for the solemn, starry night. The sweetest of the old Negro songs turn largely on the joys of Heaven, with the associated ideas of the sorrows of the "weary lan'" this side of Jordan, the machinations of Satan, that "busy ole man" who is always ready to catch the poor sinner before he finds refuge within the golden walls, and the kindness of Jesus, whom the black singer calls his "bosom friend". The best part of the songs is, of course, the music and the fine dramatic rhythm and fervency with which the plaintive voices take up the choruses. But the words are poetry in embryo, and reveal an honesty and beauty of imagination rarely to be found in corresponding white hymns. If only the Negro race can carry on the promise of this work of its childhood in America, theirs may yet be the real American contribution to the poetry and music of the world.

The outstanding quality of the words of the songs is a certain honesty of imagination. The black singer takes the promise of Heaven very seriously, and he knows just what it is going to mean in his laborious life. The white man may think vaguely of Heaven as a place of rest, but it takes the Negro to know what rest is, and as

he points upward to the Paradise which ends his toil, he sings:

When Ah get to Heaven, gwine to set down,

And ask my Lord for a starry crown;

and the good Lord, like a really sympathetic host, with an appreciation of the feelings of the tired straggler into Heaven, says,

Set down, servant, set down,

Servant, you set down.

Similarly the costume of Heaven is to include not merely the robe and the harp and the crown, but *shoes* for the calloused feet that have

long gone painfully through stubbly and stony fields without them:

Ah got shoes, you got shoes,

All God's children got shoes.

When Ah get to Heaven, Ah put on my shoes,

I shout all over God's Heaven.

Everybody that's talkin' about

Heaven ain't goin' there,

Heaven, Heaven, Heaven!

Someone even dares to believe that the black skin will disappear with the scars and the bruises, and warbles hopefully:

The Lord will shoe my lily-white feet,

When I climb those golden stairs.

Still there are difficulties with the first wearing of shoes even in Heaven, and, besides, the newcomers' feet are tired. So the angels are admonished:

*Walk 'em easy 'round de Heaven,
Walk 'em easy 'round de Heaven,
That all may join that band.*

The honesty of imagination that shows in these homely touches is capable of rising to singular and moving poetry. The music-loving mind is charmed with the sound and vague splendor of words like "harp", "golden walls", "chariot", but even where the singer has no actual experience which will help him to visualize the word, he never makes the grotesque mistakes of the unimaginative. By some feat of fancy he makes absolutely unknown things living and real to himself. Take, for example, the song:

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,

A band of angels acomin' fo' me,

Comin' fo' to carry me home.

with its lovely chorus:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home."

The singer never saw a chariot, no doubt, but the approach of the heavenly vehicle is visualized in one or two sure touches that any poet might envy. The swinging lōw of the celestial equipage is a finely vivid touch.

There is fine choral drama, too, in the song: "Go down, Moses," with the solemn admonition of its long drawn chorus: "Le ma people go." One can almost feel in it the voice of the Lord thundering upon the startled ears of Pharaoh and

(Continued on page 28)



*"One has a shovel and the other has a hoe,
And if that ain't music, I don't know."*



Photo by Hiram Myer

"**G**OD will take care of you for making up a colored doll-factory of your own," writes little Georgiana Brown. She had determined never to have a doll till she could have one of the color of her own wee face.

Georgiana is not the only little girl who is made happy by this factory. It was started by two young negro women who be-

lieved that race-pride could best be fostered by giving children dolls of their own color which were really attractive.

There is no question of their attractiveness. The big one in the box could compete with any blonde beauty. The khaki soldier looks as brave as the real negro soldiers in France. But Georgiana and the other wee mothers like best the baby-dolls.

How to Judge Foreign Missions

A Tale of Two Chinese Cities. By Paul Hutchinson

SHE had just come back from the Orient, where she had spent six months and about that many thousand dollars "seeing the sights." She had spent a week in the Grand Hotel or the Astor House at every port, and she had learned the first name of every curio dealer in the Eastern hemisphere.

Hereafter hers would be no hearsay testimony on matters Oriental. She had seen with her eyes, handled with her hands, heard with her ears. She knew what she was talking about.

While in that mood a friend of mine fell into her clutches. And this friend has had some little interest in mission work in the Far East. Perhaps she even mentioned my name in this connection. But the super-encyclopedic person waved the subject out of the realms of discussion.

"My dear," she informed her, "anybody who has traveled over there knows that mission work is a failure. Our deluded churches send over millions of dollars every year to keep the thing going, and it hasn't made an appreciable impression. It is money thrown away."

Don't be too hard on the much-traveled lady. She had heard that kind of talk, in all probability, from the day she boarded the steamer that carried her across the Pacific. In the lounge rooms of the \$10-a-day-and-up hotels she had received many an earful of it. And her own eyes had seen little that had warned her to suspect its truth.

It is perfectly possible for a tourist to come to the Orient, spend six months at the foreign hotels, travel in the de-luxe coaches of the trains, meet the foreignized natives and the expatriates who frequent the hotel lobbies, and never have the faintest apprehension of what is going on. I say that is possible. I might better say that it is almost impossible that anything else should be the case.

I well remember my own reaction to foreign missions after my arrival two years ago. I settled down here in the city of Nanking, inclosed within its twenty-two miles of wall and containing almost

every form of Chinese life. I thought I had my eyes open. And I was deeply disturbed by the missionary situation as I then saw it.

Here was a nation of about four hundred million people in which Protestant missionaries had been at work for a century. And the resulting Christian community was less than four hundred thousand. If the Roman Catholic statistics were added the total did not go far above two million.

Two million in four hundred million! Only one person in every two hundred a Christian as the result of a century of work!

It did not take long to discover that membership figures are no basis upon which to compute the success or failure of a work like foreign missions. But if I had not learned that, a slight acquaintance with the history of other religious movements in China should have shown me my error.

The Chinese is conservative, and nowhere more so than in the realm of religion. It took him about five hundred years to discover what a world-beater Confucius was. And when Buddhism, which now rules the religious roost, came along, even though it was sponsored by an emperor, it took two hundred and fifty years to come to the point where it claimed its first native priest. To-day Protestantism has more than six hundred ordained native ministers, not to mention the multitudes of unordained men in the pastorate. Even the numerical success is coming much faster than it did to Buddhism.

But this is, at best, a poor method of judging. The missionary is not in China to keep an adding machine busy checking up converts. There have been great provincial sections where this has happened, and later the whole bunch, whose adherence had been greeted at home with so much applause, had to be weeded out.

The missionary is in China, and in the other mission fields, to Christianize the nation. By that I mean to substitute the spirit of Jesus Christ for any other spirit that may have controlled. The only test, therefore, to apply to his work is to ask whether he is



Photo
Press Illus. Serv.

FOR centuries these Chinese, elbowing each other in crowded alleyways, have known nothing better than filth and disease. Houses are jammed one against the other, crushing out the few trees which struggle for existence. All

refuse is left upon the street to fester in the sun or thrown into the canals to edge itself slowly through the foul-smelling water. This city has been untouched by Christian ideals and stands like a decaying reminder of the fifteenth century.

Where Missions Go



Cleanliness Follows

THIS is one of the arts and exercises taught students in the high school of a Chinese city where missionaries have been sowing the seed of Christian ideals for three generations. One more generation and surely the wash bench will give place to the set tub.

Side by side with wash boards and

wash tubs have come steam railways, automobiles, macadamized roads, street-cleaning squads and public health officers.

Where missionaries have planted well Chinese cities have at least caught up with the nineteenth century, if not always with the twentieth.

actually succeeding in bringing that abundant life which is held out as the goal of the Christian. An abundant life spiritually, economically, politically, mentally, and in every other way.

That is not an easy question to answer. No six months' tour of the ports will give sufficient data. But I had a hint as to the truth the other day, and I want to pass it on. I left Nanking and visited another Chinese city.

Now, Nanking contains as many forms of mission work as can be found in most Chinese cities. There are churches and day schools and night schools and hospitals and Bible schools and a theological seminary and an orphanage and reading rooms and goodness knows what else.

But the city is hardly what you would call Christian. Among the four hundred thousand inhabitants only about four thousand call themselves Christians, either Protestant or Roman Catholic. The careful, intensive, well-balanced work that has been done here by the missionaries has not yet borne fruit in a great numerical ingathering.

The city I visited is not a great way distant. It has been a scene of missionary endeavor almost as long as Nanking. But the work has not been balanced well. It has not made any determined attack upon social or political conditions. It has largely been content with preaching as an evangelistic force. And the work of the missionary has never taken deep hold.

The result is that the visitor can find there a Chinese city as nearly untouched by the vital forces of Christianity as is to be found anywhere in the land.

It is an unhealthy city. The streets are nothing but narrow, dark alleys, full of noisome filth. When we reached the residence sections we found them interminable blocks of congested houses, with no trees, no grass, no streets, no chance for air or sunshine, jammed together as can only happen in a place where none of the dwellings are more than a single story high. And there are more graves to be seen than I have found in any other city visited in China—which is saying something.

It is a wicked city. A friend of mine who lives there told of running through the back streets one night to reach a fire that seemed to be burning near mission property. And he told me that everywhere he saw unmentionable sin, things that do not exist even in the notorious ports. I can believe him, for in the daytime I saw a few things that two years of residence in China had hardly prepared me for seeing.

It is a squalid city. Chinese beggars are proverbial, but the beggars I saw here were the most repulsive lot I had met with so far. As it was a sunshiny day a great many of them had sought the infrequent bright spots and were engaged in extracting from their garments what the soldiers call cooties. They went after them with their teeth. And other signs of squalor were everywhere.

It is an idolatrous city. Its streets are full of sleek monks, and you run across a temple or a joss house at almost every turn. And—here is the significant fact—all these places seem to be kept up. There are plenty of temples all over China, but in other cities many of them are gradually falling into decay. Not so here. The most insistent fact in the city is its devotion to its idols.

It is a conservative city. Perhaps reactionary would be a better adjective. As far as I could learn, the Chinese residents have formed none of those associations for mutual benefit or political advancement which have sprung up elsewhere since the founding of the republic. There is none of that eager interest in the progress of the democratic movement in China which is, thank God! to be found in other places.

There are more foreign firms doing more business than in Nanking, but foreign ideas and ideals have failed to take hold.

After my little trip I came back to Nanking, and I hardly knew it as the place I had left so recently. I rode home in a rickshaw with pneumatic tires, and, if I had cared to, might have employed either a horse-drawn carriage or the city railway, which uses steam instead of electricity. I came along a road as wide and well macadamized as the average American street. Twice on the way I passed street-cleaning squads, and three times automobiles filled with hurrying Chinese rushed by me.

I know Nanking is not the healthiest place in the world, but some of its people at least have ideals in that direction. The police commissioner has just placed fifty of his best men at the service of a professor from the University of California, temporarily in residence at the University of Nanking, and a real effort is to be made to wipe out the malaria-bearing mosquito. Last spring the pneumonic plague was discovered in the city. Some minor officials hesitated to act, but when their superiors heard of it there were some quick readjustments in office, and in two weeks this plague, with its mortality rate of 100 per cent and no known cure, was under control.

I know Nanking is not the most splendid city in the world. Fifty years ago the Taipings swept it clean, and only five years ago Chuan Hsun, the gentleman who tried to restore the Manchus last

(Continued on page 34)

When Will the Bolsheviks Be Overthrown?

By Jerome Davis

WITH the virtual recognition of the Kolchak régime and the consequent large supply of arms and ammunition given to his forces by the Allies, the Russian situation becomes more definite. Formal recognition has been withheld until Ambassador Morris makes a complete report after touring the Siberian fronts. Regardless of individual opinion as to the wisdom of this decision, every thoughtful American will want to know whether the Bolsheviks will be speedily overthrown or not.

Fortunately, reliable information is obtainable. Captured United States soldiers and Y. M. C. A. secretaries who left Moscow in April are now back in the United States. From Siberia we have a stream of returning Americans both official and semi-official whose statements give us some idea of the actual conditions. Using all the information available we find the following general agreement:

First, in Soviet Russia sickness and death have been widely prevalent and food and clothing scarce. Most supplies could be purchased from speculators but at prices prohibitive for the majority.


Because of the lack of food, medicine and sanitation, epidemics were horrifyingly prevalent. A pile of coffins was a common sight in Petrograd during the winter. It has been reported that the daily death toll ran up into the hundreds.

Second, the Bolsheviks have established order and discipline and have achieved some slight constructive results. The railroads are running on schedule time. The theaters, churches, and stores are open and many of the factories are still in operation.

The Americans who were captured while fighting on the Northern Front expected to be killed at once in true Bolshevik style. Instead, they were taken to Moscow. There they were given the freedom of the city and on Sundays were treated to a good dinner and painstakingly lectured on Bolshevism. Naturally they did not receive good daily rations, according to American standards, but they had as good food as did the Russian soldier. They claim that one of the happiest moments of their lives was when they left Bolshevism behind; nevertheless all testify to the order and discipline of the Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks are rapidly extending their educational system. They claim to have started 4000 schools. Certainly physical training and orphan asylums are being started by them.

Third, in spite of the persistent rumors that Kolchak and Denikine have won startling victories, the fact remains that the Bolsheviks have nearly twice the territory they held when I was in Soviet



THIS boy and girl are only two of the hundreds of children who, swollen with hunger, were to be seen on the streets of Petrograd in the Spring of this year. When not too exhausted these children would be constantly busy in their monkey-like search for "cooties."

ON the other hand, although food and clothing have remained desperately scarce under the Bolshevik reign, the educational system has been rapidly extended to embrace the thousands of poor children and peasant children formerly forbidden to attend public schools. All classes of children may enroll free of charge in this physical training class established for Boy Scouts.



MR. DAVIS spent nearly three years in Russia acting in charge of all Y.M.C.A. war work and speaks of Russian problems from first-hand knowledge.

"**T**HE high cost of eating" was one of the early lessons learned by these Russian children, a fact which makes them more grateful than the proverbial orphan for whatever

bill of fare this recently established Bolshevist asylum may provide. Madame Nikolai Lenine is passing the bowls of soup to-day.

A PILE of unburied coffins was a common sight in Petrograd in April when the daily death toll ran up into the hundreds. The woman in the picture is searching for the remains of a relative.



Frederick Moore, late Captain of Intelligence of the American Expeditionary Force, makes the astonishing statement that "Ninety-five per cent of the people in Siberia are Bolsheviks." That many of the Generals under Kolchak are frank monarchists is admitted by a former American Consul General who has been in Siberia. Allied men who saw the actions of some of these generals in Harbin said that they would almost have become Bolsheviks themselves had they been Russians.

Many Americans get the impression that everything is in good condition in Siberia. Unfortunately there also is much suffering and disease. A letter from an American Red Cross representative about the treatment accorded refugees in Siberia says: "About a third of the people have already had the typhus and it just remains for the

Russia nine months ago. Then Kazan had been captured by forces hostile to the Bolsheviks. To-day not only do the Bolsheviks have Kazan but they hold Samara and are threatening the city of Ufa.

In the North, below Archangel and Murmansk, the American soldiers have been withdrawn. The latest official advices indicate that the Bolshevik lines are well in advance of where they were some months ago.

In the South the Bolsheviks have retaken Tashkent in Turkestan. Just how much of the Ukraine is under the Bolsheviks is uncertain but everyone knows that they control more of its rich, fertile land than they did a year ago.

Realizing the tremendous gains in territory made by the Bolsheviks during the months just past, one begins to feel doubtful about their immediate overthrow. Of course the Finns with Allied aid can take Petrograd, but in that case they will have a large city population to feed, with little strategic advantage. The important factories and supplies have long been evacuated.

But let us look at the opposition. The strongest force opposing the Bolsheviks is that under control of Admiral Kolchak. On June 25th, in an engagement with anti-Kolchak forces near Romanouka, eighteen American soldiers were killed, while the total United States casualties were forty-three. Yet this place is hundreds of miles to the rear of the fighting front.

rest to have it. No accurate account has been kept by the city, but roughly about fifty per cent of the refugees have already died."

This representative testifies that the treatment accorded Bolshevik prisoners, who escaped immediate death, is even worse than that described above. As long as conditions like these occur we can consider that entire order has not yet been secured in Siberia.

Regardless therefore of how much we desire to see Kolchak successful and the Bolsheviks overthrown, most Americans who face these conclusions will admit that there is no immediate prospect of this happening. Indeed it would not be a very strange turn of fortune if the Bolsheviks were stronger in six months than they are now. They are harvesting a good grain crop, vegetables are now on the market, and food is consequently plentiful.

Isaac Don Levine cables the last of May from Soviet Russia: "Even the blind observer here quickly sees that a formidable majority of the nation favors the Soviet Government."

J. A. Powell, late Captain of the A. E. F., and Chief Military Censor in Siberia, says, "How are they to be made to see and understand? Not by military repression, not by shooting and killing. That is but a type of the old treatment under which their understanding has been stunted and warped, resulting in the present horrors." He suggests schools. Perhaps after all Bolshevism will be overthrown more quickly through education than through bullets.

Letting Him into the Labor Union

By Fred R. Moore

"THE action of the convention in removing every class and race distinction from trade-unionism should mark an era in the struggle of the Negro for equal rights, as well as an advance in the history of political and economic liberty in America." That is what President Samuel Gompers said when the American Federation of Labor voted to wipe out the color-line.

Most Negro leaders agree that not since the abolition of chattel slavery has any step been so important. But others ask the question, "After treating the colored laboring man with rank indifference all these years, what has prompted the Federation to make overtures to him at this time?"

Many factors have caused Mr. Gompers and his associates to open their eyes to the importance of Negro labor in the United States.

Important economic changes, such as the migration from the south and the decrease in European immigration, have combined to direct the attention of union labor to the colored working man as a potentiality.

The riots in East St. Louis and other serious racial disturbances which have grown out of the employment of non-union Negro workers have caused the Federation to realize that the line of least resistance would be to unionize the colored workman.

Another reason for opening the unions to the Negro worker is that it lessens the chance of his being used as a strike-breaker.

Friends of the Negro say that the vote to wipe out the color-line in organized labor was due to the record made by the colored soldier in the world war as well as to his growing importance in the field of labor.

Expediency was certainly one factor which made it easy for the white workman to forget prejudice.

One of our colored leaders, W. E. B. DuBois, sees only expediency in this move of the Federation. He says:

"Meantime the battle of Industrial Democracy is being fought, and the white laborers who are fighting it are not sure whether they want their black fellow-laborer as ally or slave. If they could make him a slave they probably would, but since he can underbid their wage they slowly and reluctantly invite him into the union. But can they bring themselves inside the union to regard him as a man—a fellow voter, a brother?"

For the most part, however, the colored press and colored organi-

zations have generally recognized the importance of trade unionism as an ally of the Negro worker and may lay claim to having played some part in winning over organized labor.

As early as November, 1917, for instance, Mr. Gompers and I were corresponding upon the subject of the Negro's industrial status. In one of his letters Mr. Gompers wrote:

"We are doing our level best to organize the wage-earners, whether white or colored, and we shall continue in that course."

In January of the following year a conference of the National Urban League passed a resolution asking that the American Federation of Labor unionize skilled and unskilled Negro workmen.

At that time Mr. Gompers made the statement that the Federation welcomed Negro workers to the ranks of organized labor and that all were invited to join.

In spite of such kindly assurances it was not until the Atlantic City conference in June, 1919, that the American Federation of Labor went on record unreservedly for the essential brotherhood of workers throughout the country, no matter what their color.

This decision, if carried forward to its logical conclusion, will be of benefit to the white worker as well as to the Negro. For the white man it means that he will no longer have to compete with a worker who gets less pay for more work—a form of underbidding which must, in the long run, lower the standard of living for the worker.

For the colored man it means a better chance to become a skilled or semi-skilled worker. Already new and profitable lines of employment are being opened to my race daily—positions which a year or so ago were filled only by white men. Already the phrase "colored preferred" is creeping into want ads—not merely ads for cooks and porters but for finishers, inspectors and printers.

The real extent of this forward movement on the part of organized labor can only be gauged by the spirit in which it is carried out. The American Federation of Labor must deal fairly with the negro, and at the same time the colored man must be required to measure up to the standards demanded of all. If he wants equal pay he should not ask charitable consideration because of his color.

As John A. Lacey said at the Atlantic City convention, "We don't ask any favors, we ask for a chance to live like men, with equal rights and democratic rule. The Negro can read now, and the man who can read can think."

SINGERS IN A "WEARY LAN'"

(Continued from page 22)

reverberating through all the choirs of Heaven. Here the dramatic genius of the Negro attains perhaps its finest choral expression.

Similarly there is pure lyrical poetry in the somber death-song:

*I know moon-rise; I know star-rise,
And I lay this body down.
I walk in the moonlight, I walk in the star-light,
To lay this body down.
I'll lay in the grave and stretch out my arms,
When I lay this body down.
I go to judgment in the evening of the day,
And lay this body down.*

The means of getting to Heaven are as clearly visualized as Heaven itself. The black singer does not depend on heavenly chariots to take him there, either. He is up-to-date and boards a train. There is something dramatic about the songs concerning the trains to Heaven. One can picture the anxiety of the inexperienced traveler trying to get his ticket, his satisfaction when he scrambles on the strange vehicle with it safely clutched in his hands, and the wistfulness of the poor soul who does not get there on time and sees the express pull out for Heaven without him.

*I got my ticket fer de train,
sings one with satisfaction.
I got my ticket fer de train,
Thank God I ain't goin' to stay here by myself.*

One sings courageously:

*I may be sick and cannot rise,
But I'll meet you at the station when the train come along;
I may be blind and cannot see,
But I'll meet you at the station when the train come along.*

Generally, however, the way lies through the river Jordan, and the Negro singer has little to learn about streams, and sings of the rough currents, the high banks, etc., with the conviction of one who knows. Sometimes he has to cross in the dark, with Satan hard on his heels, and he calls out to a fellow Christian, "Bruder, hold the light out," as he makes for the farther shore in the night. Among the coast Negroes there were some graphic descriptions of threatened shipwreck and the manipulation of the laden gospel ship on the stormy waves of the uttermost river.

The spiritual means of attaining to the ultimate deliverance of Heaven were not neglected, either. The chief means was faith in God, a complete submission of the soul to Him. God is as real as Heaven to the black singers, a kind of sublimation of their own simple and loving souls. They speak of Him and of their "bosom friend" Jesus with a familiarity too trusting and childlike to be irreverent. "Ever see such a man as God?" asks one singer, and another says:

*He is King of kings,
And Lord of lords,
No man works like Him.* Continued on page 40

From Kitchen to Factory

COLORED women have always been workers. They have had to be. In the old days it was in the field or the kitchen; now, more and more, it is in the factory or workshop. During the past two years, since war expediency opened the door of industry for them, they have worked at everything, from candy to malleable iron, and one single union—the International Ladies' Garment Workers—has 6000 colored girls in its membership, and a large mail order house in the Middle West has 600 Negro women in clerical positions.

Yet, in most cases, the colored woman is the "marginal worker." She is the last to be hired, the first to go. This very fact is one reason why many Negro women make good; they represent a higher type than the workers they replace. As one student of the subject said:

"Just as a woman who takes a man's job has to possess superior qualifications to make up for her lack of physical strength, so a Negro woman who goes into a white woman's work has to have advantages which offset her color."

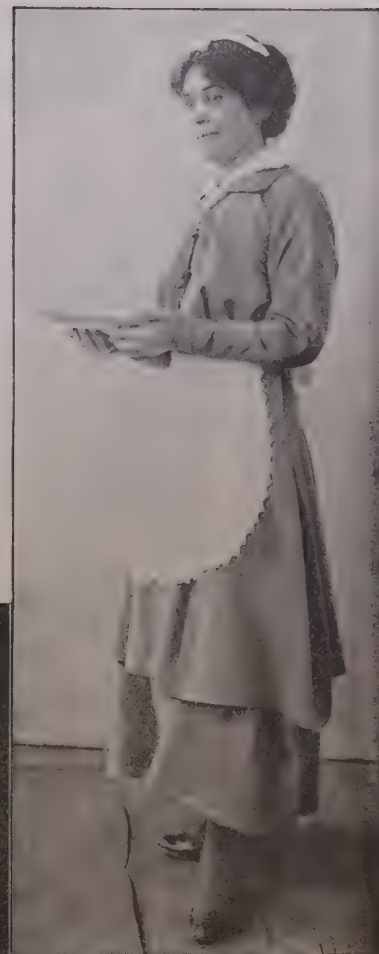
A recent survey in New York City confirmed this statement.

A comparison of the schooling received by the Negro factory workers and by white workers in the same industry showed that only 25 per cent. of the colored women had received less than eight years of schooling, while the proportion among the white workers was 63 per cent; yet the colored women, on the average, were all lower wage than the white. Half of them were earning less than \$10 a week, while only one-sixth of the white received as little.

Still the colored women prefer factory work to kitchen work. It gives them more freedom.

"I'm happier," one of them said, "Even though I'm finding it harder to make enough to live on."

Thus the "black Mammy" of the good old days has passed, and it bids fair to be a long time before we find her successor.



"The Negro girl doesn't like a hall bedroom, and that fact constitutes one of the gravest social problems our race has to face today," said a thoughtful colored woman.

"In the old days of domestic service there was a chance for sociability, for personal contact. This is removed, yet most of our girls cannot stand the loneliness of isolation. We must find some way of giving them wholesome recreation, or our morals will suffer."

Photos by Brown Bros. and Press Illus.



EDUCATION IS THE CRYING NEED OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

*In the schoolhouse lies the cure
for race conflict and antagonism*



Especially is this need of education felt at the present time. The great exodus of Negroes to the North has made the demand for Negro leadership acute. Teachers, doctors, editors, ministers, social service workers and directors of religious education are called for on all sides.

This call will not be temporary. As the Negro answers more and more to the call of great opportunity and better conditions in the North the need will become greater and greater. To meet this critical situation Methodism is dependent upon its Negro schools under the direction of

THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

What We Are Doing

Realizing that the leaders for tomorrow among the Negroes must be Negroes themselves, we are training the boys and girls, young men and young women, to be able to assume this responsibility.

The education of the Negro is our outstanding task.

In our schools, scattered through the South, the young people are trained to clearness of vision, conviction, courage, bravery and patience.

Our schools cover the four phases of education—the grammar school, the academy, the college, the graduate school.

The leadership of Christ is emphasized in all our schools, so that the student gets both a liberal and a Christian education.

About half of the educated Negro physicians in the South are graduates of Meharry Medical College.

Nearly all the educated Negro ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church received their education at Gammon Theological Seminary.

We are training Negro physicians, lawyers, dentists, pharmacists, editors, teachers and leaders in every walk in life to meet the demands of the future.

Gardening, dairying, blacksmithing, carpentering and printing are taught by modern methods.

We prepare the Negro girls for home-makers, nurses, deaconesses and every other field of service which requires competent training.



Shall they become street corner loafers or—

Shall they become useful, educated Christian citizens?

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Help some boy or girl to finish out the full school year who otherwise might have to leave.

Furnish a room in one of our school dormitories.

Pay for a plow or other agricultural implement much needed on one of our school farms.

Pay half the school expenses of some needy student. The other half the student will earn during the summer or after school.

Pay for a sewing machine for a class of girls in training for home service and home making.

Furnish an outfit of desks for a class room to take the place of uncomfortable and ancient substitutes.

Provide a scholarship to prepare a young man for the ministry.

Pay the salary of a Christian teacher in any of our schools.

Provide a free bed in the hospital of Meharry Medical College at Nashville, Tenn., or Flint-Goodrich Hospital at New Orleans, La.

Establish a permanent scholarship for a boy or girl at any of our schools.

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What the Methodist Church Is Doing for the Negro

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has 348,477 Negro members and probationers:

It has 3,688 churches and 1,345 parsonages.

It has 2,172 Negro ministers and 3,538 local preachers.

It has 3,642 Sunday Schools and 234,647 Sunday School teachers, officers and pupils.

It has Negro institutional churches in Kansas City, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Philadelphia, Pa., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

It has a community project in the Brookhaven District of the Mississippi Conference which is an educational and communal center for 14,000 Negroes. This includes a demonstration farm, with traveling instructors, and agricultural and poultry clubs whose membership now includes 555 boys and 263 girls.

The Methodist Episcopal Church operates for Negro education and uplift the following:

1 Theological Seminary.

The largest medical school for Negroes in the world, in Nashville.

2 Hospitals and Nurses' Training Schools.

10 Collegiate and Academic Institutions.

5 Normal and Secondary Institutions.

12 Model Homes and Industrial Training Schools.

In these, in the last fifty years, 200,000 students have been enrolled and 15,000 have graduated. During the year 1918-1919 357 teachers have been employed.

The Methodist Episcopal Church supports the Freedman's Aid Society, which was the pioneer in Negro education in America, and now has under its direction 21 schools, with 317 teachers and 5,279 students.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, operates for the benefit of the Negro, Paine College at Augusta, with 500 graduates, 19 teachers, 303 students enrolled. Paine College is to receive from the Centenary through the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, \$400,000 in five years.

Contributes to five institutions of the Colored M. E. Church in America. These five institutions will receive \$200,000 from the Centenary.

Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church supports for Negro work in the South the following:

12 Model industrial homes.

5 Schools.

5 Kindergartens.

1 Hospital.

1 Deaconess training school.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, through its Board of Home Missions, appropriates about \$60,000 annually to the support of Negro pastors and the erection of Negro churches.

The Centenary Movement of the American Methodist Churches has raised \$4,000,000 for the support and development of Negro churches and religious, philanthropic, and educational enterprise.

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The University of Chicago Press
5884 Ellis Ave. Chicago, Illinois

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"WHAT the Negro should get out of the war ought to be determined largely by what he put into it," says Dr. Scott.

Negroes put into the war 400,000 troops; they put into it labor which established a new riveting record in our shipyards, and heroism which won the first *croix de guerre* awarded to any American soldier. At the time of the armistice they held the all-American record for "nearest the Rhine"!

And what has the Negro got out of the war?

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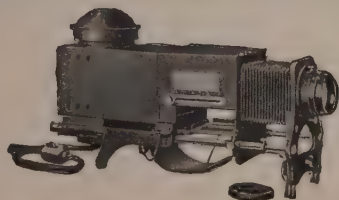


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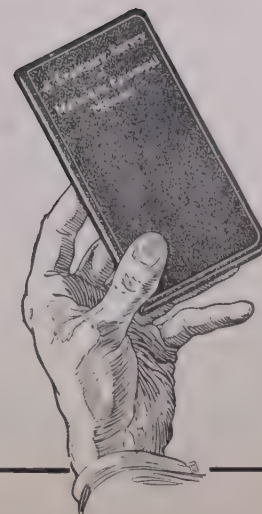
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BOOKS RECEIVED

- AMONG INDUSTRIAL WORKERS. New York: Association Press. \$1.50.
- Anderson, W. H. ON THE TRAIL OF LIVINGSTON. Mountain View, Cal.: Pacific Press Publishing Assn.
- Arnold, Winifred. MISS EMELINE'S KITH AND KIN. Revell. \$1.25.
- Barclay, Sir Thomas. COLLAPSE AND RECONSTRUCTION. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.
- Bond, Frederick. THE HILL OF VISION. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. \$1.50.
- Bricker, G. A. THE CHURCH IN RURAL AMERICA. Cincinnati: Standard Pub. Co. \$1.00 postpaid.
- Burlin, Natalie Curtis. NEGRO FOLK SONGS. In four parts. G. Schirmer. 50c. each.
- Chekzezi, Constantine A. ALBANIA PAST AND PRESENT. The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.
- Chung, Henry. THE ORIENTAL POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. Revell. \$2.00.
- Clark, Elmer T. SOCIAL STUDIES OF THE WAR. Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.
- Coleman, Frederic. THE FAR EAST UNVEILED. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00 net.
- Ferris, Anita B. THE HONORABLE CRIMSON TREE AND OTHER TALES OF CHINA. Everyland Press. 60c.
- Franklin, James H. MINISTERS OF MERCY. Missionary Education Movement. 75c.
- Frothingham, Arthur L. HANDBOOK OF WAR FACTS AND PEACE PROBLEMS. National Security League.
- Gilmore, George William. ANIMISM. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. \$1.75.
- Gowen, Herbert H. THE NAPOLEON OF THE PACIFIC. Fleming H. Revell. \$2.00.
- Guild, Roy B. PRACTISING CHRISTIAN UNITY. Association Press. 75c.
- Guthrie, William Norman. THE RELIGION OF OLD GLORY. Geo. H. Doran Co. \$2.50.
- Hancock, H. Irving. DAVE DARRIN ON MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 60c. net.
- Hancock, H. Irving. UNCLE SAM'S BOYS SMASH THE GERMANS. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 60c. net.
- Harlow, S. Ralph. STUDENT WITNESSES FOR CHRIST. Association Press. 60c.
- Henderson, Mary F. A FEW DOGGERELS FOR TRIxie. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House. \$75.
- Houghton, L. S. FRENCH AND BELGIAN PROTESTANTISM. Missionary Education Movement.
- Inman, Samuel Guy. INTERVENTION IN MEXICO. Association Press. \$1.50.
- Irving National Bank. TRADING WITH THE FAR EAST. Irving National Bank.
- Ivey, Thomas N. METHODIST HANDBOOK. Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn.
- Kawakami, K. K. JAPAN AND WORLD PEACE. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Keable, Robert. STANDING BY. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.
- Kellogg, Paul N. & Arthur Gleason. BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR. Boni & Liveright. \$2.00 net.
- Malcom, M. Vartan. THE ARMENIANS IN AMERICA. Pilgrim Press.
- Man, Henry de. THE REMAKING OF A MIND. Scribners. \$1.75.
- Means, Philip Ainsworth. RACIAL FACTORS IN DEMOCRACY. Marshall Jones Co., Boston. \$2.50.
- Scott, Emmett J. AMERICAN NEGRO IN THE WORLD WAR. Negro Historical Publishing Co., Washington.
- Smith, Snell. AMERICA'S TOMORROW. Britton Publishing Co. \$2.00.
- Smith, Randolph Wellford. THE SOBER WORLD. Marshall Jones Co., Boston. \$2.00.
- Smith, Vincent A. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF INDIA. Oxford Press. \$6.25 net.
- Stanfield, J. M. CHRIST'S SECOND COMING. J. M. Stanfield, Cleveland, Tenn.
- Tiplady, Thomas. SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW ERA. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.
- Vanderlip, Frank A. WHAT HAPPENED TO EUROPE. Macmillan Co.
- Ward, Harry F. OPPORTUNITY FOR RELIGION IN THE PRESENT WORLD SITUATION. Womens Press. 60c.
- Wood, M. D. FRUIT FROM THE JUNGLE. Pacific Press Pub. Association, Mountain View, Cal.
- Wright, Alfred Askin. PEARL SUMMERS. Christopher Publishing House. \$1.60.



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Racial Peace

Continued from page 4

is necessary, and waiting patiently when action is to be deferred, are social servants who will be a blessing to any community—even at considerable salaries.

The ideal democratic Christian co-operation, prophetic of the new age, cannot be forced upon any local community. Like heaven in the heart, it grows from within. But like grace from without the heart, it can be stimulated by national organizations and their representatives.

IN bi-racial matters we need a spirit of appreciation of racial characteristics on both sides. White people, on the one hand, often become impatient at the slower-moving methods of negroes. Negroes, on the other hand, often chafe under the pushing, exacting methods of white people. Insight, tolerance and the spirit of fair play will forestall the friction which arises from such differences. Manhood and womanhood should be appreciated irrespective of color or the geography of birth-place.

America must now exercise this insight, tolerance and appreciation; she must put forward a constructive program which will draw the races together; for only so can we face danger at home from the tyranny of the many as well as danger abroad from the despotism of the few.

Governor Lowden of Illinois, when appointing recently the joint Race Commission—a most important co-operative step toward adjustment of Chicago's race friction—said: "This is a tribunal constituted to get the facts and interpret them and find a way out." Well might that be said to liberal-minded white and Negro citizens all over our land; for it seems that only as they come together in co-operative committees and commissions will a way out be found. Democracy in America and democracy beyond the seas depend upon such co-operation.

Foreign Missions

Continued from page 25

year, let his troops sack it for three days. But the wide streets provide plenty of air and sunshine for every home. There are open spaces that provide playgrounds for the populace, and at least one semi-public garden.

I know Nanking is not the least idolatrous city in the world. But where there once were more than four hundred and eighty temples in the city there are now not more than a few score. Of these, many are small affairs, barely kept running by a priest or two. And my language teacher never tires of pointing out to me how empty the temples are of men worshippers. He thinks this is a sign of the Buddhist breakdown all over China. I am not sure that it is, but it is certainly significant of Nanking.

Yes, and there are other things, some tangible and some intangible. There are the government schools, ranging from the lower grades to college rank, and some professional schools. They use modern methods, and are taught by well-trained men. In the city of my

Continued on page 39

"Prayin' Members" Up North

By Adelaide Lyons

DOWN South, Lucy and George had been "prayin' members" at Mount Olivet—regular "pillars in the church."

On Sunday morning she would lay out George's "store clothes," dress in her own best white muslin, and then they would trudge over the hill to the little, unpainted chapel on the edge of the town.

Brother Greene's preaching at Mount Olivet may have made an emotional rather than an intellectual appeal, but it suited Lucy and George. Lucy found herself in a state of exaltation as she swayed back and forth to the slow rhythm of the preacher's words, and George gathered religious fervor which he expressed in loud "Amen's." By the time the meeting was over, George was ready for another week's work in the cotton field, and Lucy had a pleasant memory which would keep her singing as she washed and ironed.

When George and Lucy moved North, they expected still to find the church a "rock in a weary land," but after the first service they went home disappointed.

The preaching did not move Lucy to ecstatic swaying, and the one time George broke out in a joyous "Amen," the silk-clad lady sitting next to him stared so that he was quiet during the rest of the services.

They did not know any of the songs, and dropping their contribution into a shiny plate lacked the thrill of carrying it up to the table in sight of the whole congregation. It was all disappointing. But the greatest disappointment came after the services were over.

Nobody spoke to them, although they waited until the church was quite empty.

Perhaps it was because the skirt of Lucy's best white muslin was too long and too full, perhaps George's "store clothes" made him look awkward and uneasy, but whatever the reason, the church lost George and Lucy.

In just the same way it lost thousands of other migrant Negroes during the past four years.

In the meantime we hear that the migrant Negroes are indolent, shiftless, and lawless. As a matter of fact, they are often only bewildered, ignorant, and leaderless. They have failed to find in the colder Northern churches the religious fervor they knew and loved in the South.

The church, if it is ever to win this group, must meet them halfway, must provide them with a center which will take the place of the Southern "meeting house" they were accustomed to, a place which is club, school and lecture hall as well as church, a real "rock in a weary land, a shelter in the time of storm."

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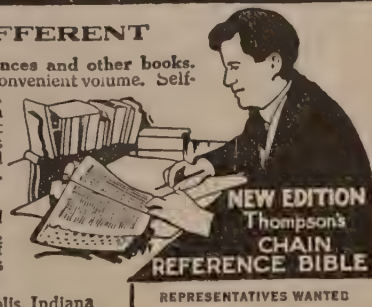
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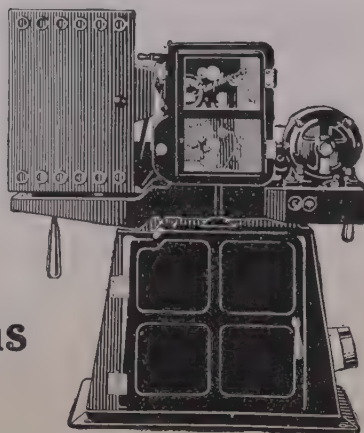
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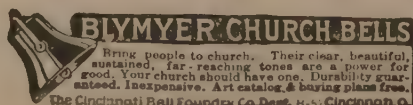
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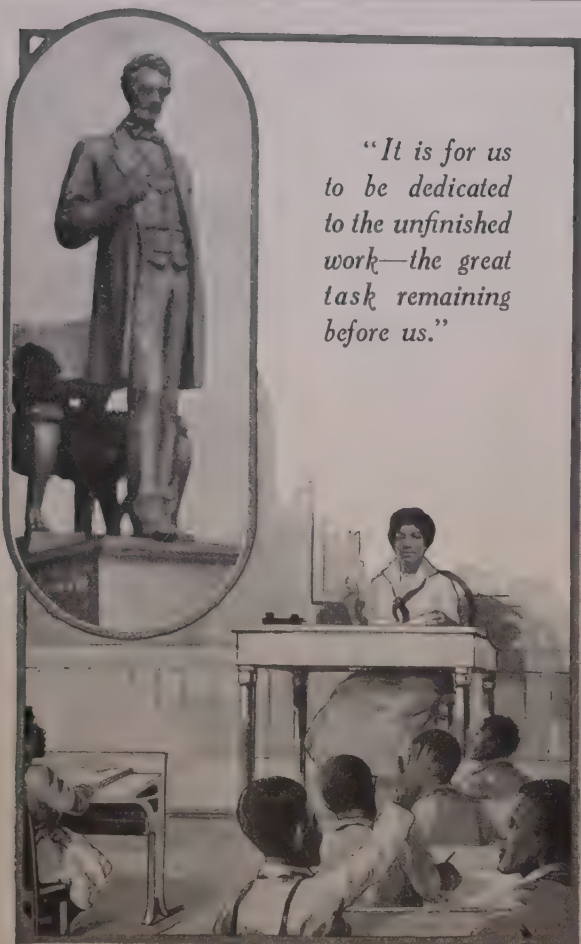
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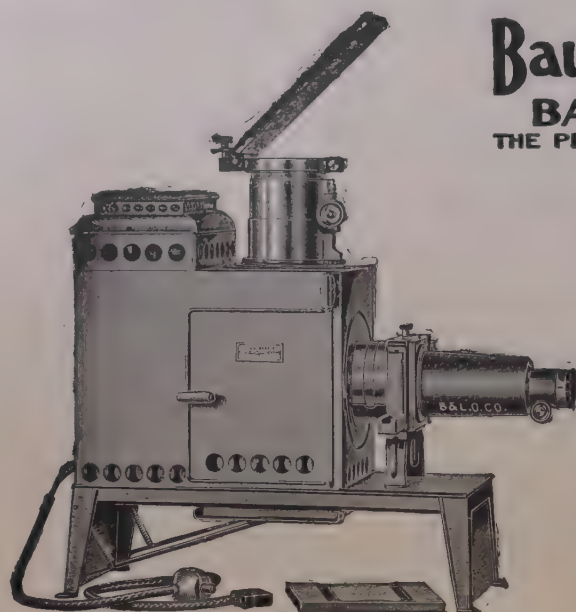
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Dangerous Exploitation

Continued from page 14

It means total lack of lighting, heat, water, and toilet facilities, as well as leaky roofs, poorly constructed buildings, and unsanitary surroundings.

There are still more jobs than workers in Detroit, and still the paid agents of manufacturers bring these trusting people from the South. During the past three or four months probably four thousand have come—and nearly a thousand of them are still sleeping in streets and parks.

Pittsburgh and the steel region offered high wages which brought many of the Negroes North. There most of the migrants live in rooming houses where the parlors have become bedrooms and the bedrooms have become dormitories.

One careful report from Pittsburgh says: "Conditions in these rooming houses are often beyond description. Sleeping quarters are provided not only in bedrooms but in attics, basements, and kitchens. In the more crowded sections, beds are rented on a double-shift basis. There is no space in the rooms except for beds. Only a few are provided with bathrooms and a great number have the water and toilets outside the house. In one case a colored migrant rented an old dilapidated shack for \$50 a month."

Of the colored families investigated in Pittsburgh forty-nine per cent lived in one room each, and the average rent paid by colored tenants was \$17 a month.

Many of the contract laborers from the South do not live in the cities at all, but in specially-constructed camps. Conditions in these camps vary from "wooden sheds covered with tar paper and steam heated, equipped with sanitary cots, flush toilets, and shower baths" to those where "bunks were built closely in tiers of three or four; mattresses were filthy; old clothes, cans, and whiskey bottles were thrown about, and the shacks had not been cleaned for some days."

The ultimate benefit which Northern industry derives from the Negro laborer will depend largely upon the way in which this housing question is solved. To illustrate:

Two steel-plant managers in the Pittsburgh district held absolutely opposite views as to the value of the Negro worker. One said that he had seen ten thousand Negroes pass through his mill in ten months, and that they were "shiftless and undependable." The other, who had induced the company to provide family homes for his Negro workers, said that he found among them "some of the steadiest and most dependable men he had ever employed."

Negro adjustment is merely a problem of human relationships, to be solved in every-day terms, such as normal rents, water connections, and storm-proof roofs.

Our supply of March, 1919, copies is completely exhausted. We will extend your subscription two months if you will send us your copy in good condition. Put name and address on outside. World Outlook.

Cincinnati's Answer

Continued from page 15

of such a house in Cincinnati is \$20 per month. At the end of the ten years the purchaser is given a deed to the house subject to a mortgage of \$600 at 5 per cent, or \$30 a year, which is to be paid off in whole or in part at his convenience. These houses would have to sell at an advance of 25 to 30 per cent on present basis of cost.

Playgrounds for children, with covered sand pits and shelter houses, have been provided wherever possible.

We have a co-operative store which is the only experiment of its kind that I know of for colored people in this country. We are hoping to save customers about 10 per cent on their purchases.

Our assembly room is large enough to accommodate 250 people, and is the only respectable room for such purposes outside of the church or Y. M. C. A. building offered to the colored people in our city.

We have organized Community Clubs, one for men and one for women, which every tenant is expected to join.

In 1916 one out of sixteen Negroes in our city was in the workhouse, and in proportion to the whites the Negroes had over four to one in the hospital. Out of a probable population of 29,000, 6,257, or 26.4 per cent, of the total number of arrests were made in 1918. In one of our communities comprising 188 families and operating on an average for three years, we have had but 11 arrests. In 1918 we had but one arrest.

For the same period we had nineteen deaths out of an approximate population of six hundred, or 10.6 per thousand, while the death rate of the Negro in the city as a whole was 29 per thousand.

What my friends and I—the Cincinnati Model Homes Company—have done others can do. Our proposition is not charity. It is sound business, but business with a heart behind it, business which benefits every one concerned.

Foreign Missions

Continued from page 34

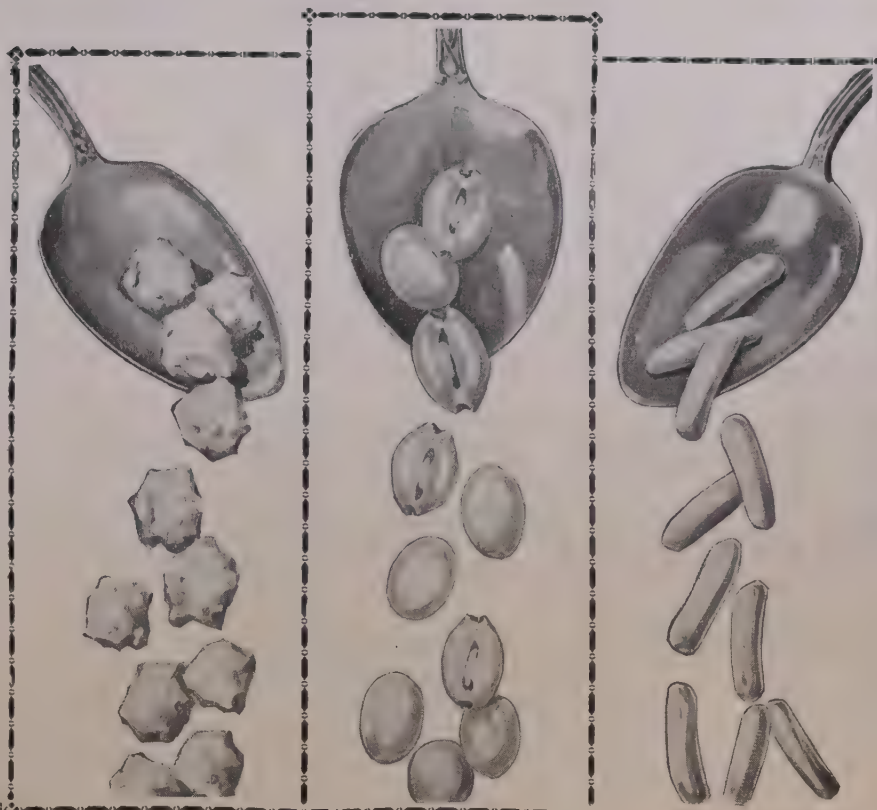
visit I found nothing of the kind. There are the native physicians with a practice that knows no limit and a success that is a daily testimonial to the worth of their Western training. There are the groups that gather to discuss politics and the modernization of this nation. And not only discuss. Nanking has fought for the revolution twice. Numbers of her men have paid with their lives for the depth of their convictions.

To sum the thing up in a sentence: Nanking is full of the signs of a better, more progressive, forward-looking life. The other city had none of them.

And the more I study the situation the more I am convinced that the fundamental difference between the two lies in this: that the one has been awakened by the ideals of the missionary and has, to some extent, responded to the things for which he stands. The other has not.

Therefore, when, in the future, the black devils of doubt assail me, I am going to recall

Continued on page 40



The Best Foods Children Ever Get

Puffed Grains are the best foods children ever get, and millions of mothers now know it.

All should keep that fact before them.

Two are whole grains—Wheat and Rice—puffed to eight times normal size. One is tiny corn hearts puffed to raindrop size.

All are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, toasted, with a most enticing taste. They seem like food confections. All are steam exploded—shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. Never were grains made so easy to digest.

For Any Hungry Hour

These are pinnacle foods—enticing, hygienic, rich in what children need.

They hold supreme place among breakfast dainties. But serve them all day long. Float Puffed Wheat in your bowls of milk. Use Puffed Rice in candy making or as garnish on ice cream. Mix Corn Puffs with your fruits.

Crisp and lightly butter—as with peanuts or pop-corn—for hungry children after school. Use these fragile toasted wafers in your soups.

They supply whole-grain nutrition. They never tax the stomach. They make the best foods most inviting.

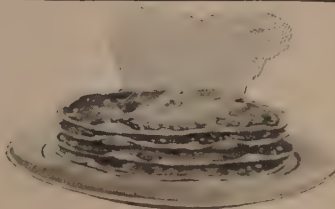
Puffed Wheat stands first, but all Puffed Grains, with all food cells exploded, are the best foods children get. Don't let a day go by without them if you realize that.

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**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
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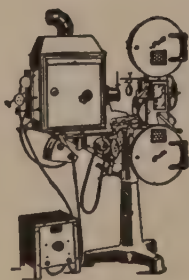
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Singers in a Weary Lan'

Continued from page 28

The troubled soul who finds this world a veritable vale of tears comforts himself by singing:

Jesus walks in the weary lan',

Jesus walks in the weary lan'.

He is always by them, this gentle Jesus, in all the hard paths of the world, ready to undo the work of the bad "ole man" Satan, who comes in for a deal of harsh language for his false and meddling ways. Now and then, especially in the more recent songs, a little homely morality is mingled with these pictures of things spiritual:

You say you're aiming for the skies.

Why don't you stop yer tellin' lies?

You say de Lord has set you free,

Why don't you let yer neighbor be?

Through all these songs there runs a strain of wistfulness, which sometimes becomes a poignant hopelessness. "Jesus is dead, and God's gone away," sings one, and another has expressed the utmost of spiritual loneliness in the song "I couldn't hear nobody pray." Sometimes the wistfulness is half unconscious, as in the chorus, "Goin' home, bimeby. Goin' home, bimeby."

The childhood of the race which sang so touchingly in its simplicity is now passing away, and if this early promise is to be fulfilled it will be in more mature and massive work, both in poetry and music. No people, in a similar stage of intellectual development, has shown a talent more fine and sure, both in music and in language, nor one which augurs better for the future. Already one or two Negro writers, like Dubois, have shown the possibility of carrying over into highly cultivated literary expression qualities peculiar to the Negro imagination—rich, sensuous, and plaintive—and has captured in the prose of a scholar some of the somber sweetness of the old songs. Negro musicians have also demonstrated their skill in mastering the white man's art. The hope of the race lies not in copying the white man, but in preserving in their maturity the incomparable qualities of their childhood—ripened and deepened and extended to wider fields of human experience. In the hard upward struggle which is still before the black man, there shines this light of hope—this promise of ultimate achievement in two of the highest branches of human endeavor, achievement which may be of a quality so rich and so rare that the proudest peoples of the earth may yet do him honor.

Foreign Missions

Continued from page 39

these two places, the one with the missionary, the other to all intents without. And that will give me my bearings. For when I stood in one I stood in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. And when I returned to the other I came back to the twentieth, or at least the nineteenth.

Looking at the two, the foreign missionary is perfectly content to rest his case on the old judgment: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

What missionary plans have proven successful in your Sunday School? We will pay you for them. Address Editorial Dept., World Outlook, 150 5th Avenue, New York.

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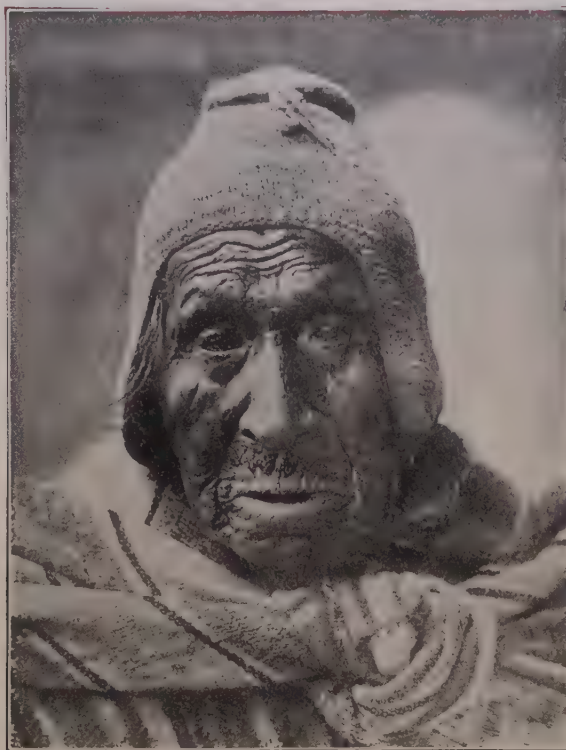
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Yours truly,
H. B. WILLIAMS, Vice-President,
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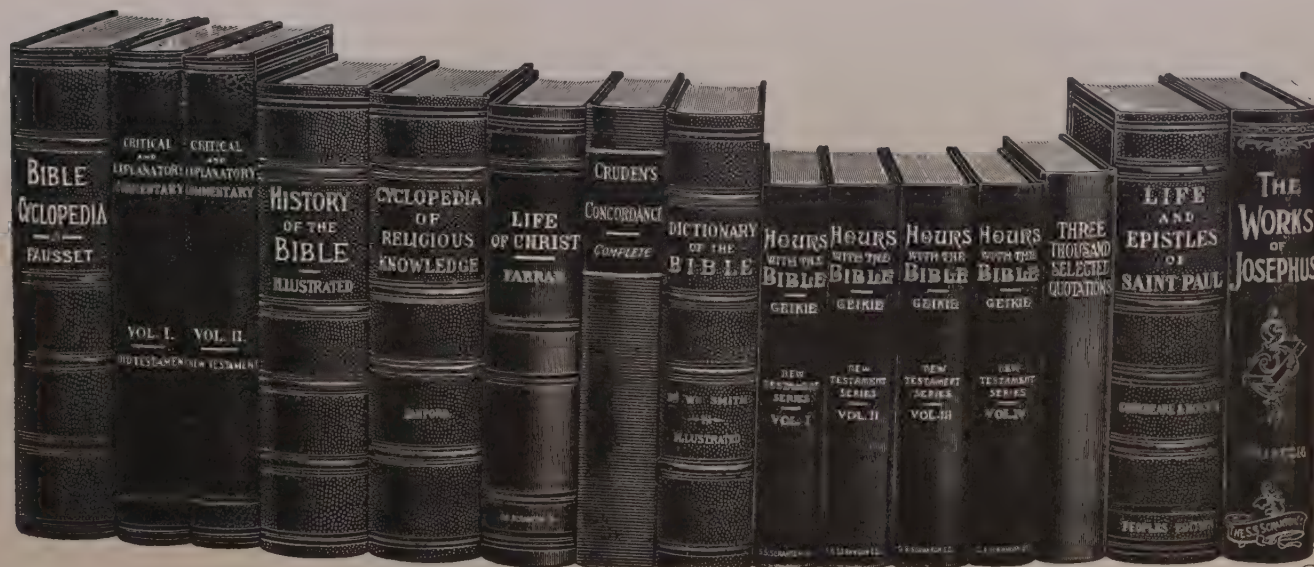
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World Outlook will not be a journal of church machinery. It will give little attention to departmental mechanisms within the churches, and great attention to the religious and social impact of the churches upon society.

No magazine in the United States will excel World Outlook in make-up and illustration.

No appeals for money will be published. World Outlook is not intended as a money raising or propagandist medium, but a magazine of broad missionary education. Its underlying purpose is to bring the searchlight of Christian principles to bear upon the problems and puzzles of a world in unrest.

THE EDITOR.

Men and Missions

*has been combined with
World Outlook*

THE monthly periodical, Men and Missions, published by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, has now been combined with World Outlook.

Men and Missions has been edited under the able direction of William B. Millar, Editor, Frederic B. Hodgins, Managing Editor, and Fred P. Haggard, E. W. Halford, E. M. Poteat, and W. E. Doughty, Editorial Board.

The magazine has had a most successful career. The combination is now made in the belief that by pooling the strength of the two magazines and eliminating duplication of effort the missionary enterprise may be more effectively served.

We heartily welcome the readers of Men and Missions into the World Outlook family.



A PATRIARCH OF THE OLD SCHOOL WHO HAS LIVED TO SEE CIVILIZATION CREEP UP INTO THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

WORLD OUTLOOK

NOVEMBER
1919

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WILLARD PRICE
Editor

Both Sides

TWO Statesmen, one Chinese, the other Japanese, here make it easy for an American to get a clear understanding of the situation that has threatened to cause rejection of the Peace Treaty.



HERE we see a representation of an ancient Japanese warrior, looking proverbially fierce but decidedly encumbered. Fortunately for Japan's self-preservation, she has, in less than fifty years, realized her ambition of becoming "a nation in arms," with compulsory military training and naval resources so modern and effective that they place her in the ranks of the Five Powers.

of the Shantung Issue

The Japanese Side

By Toyakichi Iyenaga

COMPARED with the stupendous exertions of the United States, Japan's part in the war was small. She entered the war in obedience to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which imposed upon her the duty of conducting military operations in common with her Ally in the regions of Eastern Asia and its waters. The fulfillment of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was in perfect accord with Japan's national interests, for the German aggressive designs in the Far East were a constant menace to her security and welfare.

Japan did her work with energy and thoroughness.

Would that she were blessed by bounteous Providence so that she could follow the example of America and forego any material compensation for her war efforts!

The position of Japan is different. Circumscribed within a narrowly limited area, with scanty resources, and crowded with two-thirds of the entire population of America, Japan's problem of existence is not an easy one. Only by energy, perseverance and patriotic sacrifices of the people has the Japanese nation succeeded in entering the ranks of the Five Powers.

Flanked by huge neighbors, whose weal or woe, strength or weakness, is bound to affect her own peace and security, Japan is facing an unparalleled predicament. Such a nation, however idealistic at heart, can not afford to spend its energy for altruistic purposes alone, and neglect to take every precautionary step necessary to ensure its independence. The policy of self-preservation is the one Japan is given to pursue.

Every experience which Japan has gained is a priceless lesson to her. In 1895 she tasted the bitter cup of being deprived of the best fruits of victory in the costly war with China, and not long after of witnessing those fruits slip from China's grasp and fall into European hands. In order to forestall a repetition of this experience at the peace conference which was to settle the world war, Japan felt it necessary to assure herself of the support of her claims by her Allies at the peace table. This will explain the agreements entered into in 1917 between Japan on the one hand and Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia on the other, as well as the China-Japan Agreements of 1915 and 1918. Can we justly blame Japan for concluding these conventions?

THE aforesaid treaties are the basis of Articles 156, 157 and 158 of the Versailles Treaty. The terms of the latter Treaty are substantially the same as those specified in the former. So long, therefore, as these treaties stand, so long will the Shantung clause of the Versailles Treaty stand.

Consequently, Chinese advocates are consistent, at least, when in trying to annul the Shantung decision, they advocate the abrogation of the China-Japan Treaty of 1915. This, however, is out of the question. Great Britain, France and Italy stand upon their honor. Nor will Japan ever consent to be a party to the abrogation of the Treaty of 1915.

Moreover, in adopting such a grave course, China must be prepared to turn into "scraps of paper" many of the Treaties she has concluded with other powers. No statesman, I presume, will subscribe to such a program of upsetting the international order now maintained in China and re-enacting in that country the chaos and anarchy of Bolshevik Russia.

That the United States has assumed a different position with regard to the Shantung decision from what I have stated is intelligible. The country is not a party to the Agreements concluded among the Allies during February and March of the same year. Nor has it recognized the China-Japan Treaty of 1915.

According to the disclosure made in President Wilson's statement of August 6th, of the circumstances that led to the Shantung decision, he agreed to it upon the basis of the policy declared by the Japanese peace envoys, Baron Makino and Viscount Chinda. In the discussion that was to decide one of the most hotly disputed

The Chinese Side

By J. S. Tow

THE Shantung decision made by the Council of Three at the Peace Conference is more than an injustice done to China; it is a challenge by the old diplomacy to the new international order.

The Settlement stands out from all the provisions of the Peace Treaty with Germany. It approves a wrong done China by Germany; it transfers China's territory and property to Japan, ignoring the rights of a weak nation and aiding in the building up of a Far Eastern Germany. The background of Articles 156, 157 and 158 in the Peace Treaty must be clearly understood to grasp the full significance of the settlement from China's standpoint.

No one has ever attempted to condone the German mailed fist which forced China to assent to the leasing of Kiaochau. The provisions of arrangement between the Chinese Empire and Germany are explicit and in direct contradiction to the terms of the peace settlement.

The lease of Kiaochau to Germany was non-transferable. It was stated in the Chino-German Treaty of 1898 that, except China, Kiaochau could be under no condition transferred to another power. The capture of Kiaochau by Japan could not legally abrogate the lease, as Japan was not a party to it. It was only when China declared war on Germany that the lease was abrogated and thereby Kiaochau legally reverted to China.

The same is true of the German economic privileges in Shantung. From the viewpoint of the legality of the transfer Kiaochau has been Chinese territory ever since China entered the War.

The Peace Conference, instead of confirming the title, has turned all these over to Japan, a co-belligerent of China. China's protests were ignored and her sovereignty was disregarded by those who had made themselves the protectors of small and weak nations. Later, China asked permission to make a reservation in the treaty on Shantung clauses; when refused this request essential to the protection of her rights she asked the right of referring this question to the League of Nations for consideration. Even this was refused without expressed reason.

China's territory and property were thus bartered to Japan. Although she was one of the associated nations of the war, China was treated worse than a neutral nation, for no neutral nation was injured by the treaty.

THE world agrees that the decision cannot be squared with international justice, and that it is against all those principles upon which the world struggle was waged. Even President Wilson admitted that he accepted it reluctantly and did so only to save the League of Nations. Great Britain and France made the decision because they were bound by the secret agreements with Japan in 1917, supporting Japan's claim of Shantung.

These agreements, it must be emphasized, were made at the very time when China was induced to enter the war on their side. China, like the United States, was ignorant of them until the Shantung matter was taken up at Versailles. What surprises China is that she must be bound by agreements of which she had no knowledge, and must suffer a continued mutilation of territory and property in order to settle the debts of the great powers.

To carry out these secret agreements means to disregard China's sovereignty and independence, just as Germany disregarded Belgium's. If Great Britain and France intended to do justice to China, they could explain to Japan that it was not their intention to repudiate the agreements, but that their principles laid down subsequently in order to win the war made it impossible for them to carry them out.

If they were afraid of being inconsistent with their charge as to Germany's disregarding her agreement, why were they not afraid of being inconsistent with their own principles? Was it because they were afraid that Japan, strengthened so greatly by the world war, would turn upon them — make an alliance with Germany

The Japanese Side

questions at the Paris Conference, President Wilson further enlightens us that "reference was made to the enforcement of the agreements of 1915 and 1918 only in case China failed to co-operate fully in carrying out the policy outlined in the statement of Baron Makino and Viscount Chinda."

It is made plain to all careful observers that the Shantung decision was the result of the compromise effected by principal representatives of the great Powers.

THE Shantung program announced by Japan's Peace Envoys and now elaborated by her Foreign Minister is (1) to restore Kiaochau in pursuance of the assurance given at the Peace Conference and in fulfillment of the pledge she gave to China in 1915; (2) to operate the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railroad as a joint Sino-Japanese enterprise without any discrimination in treatment against other nationals, Chinese policing the road; (3) to establish in Tsingtao a general foreign settlement, instead of an exclusive Japanese settlement; (4) to withdraw completely the Japanese troops now guarding the territory upon the completion of these arrangements with China. *In this way Shantung will come to attain the same status ruling in other provinces of China.*

The Shantung settlement, therefore, does not infringe upon the territorial integrity of China or her independence. Rather does it serve to recover China's sovereignty which Germany had in fact over-ridden at Kiaochau in 1898.

After the reaffirmation by Viscount Uchida of the pledge repeatedly made by Japan's responsible statesmen and her representatives at Paris and Washington to restore Kiaochau to China, deed alone would convince those who still doubt Japan's sincerity of purpose. How such a step can be taken before China signs the Treaty, I do not know. The execution of the contract cannot take place while the other party is out of the ring. The responsibility of delaying the steps leading to the redeeming of Japan's pledge can not be shirked by China so long as she refuses to sign the Versailles Treaty. The deadlock, however, can not last long. I entertain a strong hope that China will soon see the wisdom of adopting a course that will ensure the benefits vouchsafed her by the Versailles Treaty by affixing her seal to it, and avoiding the danger involved in making a separate peace with Germany.

The one and sole weakness in the Shantung decision, I will admit, is the outward appearance it unavoidably partakes that the Allies have given the award to Japan at the expense of a friendly nation, and that Japan has become heir to the leasehold and rights which Germany extorted from China on the barest of pretenses.

The status of Kiaochau under German occupation was, however, scarcely different from that of Port Arthur and Dalny under Russian occupation. Nevertheless, when one compares the terms of the Shantung settlement with those of the Portsmouth Treaty, he will immediately notice a very marked difference. The Treaty, which was concluded through the good offices of President Roosevelt, transferred to Japan without much ado the Russian leasehold of Kwangtung territory, wherein Port Arthur is located, of the South Manchurian Railway, and of all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto, together with the right of stationing troops to guard the line. By the Versailles arrangement, on the other hand, the Kiaochau leasehold will be given up, the railroad is to be brought under joint management, and a trace of military occupation will be completely wiped out by the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Shantung.

I am supremely confident of the continuance of amicable relations between America and Japan. Speeches might be made denouncing Japan worse than the Satan of Milton's creation; intrigues might be attempted to embroil the United States in trouble with Japan; but I am sure that these labors will come to nought. For the interests and forces, inherent and dynamic, which bind the two great nations on the opposite shores of the Pacific, are so manifest that no amount of scheming could alienate their friendship. These interests and forces can not, of course, be estimated in terms of dollars and cents. But to give one illustration:—America's trade with Japan amounts to \$400,000,000 annually, while her trade with China, which has a population five times larger than that of Japan, is valued at \$200,000,000.

Notwithstanding this bond of amity across the Pacific, I can

(Continued on page 65)

The Chinese Side

in order to disrupt the League of Nations? Yet by yielding to Japan, were not the Big Three embarking on a more dangerous course?

The League of Nations was to be established to protect the rights of small nations and weak countries, and to render wars in the future less likely. China, as well as other weak nations, wonders if this sacrifice of principles can really save the association of nations sponsored by President Wilson.

The Chinese people feel that the Big Three, in yielding to the Japanese threats of withdrawal from the Peace Conference, are tolerating what may soon be a new Germany in the Far East after having destroyed the Prussia of Europe. If Japan's militarists make the Japanese people into a second Germany; China knows that she will become another France. That is why the Chinese people are demanding the unconditional return of Kiaochau and the ex-German rights in Shantung lest Shantung become the Alsace-Lorraine of the East.

THE outcome of the Peace Conference gives China no confidence in Japanese intentions. The action of the Big Three in making Japan promise to return at "the earliest possible day" the Shantung spoils to China, while retaining only the economic rights, is made out to be a great concession.

But nobody knows what this earliest possible day will be. Japan is using every possible subterfuge to delay restitution, while she is doing everything in her power to build up her indirect domination of Shantung. While Japan is asking how she can return the German rights to China until the latter has signed the Peace Treaty, Japanese statesmen know very well that China could not sign without rectification or reservation because there is no mention in the treaty that any of the former German rights and privileges will be returned to China.

Viscount Uchida has attempted to confuse Japan's promise to the Big Three with the China-Japanese Agreements of 1915, in his statement on the future of Shantung. Fortunately, President Wilson lost no time in pointing out that the Big Three had refused to make Japan's pledge in any way contingent upon the 1915 Treaties forced on China by Japan by threats of war.

Much is being made of the humiliation Japan suffers because she is asked to make a written and public promise to return Kiaochau to China. Had not the course of Japan during the past twenty years inspired distrust which even shows itself in settlements effected at Paris by the Big Three, the widespread apprehensions over Japanese intentions would not exist.

Only Japan feels it a hardship that she cannot hold Kiaochau as she controls Port Arthur and Dairen across the Gulf of Chihli. It was only with reluctance that she made any verbal promise of restitution at the Peace Conference; her objection to making any written assurances to China, after her recent diplomatic assaults on the very integrity of the Chinese Republic, confirms the popular distrust which meets Japan today.

The truth is that Japan is very shortsighted. She might have returned Kiaochau to China unconditionally without any pledge or guarantee, gaining in her international prestige immeasurably and winning the friendship of China instead of meeting Chinese distrust and loss of trade.

Even now the emptiness of Japanese professions is manifesting itself. If Japanese statesmen have the good will toward China we hear so much about, why is Japan trying to make a restitution which amounts to virtually nothing—retaining for herself all that is really of value in controlling this strategic province of China?

When Japan states she intends to return the Kiaochau leasehold to China, she does not say that Japanese interests will control all that is of value in the Port of Tsing-tao. No mention is made of the fact that this restitution, so-called, leaves in Japanese hands practically all of the available business and factory districts, the port works and wharves, the railway terminals, the post-office, the customs-house and the customs administration. Nothing is said about the strategic significance of these "economic rights" of Viscount Uchida; the railways, mines, and related privileges.

(Continued on page 65)

Make Way for the Onward March of Christianity!

There has never been a period in the history of the world when the doctrine of Cain was so widespread as it is today, Dr. Taylor said in this address before the Council of Pastors at Pittsburgh. What the world needs is a united Church which can demonstrate the stronger doctrine of brotherhood.

By S. Earl Taylor

A CHRISTIAN HOME, an open Bible, a free church — in a word the foundations of intelligence and morality laid deep by our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers — have made democracy safe in America. But what about the other nations of the earth?

Nearly a billion people, almost two-thirds of the population of the globe, have never heard of Christ! That means that they stand entirely apart from the whole range of influences associated with Christianity; that they lack the sense of the value of personality and human rights which works so mightily as an incentive to progress.

And the nations are telling us about it. The dead formalism of the Far East will not hold the educated classes today. One of the great men of China who passed through this country on his way to Paris, said:



"You have taken away from us our idols and our temples and destroyed our faith in Buddhism and Confucianism. Responsibility rests on you to give us a positive substitute, which we must have now to avoid chaos."

Then there is Mexico. Four out of five people in Mexico cannot read the Bible. The very name of God is unknown to one-fifth of the population. And there is South America, made up of these republics near to us and most vitally related to us.



But what about the people? What are they doing? Bishop Oldham said.

"The intellectuals of South America have utterly turned away from all knowledge of and desire for companionship with God. He is not in their vocabulary. Search their ranks through and you will not find

a single professor who owns allegiance to the idea of God."

Twenty-five years ago, the missionaries in Japan called aloud to the churches, saying that Japan's redemption was possible at that time, that the opportunity would pass in a year, and the church must act quickly. We all know the facts. The church did not respond, and the Christian harvest in Japan has been postponed for at least fifty years, possibly a century. China is better prepared today than Japan was twenty-five years ago.



The missionaries are dealing with many problems and the progress is amazing. Not all of the schools of mission lands are great, for they have their crude beginnings, as when Bishop Lambert went out into the heart of Africa and put down a post and said, "Let there be a school here," and there one saw the beginnings of a school.

Presently these schools grow. I was down in South America in towns you never heard of, and saw school after school in the pioneer stages.



Now, with such opportunities before us, God knows the work can go forward if the church will rise to do what it is being called to do. Again we have the days of small things out under the open sky with the native people in the heart of Africa gathered around the missionary as he opens the book and teaches the word, and then presently there is a devout and believing congregation, and the work grows and grows mightily.

Dr. Mott said a little while ago.

"A practical plan of co-operation by the leaders of Protestantism would make possible the world-wide occupation of all the fields that now concern us. In fact, I see no reason why five years should pass without our having in position gospel agencies in sufficient strength to bring the victory well within our sight and within our day."

Now, if that be true, God pity the church that stands in the way of a program like this.

WE asked an experienced judge of fiction to read "The Touchstone" in manuscript, and this is the comment received: "Few serial stories combine the delightful features of this one: a very convincing and appealing love interest, excellent delineation of character, humor, a wholesome home atmosphere, a good—and in places an exciting—plot, and a note of idealism admirably suited to the audience and

aims of World Outlook. O'Grady is a real person, and so are all the others in this breezy story. Since there are five lively youngsters in the plot, and their pranks are humorously described, the story has—to some extent—the appeal of "Helen's Babies," which means that every wholesome-minded man or woman who sits down to read "The Touchstone" will chuckle over it to the last word."

The Touchstone

By Katharine Holland Brown

"Hawthornden." *The Fenway, Brookline.*
March twenty-eighth.

To Miss Lydia Anne Prescott,
New Ipswich,
New Hampshire.

Lyddy, love:

I trust you're properly awed by the proud and haughty heading of this page. I'll own I'm rather awed myself. Imagine me, a meek young instructor in domestic science, enacting Cinderella in the mansions of the Great! As you will surmise, it's all the Prince's doing. No, dinna cock yir eye and murmur hypocritically, "Which Prince?" You know very well there is but one. I fancy my letters have been fairly full of Mr. John Copley Hollis, for some months past.

Yet I've never told you how my queer puzzling romance began. Back of it lie the machinations of my great-aunt Euphemia, — Mrs. Lucius Potts Sears, — the only living relative brother Henry and I possess. Do you remember her? A tall, forceful lady, with Boston writ large all over her, from high-piled satin-gray hair to square dogmatic shoes. After father and mother died, she was very kind to Henry and me, in her own somewhat resolute, not to say bossy, way. And Henry and I accepted her favors with proper gratitude, until one fateful hour, just ten years ago.

It was the spring Henry graduated from Tech. Aunt Euphemia invited us both to Cliff Towers, her Pride's Crossing place, for Easter vacation. I was fourteen, a little scared long-legged snip, and I'll never forget my panicky delight as we climbed aboard the train for Pride's Crossing.

Aunt Euphemia had bidden a dozen other young folk. Among them was one Amelia Tuckerman, a fat pale pop-eyed creature, aged twenty-nine. And on the second day of our stay, Aunt Euphemia, with battering-ram candor, informed Henry that she considered Miss Tuckerman a most desirable possibility for her impecunious nephew. "In fact, I planned this on purpose, as an opportunity for you, Henry!"

Henry jumped up violently and towered before Aunt Euphemia. For a full minute, he didn't speak. Perhaps he didn't dare.

"Thank you, Aunt Euphemia, for your thoughtfulness," he said at last, quite white around the mouth. "But I am sure Miss Tuckerman would not find me interesting. For one thing, she is seven years my senior—"

"What's seven years, Henry? Remember, all three Tuckerman fortunes will be hers in time. And you haven't a dollar."

Henry stood, rigid. I clambered out of the rhododendrons, and clung to the baluster open-mouthed.

"True, Aunt Euphemia." Henry's voice congealed. "But I can earn, remember. I do not see myself living on Tuckerman bounty."

"What Quixotic nonsense, Henry!" Aunt Euphemia's jaw set, flint: her gray eyes snapped. "Of course, if there were some other interest—"

"There is."

"Ah! May I ask—"

Henry paled. He drew a hard breath of resolve. "Barbara Loyall."

"Barbara Loyall! Admiral Loyall's grand-daughter! That pretty little feather-head, with no kinsfolk, no home, not a penny to her name! Henry Garrison, are you an utter fool?"

A queer shiver went over Henry. He seemed to swell and grow tall. His blue eyes hardened to steel.

"Perhaps I am, Aunt Euphemia. But I shall marry Barbara Loyall, if she'll be good enough to accept me. And if Miss Tuckerman was your reason for asking Edith and myself to Cliff Towers—"

"She certainly was my reason! I have some regard for your future, if you have not."

Henry turned to me. Never, to my dying day, will I forget how he looked. To my terrified eyes, he was at least nine feet tall, and the hand he laid on my arm was iron.

"In that case — Edith! Go, get your hat."

I got my hat. Thirty minutes later, Henry and I rolled out through the Cliff Towers gates, as I thought, forevermore. Of course you know the sequel. Henry snatched up lovely shy Barbara Loyall, and carried her off and married her, that identical week. Today, he's an overworked civil engineer, toiling on a drainage contract, in a Mississippi backwater, down in Southern Illinois. They have five children, and are poorer than Job's turkey, the blessed luckless dears. Aunt Euphemia sent them a solid silver tea service, then washed her hands of them, and of me, too. And for ten mortal years, Aunt Euphemia has been but a forceful memory. Until the first day of last August.

Upon that memorable day, she drove up Pinckney street, magnificent in her plum-colored town car. She swung up my narrow stair, eyed my humble school-marm's domain, then remarked, with a brisk kiss:

"It is ten years, my dear Edith, since your brother behaved so absurdly at Cliff Towers, and I so absurdly lost my patience with both of you. High time you and I were friends again. Come, spend the next fortnight with me. Remember—" She laid her hand on mine; and her eyes grew very kind—"I loved your mother very dearly, Edith." She kissed me again, and was gone.

Well, Lyddy Ann, I'll own I executed several new and startling jig-steps. You know life has been a pretty steady grind for me. Two weeks at Cliff Towers, tennis, and sailing, and Country Club dances, the prospect went to Cinderella's head. Although back in that head lurked a queer fretty question. Had Aunt Euphemia an ulterior motive in bidding me to Cliff Towers?

She had. The Ulterior Motive drove over from Beverly Farms, the very day of my arrival. He's quite a sumptuous motive, Lyddy Ann. Six feet high, three feet wide, sterling straight through, a Hollis, a Salem Hollis, a Copley and a Searle — praise could no farther go. Incidentally, he was stroke oar on his extremely famous University crew, and he's a brilliantly successful man of affairs.

To be sure, he's a trifle older than I am. Twenty-two years older, to be exact. But years do not count, when two people are

as congenial as we are. Moreover, he's witty, and charming, and—definite. Extremely definite. By sundown, my second day at Cliff Towers, we were capital friends. By the fourth day, he appeared to be established for life on Aunt Euphemia's veranda. On the eighth, Madam Dorothea Hollis, his ancient little frost-and-filigree grandmother, drove over from her country place, to call in state, and to ask that I pay her a visit at her Brookline home, in September.

That imperial courtesy took my breath. No resisting Madam Hollis, —the little shrewd gentle empress that she is! My stay at her house was like a marvel, long drawn out. And the months since! Roses and orchids have overflowed my skimpy spinster vases. There have been plays and dances and the opera; week-ends in the Berkshires with a Hollis sister, flying trips to New York in a regal Hollis car, and back of all, ruling all, cool gay master of the revels,—the Prince himself. No wonder Cinderella must daily pinch her unbelieving thumbs, to make sure it's not all a dream!

Even dreams must have a reckoning. My reckoning came three days ago, when a brief note arrived from Madam Hollis. "My grandson John is in Washington, as you know. I am lonely for you. Come, and stay as long as you have time for me, my child."

That "my child" made me quake. Upon my uncertainty strode Aunt Euphemia. Her eagle eye described both letter and indecision. She pounced on me with the tact of a falling house.

"Madam Hollis has asked you to Brookline again? Quite the right thing. As you'll marry John Hollis in September—"

"Mercy, Aunt Euphemia!" I jumped out of my chair. "Why, he hasn't even asked me!"

"He's tried to, often enough." Aunt Euphemia pinned me with an icy eye. "Why must you shilly-shally, Edith? You know perfectly well—"

"I don't know whether I want to marry John Hollis or not."

"You ought to be grateful for the chance to marry any Hollis. To be sure, your family is as good as his own. But consider your scanty means. Then look at the muddle your headstrong brother has made of his life, his abject failure—"

"Henry was never a failure!" I flared. "Henry is a success! A splendid one!"

"Henry a success? A civil engineer, living in a swamp, bringing up five children on three thousand a year? If he had only taken my advice, and made a sensible marriage—"

"Well! Henry married for love, Aunt Euphemia."

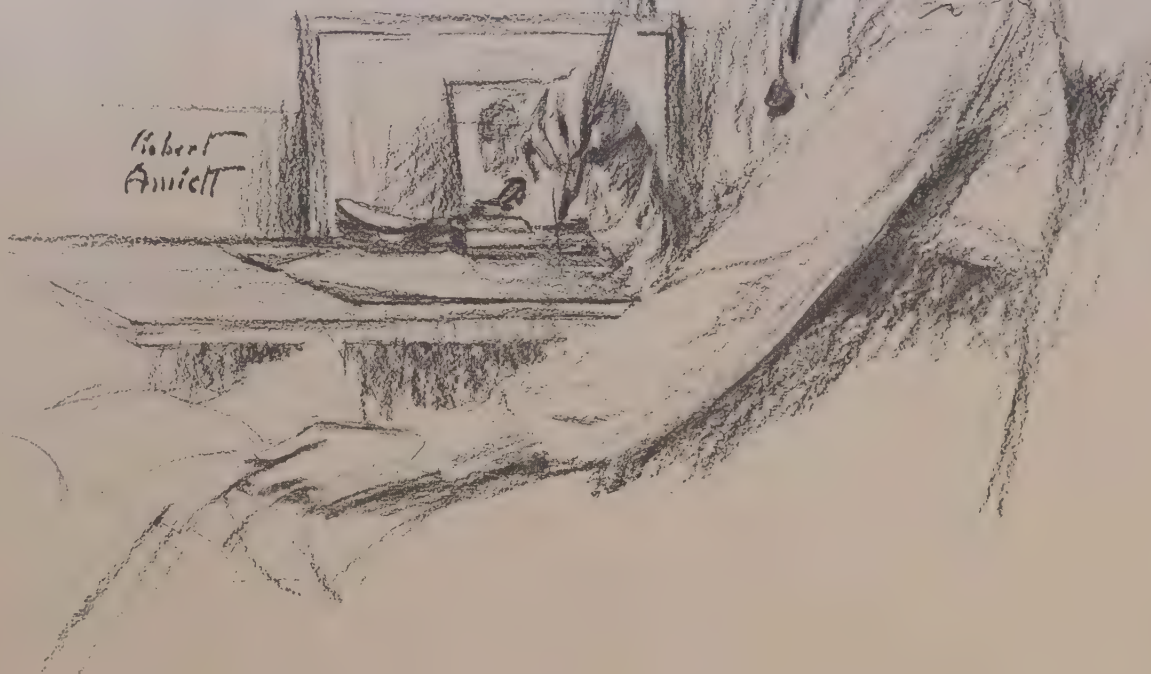
"Yes. Henry married for love." Aunt Euphemia's eyes grew hard as nails. "And see what he got for his bargain!"

She drew her furred coat to her shoulders, and strode away. And I sat down, humbly, and wrote my acceptance to Madam Hollis. So here, in her great dim wine-red library I sit, and ponder that last ugly teasing little thrust—

"Yes, Henry married for love. And see what he got for his bargain!"

That phrase cuts deep. Only too often I have suspected that, for Henry and Barbara, their diamond mornings have long since dulled to common day. Truly, you couldn't expect even a grand passion to endure, beneath the endless rasp of hard work and worry and five stair-step babies. I've sensed that ominous depression in Henry's letters for months past. Life should hold

"Tell me now, Lyddy, and tell me true. Am I in love with John Copley Hollis, his own intrinsic self?"



better things for both. Probably it would hold better things, if they had based their marriage on common-sense, not mad devotion.

Observe, Lydia. I am trying to look on my own future from a more rational standpoint. I wish to love the man I marry. I intend to love him. But surely there is some clearer proof of love than blind infatuation! Surely there must be some test, some touchstone!

Do you remember, five years ago, when you and I were seniors at Wellesley, and reading Ellen Key, and Nietzsche, and all their brother sages? Little of that lore remains to me. But one phrase has stuck in my thoughts.

"The normal woman asks all desirable attributes of her mate. But past all trappings of environment, her supreme demand is that he, himself, in his intrinsic being, shall be what her supreme instincts demand of him."

There you have it. "His intrinsic being—" What is John Hollis's intrinsic being? He's so swathed in the glories of his wealth and state, that I've never even glimpsed the real man. If I only had a divining-rod that in a twinkling could strip John Hollis of all his pomp! If I could only find the one real touchstone!

April fourth.

Dear Lydia:

Your favor of April third is received, and contents noted. You reiterate, with considerable vim, that you'd hardly expect even a sawney like me to marry a man because I'm in love with his grandmother. You close with a flattering explosion: "The idea of marrying any man, even a Hollis, on a basis of pure reason! Gomeril!"

Really, Lydia, if you continue in this frank strain, I shall feel that you question my judgment.

But you're right. I ought to be sure, without having to stop to think. I ought not know the tiniest thorn of doubt. But—how is any woman to know? How can she be sure? What is the touchstone?

One thing, I do know. I will *not* be forced. Not even Aunt Euphemia shall bully me into surrender, till I'm ready and willing to haul down my flag. For I've got to be sure. *I've got to know.*

April fifth.

Well, Lydia, the die is cast. In the midst of my letter, in came John Hollis, just back from a flying trip south: big, glowing, confident, looking quite too splendid to be true. I dropped my pen and sprang up. My first instinct was to run and hide. But he began to talk. And I didn't run. I stood and listened. No, I don't need to set down what he said. Your own experience, Lyddy, has not been so wholly cloistered that you can't fill in his remarks for yourself. As for me—

"W-well—" I gasped, when he'd stopped, and stood waiting, very tense and still. I didn't feel properly rapturous, not one bit. Instead, a queer trapped terror struck to my heart. (Yet that wasn't a disagreeable sensation. On the contrary!) "I—I don't know. I hadn't realized—"

"You've surely realized what you've meant to me, every minute since the first time I saw you." His fine keen face hardened, his steady eyes blazed. His powerful hands shut hard on my own.

For just one minute, it was like being swept out to sea on a vast resistless wave. I felt myself giving way. And—I *wanted to give way*. Yet stronger than that mighty strength was my own will to hold back: to wait, to judge; to make sure. Irrevocably sure.

"Well, I w-won't talk about it now," I whispered. "T-tomorrow, maybe." Then, like the cowardly gomeril I am, away I flew, to my own room. There I sat, and glowed and shivered, feeling scared-to-death and guilty and exultant, all in the same breath. Finally, I pulled myself together, and put on my one cherished peach chiffon evening gown, and went down to dinner, outwardly serene, inwardly a quaking, elated volcano.

It was a long evening, Lyddy Ann. Madam Hollis, in gray brocade and emeralds, looking like a Rackham fairy godmother, sat by the fire, and knitted. John Hollis read aloud, a dutiful hour. Finally, John's even voice ceased. I looked up. Terror seized me.

Madam Hollis had dropped her knitting. She lay back, dozing serenely. John had put down his book. Very deliberately, he crossed the room to me. Then he sat down and pulled a ring from his pocket—a great flashing white diamond, set between two sapphires, in a queer ornate old setting.

"This was my mother's," he said, under his breath. "I want you to wear it for me." And while I sat dumb and breathless, he slipped that ring on my finger, and kissed it on.

"But it doesn't mean anything — yet," I whispered. "It's not an engagement ring, it's a Consider-being-engaged ring. You've got to let me think. You've got to let me make my own decision."

"Let me decide for you," he whispered back, his eyes on mine. Again I felt the pull of that monstrous inexorable wave. This time it all but swept me out, past all my bounds. But from Madam Hollis came a little stir. John stood up hastily. I felt my cheeks burn, I thrust my hands behind me.

"I must have fallen asleep." Madam Hollis stood up, and groped for her cane. "I think, my dears, I shall go to my room." In the firelight, her small keen parchment face lit with elfin mischief. "No, Edith, you need not come."

"But I'm tired, too," I broke in, in a trembling hurry. I pushed past John Hollis, standing dark and reproachful, and took her little veined fingers, and went with her, up the long stairs. And when she had given me her crisp pecky kiss, I fled to my own room and locked the door. Here again I sit, and write my miserable uncertain heart out to you.

Lydia, all my life you've been my wise counsellor, my loyal friend. Tell me now, Lyddy, and tell me true. Am I in love with

(Continued on page 60)

"Hang it, the plank has slid off. No, I can't put you down. You'd get your feet wet!"



THERE are times in the history of the human race when it becomes possible to take great steps to promote the welfare of mankind. The shock of the great war has made apparent the need for a further step in social and political evolution — the organization of States in a League, established upon principles of right and opportunity, with the avowed purpose of securing peace.

If the governments of the enlightened states do not avail themselves of this opportunity now, it may not recur for many generations.

In the following paragraphs I have set forth some of the considerations which lead me to favor the proposal that the United States should join with the other liberty-loving states in the organization of the League of Nations.

The condition which prevailed before the war, of national enmities, rival combinations in alliance, competitive armaments, reliance upon and preparation for war as the arbiter of international disputes, which reached its climax in the German philosophy that "might makes right," has brought distress, disease, devastation and death. The competitive system has failed. It is proposed to undertake, in its place, international co-operation.

The proposed plan for a League of Nations is the beginning of the political organization of the world, without which there can be no enduring peace.

The proposal is not internationalism if internationalism be defined to mean the obliteration of national life and independence, but it is a League of States which undertake to act together in a common purpose to achieve international peace and security.

The League is not a super-state, neither is it a United States of the World. It does not provide for levying taxes, nor for the conscription of an international army or navy, nor does it establish an international parliament with power to legislate by majority vote. It does not go so far as the Federation of American Colonies, which existed from 1776-1787, preceding the organization of the Union.

The war has demonstrated this fact — that as a practical matter there is no longer isolation, whether we wish it or not. A great calamity, economic, social or political, in any state affects the whole world and may, as it did in this war, involve the world in war. We are among the nations of the world, associated with them whether we will or not. It is better that the association be organized in a League intent upon peace than that it be unorganized preparing for war. That there are problems left unsolved, that there is and can be no absolute assurance that the plan will prevent all wars, that the organization proposed is not perfect, may be conceded, but they are not valid arguments against the ratification of the treaty, especially as a way is provided for amendment of the Covenant.

THE plan is the best that the representatives of 32 signatory powers at the Peace Conference could agree upon. Arguments similar to those advanced against the League were presented against the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and it required amendment to perfect the Union. The Covenant of the League will from time to time require amendment, and only through the experience of its actual operation will it be possible to perfect it.

There are in the life of the world things worse than war in spite of its horrors. Slavery is worse than war; a submission to oppression and injustice is worse than war. Men will fight to gain freedom and to establish justice as long as the divine spark of righteousness guides their conduct, unless these objects may be obtained without such useless sacrifice. The League is justified in setting its face against war in that it provides other means for attaining liberty, justice and security.

The League guarantees a hearing in all cases of international dispute, and stays those who would make war upon any state, however weak. The Covenant not only declares against war, but by agreement for concerted action in the use of economic and, if necessary, military power, the success of war to attain a given purpose is made unlikely; and through the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations it has undertaken to render war unprofitable and undesirable, in that rights may be attained through an appeal to reason rather than an appeal to arms.

The League Is Towards A Real

By William H. Wadham

By the mutual undertaking to submit international disputes for peaceful settlement, the League offers the only hope for the permanent suppression of militarism among states and the establishment in its place of a new era of the reign of law and peace in the world. This new Covenant among states is the natural evolution among men for concerted action in the interest of the general welfare. It puts a curb on the worst and gives an opportunity for expression of the best in human nature.

THE League provides the means and agencies necessary for putting into effect the terms imposed upon the enemy and to modify them as occasion may require; appointing the necessary commission, interpreting and applying the treaty provisions in case of dispute; establishing boundary lines; setting up regimes of administration in European territory taken from Germany; passing upon the revival of treaties, the obligations of Germany with respect to export and import duties, debts, property rights and contracts; supervising the administration of Kiel Canal, the Saar Basin, railroad and telegraphic facilities between East Prussia, Poland and Danzig, international waterways including the Danube, the Rhine and the Elbe, the Oder, the Vltava and the Niemen; supervising the plebiscite concerning the annexation by Belgium of Eupen and Malmady; and exercising the important power of investigation to ascertain whether Germany is in fact fulfilling the terms imposed by the treaty.

The experience of Belgium has demonstrated that unless the peace is organized, the life of small states is not secure. Belgium and Serbia are to be restored as far as is humanly possible. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, the Serb-Croat-Slovene and other States, which have long struggled for national life, are set up as independent republics. The protection of the League is required to safeguard them against aggression while they are developing in their new life.

The main purpose of the League being to effect peace, it has not only provided the machinery for enforcing peace but also the machinery for removing, as far as possible, the causes of war.

The two great causes of war are fear and misunderstanding. A sense of security will grow as it becomes apparent that the League will protect the weak against aggression, insisting with all its power upon peaceful settlements.

Misunderstandings can only be removed by conference, and provision is made for continuing conference in the Council and

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY JUDGE WADHAMS BELIEVES

WHETHER we like it or not, our isolation is gone. We belong with the nations of the world. The League offers the only hope for the permanent suppression of militarism and of unjust attacks upon the weak.

The League provides the machinery for enforcing the terms of the peace treaty.

The League will attack the problems of disease and labor unrest.

the Next Step Family of Nations

*Judge of the Court of
General Sessions, New York*

the Assembly. Misunderstandings, therefore, may be removed before they grow into occasions of war.

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ANOTHER cause of war has been secret treaties. Under the provisions of the League, the Covenant is made the fundamental law, inasmuch as it is provided that no treaty shall be inconsistent with it, and that all treaties which have heretofore been made, which are inconsistent with it, shall be abrogated. Open diplomacy is secured for the future by the requirement that no convention or international engagement shall be binding unless it is registered with the Secretariat and by the provision for its publication.

Another cause of war which it is sought to remove is the exploitation of backward peoples who, for the first time in history, are recognized to be the wards of the civilized world and are placed under the administration of mandatories who, as trustees, must report concerning their trust to the League.

Another cause of war has been the growing discontent of the masses of the people who have sought to better their conditions by overthrowing all authority, not only bringing upon themselves great misery but endangering the peace of the world. To remove this menace, the members of the League undertake to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor, have declared a bill of rights, and formed a Permanent Organization of Labor.

The proper regulation of trade in arms and munitions in countries where such control is necessary in the common interest; the maintenance of freedom of communication of transit, and equitable treatment for the commerce of all members of the League; the improvement of health and the mitigation of suffering, are all matters of concern to the League; for those matters may, any of them, develop causes of war.

The plan of the League looks to the future. It contemplates starting with 45 states, if all those invited should join, and it makes provision for the inclusion of additional self-governing states, including the Central Powers, upon their giving the guarantees required.

In the establishment of the Council and the Assembly with the Secretariat, appropriate organs are provided for the co-operation undertaken. The jurisdiction of those bodies is defined in general terms as "any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world." The specific

powers have been purposely left in large measure undefined, thereby making it possible to develop the League organs and institutions as experience may demand.

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THE Covenant is not presented as a final, unchangeable undertaking but provision is made for amendment, so the Covenant contains the means of its own perfecting.

One of the important provisions in the Covenant is the undertaking to establish a Permanent Court of International Justice as a means to promote peace. This in itself is a great step forward toward the reign of law.

Another great step in the direction of peace is the agreement upon the limitation of armaments found in the Covenant: "The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

The good faith of the parties to the League, and therefore the success of the undertaking, will in large measure depend upon the success of the council in formulating plans for the reduction of armaments and the attitude to the members of the states in acting upon it.

The fear that the League may prevent the changing of the status quo is not well founded. Changes have been and may again be effected by peaceful means as in the union and subsequent separation of Sweden and Norway, and as in the transfer of the Virgin Islands by Denmark to the United States. In fact, in the treaty itself there is a recognition that the status may be changed inasmuch as it is expressly provided that Austria may not unite with Germany except by the consent of the Council, this having been imposed upon Germany as one of the terms of peace. The League, in fact, affords an opportunity for changing the status quo by peaceful means, while at the same time by its mutual defensive undertaking it protects all its members against external aggression.

The United States runs little risk in becoming a member of the League, for it is given a permanent place at the Conference of both the Council and the Assembly, whose action on all matters in the nature of legislation and other important questions must be unanimous.

These organs may give advice or make proposal, but before such advice or proposal becomes effective it must be approved by the United States and the other members.

There is agreement to undertake such matters as may be unanimously agreed upon. In the case of a dispute, there is no agreement on the part of the defeated party to put into effect even a unanimous adverse decision of the Council but merely an agreement not to wage war in support of a contention submitted and so decided.

Opportunity to withdraw upon two years' notice is afforded, and if the Covenant be amended in such manner that a member cannot assent, withdrawal may be effected by merely giving notice of its dissent.

The undertaking of war may not be required without the action of the Congress of the United States.

It is believed that the very existence of the League will minimize the necessity for waging war, but if war became necessary it would only be waged upon the unanimous advice of the Council in which our representative must concur.

Such a war would be the use of force to maintain the League, to support the reign of law against a disturber of the common peace. Our moral obligation would require us to do our share, as we would probably be obliged to do whether or not the League is organized.

It is particularly fitting that the United States should support the proposal for this League. The League is based upon our own experience in a federation of states enjoying liberty and peace. It has been our high destiny to join with our Allies in preventing the destruction of liberty and establishing it as the governing principle in the life of states.

Upon entering the war we expressed it as our desire and purpose to secure not only for ourselves but for all nations of the world an enduring peace based upon those principles of liberty and of justice which we enjoy. The League is organized for that purpose. Should the United States refuse to enter the League it would defeat its organization; should the United States join, it would give the best assurance of its success.

WHY WE SHOULD ENDORSE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The League does not claim to be perfect—it is subject to amendment.

We are free to withdraw by giving two years' notice.

No war can be forced upon us without the consent of our own Congress.

The League of Nations is a step toward establishing liberty for the nations of the world as we have established it for the states of America.



It is hard to preach "American standards of living" to foreign children whose only playground is a dump like this. "We want them to know that America's sky is blue and big and broad with hope," says Secretary of the Interior Lane, in his consideration of the perplexing problem of—

AMERICANIZATION

MAN is a great, moated, walled castle, with doors by the dozens leading into him—but most of us keep our doors closed. It is difficult for people to gain access to us; yet there are some doors that are open to the generality of mankind; and as those who are seeking to know our fellowman and to reach him, it is our place to find what those doors are and how those doors can be opened. One of those doors might be labeled, "our love for our children." That is a door common to all. Another door might be labeled "our love for a piece of land"; another, "our common hatred of injustice"; another, "the need for human sympathy"; another, "fear of suffering." And still another door might be labeled, "the hope that we all have in our hearts that this world will turn into a better one."

We want to reach, through one of those doors, every man in the United States who does not sympathize with us in a supreme allegiance to our country.

Letters come to me, asking, almost peremptorily, what methods should be adopted by which men and women can be Americanized. As if you could make a mixture—one part the ability to read and write and speak the English language; one part, the Declaration of Independence; one part, the Constitution of the United States; one part a love for apple pie, one part a desire and a willingness to wear American shoes and another part, a pride in using American plumbing—and have a solution which you could put into a man's veins and by those superficialities, transform him into a man who loves America.



You can not make Americans that way. You have got to make them by calling upon the fine things that are within them; by appreciating what they have to offer us and by revealing to them what we have to offer them.

I have had in my mind for some time the creating of a new organization in this country which I have called, for lack of a better name, "The League of American Fellowship." There should be no condition for membership, excepting a pledge that each member gives, that every year he will undertake to interpret America sympathetically to at least one foreign-born person. A league of this kind might mean great progress in the solution of this problem.

I do not know what method can be adopted for the making of Americans, but I think there can be a standard test as to the result. We can tell when a man is American in his spirit. When men go forth and sacrifice their lives, then we say they believe in something as beyond anything else.

And so our men in this country Greek, Dane, Italian, Russian, Polander, Frenchman, Portuguese, Irish and Scotch — all have gone to France, fought their fight, given up their lives, and proved that there is a power in America by which this strange conglomeration of peoples can be melted into one. I do not know how it is done, but it is done.

Every one of those boys who returned from France, came back feeling that this is God's country. He knows little of America as a whole perhaps; he cannot recite any provision in the Constitution of the United States; it may be that he has learned his English while in the Army; but some part of this country is "God's own country" to him.

And it is a good thing that we should not lose our local attachments. There is a kind of breadth that is shallowness; a kind of sympathy that has no punch. We must remember that, for the sake of the world across the water, the supreme responsibility falls upon us to make the United States all that a Democracy can be. So if a bit of local pride gives emphasis to our intense attachment to this country, let it be.

I remember years ago hearing that the Commissioner of Fisheries wished to propagate in these Atlantic waters the western crab — and he sent two carloads of them to the Atlantic coast. They were dumped into the Atlantic, with a little aluminum tablet on each crab, — "When

found, notify Fish Commission, Washington."

A year passed and no crab was found; two years passed and no crab was found. And the third year two of those crabs were found by a Buenos Aires fisherman who reported that they evidently were going south, bound around the Cape, returning to California.

A week or two ago I was in Baltimore, and I told this story to a dear old gray-headed man, aged 86 years. I asked him, "Do you come from Maryland?"

He said, "Yes, sir, I come from the Eastern Shore. Have you ever been there?"

I said, "No."

He said, "Never been there? Well, I am sorry for you. You know, we are a strange people down there — a strange people. We have some peculiar legends that have come down to us, generation after generation. While other people may not believe them, we do."

"One of the stories is that when Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, they fell sick. The Lord, greatly concerned, consulted with his principal angels as to how to give them a change of air and improve their health."

"The Angel Gabriel said, 'Why not take them down to the Eastern Shore?'"

"And the Lord said, 'Oh, no, that would not be sufficient change.'"

And so, as you go throughout the United States, you find men attached to different parts of our continent. Nothing should be done to minimize these local attachments.

We are a blend in sympathies, in art, in literature and in tendencies. That is our hope for making this the supremely great race of the world. It is not to be done mechanically or scientifically, but by the human touch; by reaching some door into that strange man, with some word or act that will show him that there is in America the kind of sentiment and sympathy that his soul longs for.

This is no land in which to spread any doctrine of revolution. When we won our revolution, 140 years ago, we said, "We give over that inherent right of revolution because there can be no such thing as revolution against a country in which the people govern."

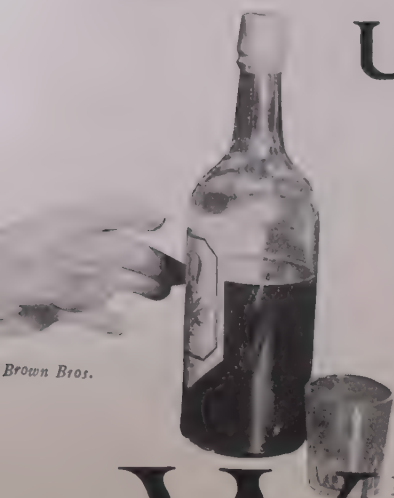
The best test of whether or not we are Americans will come when we, all together, recognize that there are defects in our land and lacks in our system; that our programs are not perfect; that our institutions can be bettered; but look forward constantly by cooperation, to making this a land in which there will be a minimum of fear and a maximum of hope.

Press Illus. Serv.

By
Franklin
K Lane

OUR immigrants, returning by the thousands to their homelands, are their own commentary on the hospitality of this country. They take with them much of the muscle which dug our ditches and built our railroads.





Uprooted in the United States the Brewery Interests Turn to China

Shall America stand idly by and watch the octopus
fasten its tentacles upon her sister republic?

By Charles Stelzle

WITH a population four times as great as ours, but with social and economic conditions at least four times worse than ours, China is about to have fastened upon it the tentacles of the brewery octopus whose grip on the United States has just been pried loose.

Here are some of the signs:

The receiver of a brewery in Vancouver has asked permission of the Canadian courts to remove the plant to China.

The breweries of Milwaukee engaged one of its ex-mayors to study the situation in China with a view to beginning operations in that country.

American brewers are said to be negotiating with the English interests to open the door to China, because of certain alleged treaty advantages held by the English.

A Honolulu brewery has already been removed to China, according to the International Reform Bureau.

A California brewer has gone to China to arrange for the construction of a two-million dollar plant.

According to newspaper reports several brewers are planning to transfer their activities to the great cities of China.

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THE brewers in the United States have invested in this country about one billion dollars. When, according to the constitutional amendment, the country goes dry on January 16 1920, much of their property will be used for other purposes, but no doubt a considerable amount of their equipment can be used for no other purpose than making beer.

China, they think, gives them the chance to use it with great profit to themselves.

And there are practically no rivals in China in the brewing industry. The Chinese are sober and industrious, but if they can be inoculated with a desire to drink beer as they once smoked opium, the profits to the brewers would be enormous — much greater than they were here.

China is just beginning to recover from the fearful ravages of the opium habit, and it required a most heroic effort to rid itself of this curse. No wonder that the best leaders in China are protesting against the prospect of having to fight their battle all over again.

During the past summer 140 Chinese university students, meeting in Columbus, earnestly discussed this situation; and 120 of them formed themselves into a Chinese students' Prohibition Association, assessing themselves to help carry on a fight against the aggression of the American brewers in their native country.

The Peking Leader had this to say editorially:

"We admire the self-complacent confidence of these brewers, but why on earth must they come to China? We have had enough of the Indian opium; we are still wallowing in the dust of the foreign cigarettes; and now we are promised a veritable deluge of intoxicants.

"China welcomes all forms of profitable but healthy trade and manufactures, but we certainly have no desire to drive out the opium fiend and then usher in the drunken sot. What do the brewers think China is? A happy hunting ground for all money-makers and health-destroyers? Apparently they think the Chinese are too sober, despite their own production of wines and spirits, and so must educate

them to the delights of Western Bacchanalism. Why don't Westerners come to teach us better manners than indulging in opium, cigarettes, intoxicants, etc.? Western civilization must be poor indeed if it has nothing better to teach us than these unedifying habits!

"In view of the fact that Article II of the 1880 commercial treaty between the United States and this country commits both countries to prevent the importation of opium by each other's nationals into each others territories, we hope that the United States Government will put an immediate ban on such pernicious activities in this country."

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TERRITORIALLY China is about one-fourth larger than the United States, but much of this area is of no value for agricultural purposes.

One of China's greatest problems is that of food production. If, as is the case in the United States in spite of our improved machinery, we are even now producing scarcely enough grain to feed our own people and with only one-fourth the population of China, what can be said for China, with her agricultural limitations which will at best require generations to overcome!

The brewing interests of the United States admit that they have been consuming one per cent of our grain products. Actually, they required much more. But taking them at their word, we may assume that the grain which they used might have fed one per cent of the people. If the brewers are thoroughly established in China, and if they consume one per cent of the people's grain, it will mean that they will use for the manufacture of beer enough grain to feed 4,000,000 Chinese.

And China can't afford to waste this amount of grain. The manner of living of most of the poor in China is already too degraded to permit of further reduction in the scale of life. It would mean, annually, the difference between life and death for many millions of people.

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THE struggle for existence in China is one of the most pathetic stories in the whole wide world. The attempt to wrest a living from the earth is almost heart-breaking. Human sweat is poured out like the blood of life. Famine's scythe periodically sweeps down its thousands; and even under normal conditions little children by the million die annually of starvation or malnutrition — in some parts of China nearly half the children dying before they are six months old.

With jaw sagging and mouth open from weariness, with faces overstrained and haggard, with eyes staring and pain-pinched, men and women struggle along at their daily labor, because they haven't had enough to eat.

And the brewers would rob these of bread so that China might enjoy the blessings of beer!

It isn't a question of a "capitalistic class" exploiting the poor — there simply isn't food enough to go around.

The normal death-rate in China is between fifty and sixty per thousand as against fourteen per thousand in the United States. That is, it is about four times as great in China as it is in our country.

Those who survive the terrible devastation that befalls little children, must be of sturdy stock, possessing elements which should make them strong for the tasks of life.

But now the American brewer would break down the virility of the adult Chinese through the use of beer, for beer-drinkers lives are shortened an average of four years each for those who consume only two ounces of alcohol per day, and many more years for those who consume larger quantities of alcohol — according to the reports of the Medico-Actuarial Mortality Investigation recently made by the leading life insurance companies of America.

The death rates of those who will work in China's breweries will be fifty per cent higher than all occupied males, and the bartenders in China's saloons will live about seven years less than the average workman — if the statistics of American life insurance companies are applicable to Chinese conditions.

Probably the population of China is too great just now, and this fact will some day have to be reckoned with by the entire world; but to reduce the population by weakening the entire nation through the diseases which the consumption of beer inevitably brings, is worse than suicidal.

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ONE of the most disastrous results of the coming of American brewers into China is not that they may make heavy investments, but that Chinese capitalists, seeing the opportunity for making fortunes in the brewery business, will themselves establish breweries, employing the natives who were trained in American-owned breweries.

It will be remembered that originally opium was imported into China by the British, who made enormous profits from its sale. And when the Chinese Emperor sought to prohibit the importation of opium he was forced into a treaty with England which bound China not to interfere with nor limit the introduction of Indian opium into China. But rather than have all the profit in this trade go to the English the Chinese Government removed its restriction on the production of opium, and the growth of the poppy became a common employment in China.

It is said that finally six-sevenths of the opium consumed in China was home-grown. In 1900 the Chinese were using seventy times as much opium as they used in 1800, and it is estimated that there were 25,000,000 smokers. This must have embraced nearly one-half the adult population.

One can imagine that if the brewing business should be taken over by the Chinese themselves, it might easily spread throughout the entire republic — although the probabilities are that the Americans who introduced it would themselves be put out of business, just as all other foreigners are gradually being forced out by the slogan: "China for the Chinese!"

But when the government realizes the evils of the use of beer,

as it did the evils of the opium habit — not only upon individuals but upon the life and power of the nation as a whole, it will no doubt drive out all the breweries, whether they are owned by natives or foreigners.

A chief danger in introducing an intoxicant like beer into the life of the Chinese is the fact that the fearful monotony and destitution of their lives will make them easy victims, for beer will undoubtedly produce a sensation which, while not just like that of opium, nevertheless will deaden their senses and stupify their brains. It is easily conceivable that the beer habit may become as strong as the opium habit, and for much the same reason — the low economic and social conditions of the poor. In the United States the

workingmen who spend most money for beer are not those who work short hours and earn large wages, but those who work long hours and receive small pay.

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IN the United States the temperance cause was nurtured by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Had it not been for the foundation work of these modest, home-loving, white-ribboned women, who for more than a generation have faithfully prayed and paid for a movement, which, next to the Church and the home, was closest to their hearts, the prohibition cause would still be glimmering in darkness.

But China has no organized women to combat the coming of the American brewers. Not one of a thousand of them can read. They have no part in public discussions, and no place in public life, and no vote. They are the natural protectors of the homes; but they will be powerless when the brewer comes to despoil their homes.

One of the lessons taught by the fight against opium was the fallacy of the doctrine of "personal liberty" as

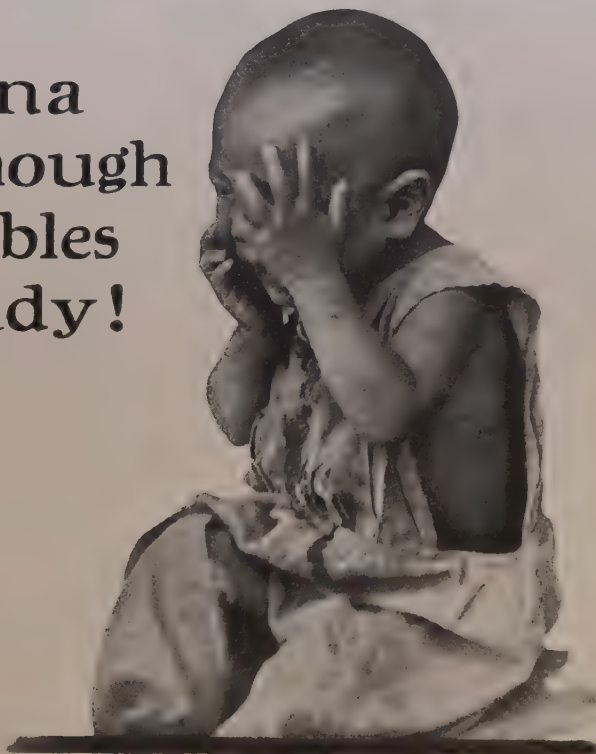
applied to its use. The Chinese are naturally strong for "individualism" of a certain type, but when they discovered that opium was not only destroying the minds of those who were weak and foolish, but that it was eating into the very life of the race, they decided it was time to stop its use by everybody.

The result has been a complete revolution in the attitude of the people toward the opium habit. There has been developed a finer patriotism and a keener interest in the well-being of the state. Fortunately, this lesson has been learned by the Chinese, so that they will in a measure at least, be prepared for the "personal liberty" argument of the brewers.

If beer should get control in China, it is possible that the United States — a dry nation — may be compelled to send its navy to China to defend some of its citizens who are engaged in the liquor business — a business regarded as criminal in the United States.

The American conscience must awaken to the gravity of this proposed campaign, and take immediate steps to throttle it!

China Has Enough Troubles Already!



MILLIONS of China's little children die annually of starvation. The normal death rate in China is about four times as great as that of the United States. This is periodically increased by devastating famines.

China stands in danger of again being forced to fight the scourge of opium, which is gradually being re-introduced through the cupidity of Japanese officials.

Today China smokes one-half the world's cigarettes because, no sooner had she led opium to its protesting death than she was deluged with free samples of the Western weed.

And now American brewers, driven out from home, propose to unload their wares in this long-suffering sister republic!



Photograph by Brown Bros.

Above All Strikes—Humanity

By Fred B. Fisher

THE other day a New York reporter asked five men, selected at random, what they would do if they owned a newspaper. Four of the five gave substantially the same answer. "I would try to discover what is at the bottom of the present industrial unrest and would publish all that I learned."

This incident is evidence not only of the general interest in labor troubles, but also of an equally widespread belief that no existing agency is reaching the root of the matter.

Certainly conditions as they are now indicate that American industry is facing a most serious situation. We are told that there have been three thousand strikes since January, that the country has a shortage of seven thousand homes, and that there is a decided shortage in roads, schools and factories. The cost of living has been soaring to the breaking point while both labor leaders and industrial managers admit that the nation is turning out only one-fourth of its possible production. Our great centers of population are in a state of agitation and turmoil unprecedented.

THE CHURCH has never yet squarely faced the labor problem.

The Interchurch World Movement has now taken its first step toward putting Christian principles to actual work in bringing about industrial peace.

A Committee on Industrial Relations has been appointed, of which Fred B. Fisher is Chairman.

"I extend to you my hearty appreciation of your helpful cooperation in these critical times," telegraphed Secretary of Labor Wilson to the first Interchurch Industrial Conference.

Everyone gives a different reason for these troubles. Labor blames the autocracy of Capital. Capital replies that Labor is equally autocratic. Employees declare that the corporations are grinding the lives out of them, while employers say that the laborers do not do an honest day's work. Various kinds of rumors and reports are heard. Meantime, the public finds itself helpless.

Behind all this turmoil, which is by no means confined to America alone, is a new idealism, a cry for the chance to live and an opportunity to develop. Methods advocated to the reaching of these aims may be wrong, but back of the blunders is a feeling and a yearning that the future must hold something better than the past.

The great need of this new idealism is for

sane, constructive leadership.

Believing that the teachings of Jesus Christ alone hold the message which will point the way to industrial peace, the Interchurch World Movement has undertaken to demonstrate that Christian principles can be applied to actual conditions of the present day.



OUR land of Stars and Stripes is fast becoming a land of "Starves and Strikes." At present one million workers are striking, and a million more threaten to walk out.

But behind all this turmoil is a new idealism, a cry for the chance to live and grow. Democracy is entering industry, just as it has entered government. Whether this new democracy is to be ruled by justice and love or by selfishness and confusion is a problem which the church must help to solve.



I AM against God, government, and the church," declares one labor agitator, —Margolis. "I favor all strikes. I welcome the feeling of unrest. I view capital as entitled to no reward." What has the church to answer?



International News Serv.

Both Capital and Labor are ready to look to the Churches for all possible help in a situation where all other help has brought only confusion. Mr. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, in the President's Cabinet, expressed this fact in his telegram to the recent Interchurch Industrial Conference at New York:

"The cooperation of the different denominations of North America associated together for bringing Christian principles to bear upon the delicate and difficult industrial problems and conditions confronting our nation and the world today, bespeak possible far-reaching constructive results for industrial peace and good will. Both personally and officially, I extend to you my hearty appreciation of your helpful cooperation in these critical times."

The Interchurch Movement does not intend to propose specific remedies until a thorough investigation has been made. The representative churchmen, social service leaders, and those qualified to speak for both employer and employee, all showed a profound interest in the constructive methods at work even now in

the English-speaking world, forces through which the Church may work for the building up of better social and industrial relations.

In England, Whitley Councils have brought the working men of the nation into friendly conference and relations with their employers. Forty-one different industries, representing two and one-half million workers are participants in the Councils. In none of them has there been a general strike since the plan was put into operation.

Canada, in spite of dramatic industrial troubles during the last few months, is now working out a peaceful solution of her industrial problems. The recent industrial conference in Ottawa brought together representatives of the Government, of employers, of employees and of the public. It resulted in greatly improving relations between employers and employees and in bringing about a more fundamental understanding of each other's problems. According to a member of the Conference,

"Each side found out that the fellows on the other side were not so bad after all."

In our country, various systems looking toward the introduction of democratic principles in industry, have been in operation for several years. Some employers with prophetic vision long ago conferred upon their employees all the benefits that are now being asked by organized labor. Some of these prophets of industrial democracy have had plans which, for a quarter of a century or more, have brought about increased production and amicable relation between workers and employers. Today employers everywhere are asking for guidance in the solution of these fundamental problems, and from that fact labor leaders are receiving encouragement. One of these labor leaders recently declared,

"If I did not know that many great employers are following in the light of a new vision, I should be as red as the reddest radical who ever waved a flag."

In our country also, a great cooperative movement is making rapid headway, beginning with the cooperative stores and entering into practically every avenue of production and distribution. Great progress has been made along this line in the central states among the coal miners, where a notable contribution has been made toward eliminating wastes in distribution.

In view of these concrete evidences of industrial idealism, religious leaders must adopt an active and definite program, rather than paper creed. In a time like this, platitudes are worse than silence. They will antagonize both employers and employees, rather than guide men looking for definite guidance. Industry will be democratized in one way or another. It depends upon the Churches whether it shall be democratized in keeping with the principles of justice and love, and see the hand of God leading, or whether it shall drift in its own way regardless of moral and religious guidance.

Can the Church do anything tangible? Can the principles of Jesus be applied in the concrete to business conditions here and now?

From every side come questions such as these, sometimes asked cynically, sometimes incredulously, sometimes hopefully. In answer, I will give one story which will show that Christianity can be applied practically.

The story comes from Canada. Two years ago, Vancouver promised to be the center of a radical general strike. The Canadian Pacific coast had been under long strain of war. The best of her sons were overseas. The best of her working blood had been drained. Had we been called upon to give an equal proportion to that which British Columbia gave to the war, we should have been obliged to send eighteen million men to Europe. Due to this strain, business in the Province was in a state of collapse. Labor showed its teeth against the employing groups, and the incoming of large groups of foreigners, unacquainted with her industrial problems and ideals, were complicating the situation. It seemed as if a conflagration was inevitable in the face of a general reactionary attitude. There was one local church which realized the gravity of the approaching crisis. Its membership was composed almost entirely of employers. They met and asked themselves the question:

"What is the function of *this* church in *this* crisis?"

For six evenings they studied together, often till midnight to ponder this question. Then they decided, in the spirit of stalwart, Christian manhood that they would face their responsibility; that they would

(Continued on page 55)



THE Old Man of the Mountains, who has looked down with the same sniffing ennui upon Redcoats chasing Continentals, Union raiders chasing Rebs, Revenue Officers chasing moonshine, and the river chasing itself. Progress and industry are creeping into the mountains. The eagle-eyed marksmen are squinting over school books. Railroads are screaming up the valleys. Miners are honeycombing the

Gran'pa Appalachia

vitals of the mountains. Mills spr'ng up on the creeks.

His isolation invaded, his domain desecrated by outsiders, the old stone man would disintegrate in tears, or roll down and drown himself, if this were fiction.

But in real life he'll probably go on sniffing at the factory smoke that some day will greet his nostrils.

A Race of Rip Van Winkles Is Waking Up

By Ralph A. Felton

AUNT Polly came up, puffing away at an old long-stemmed pipe, and accosted the group of strangers. "Who are you? And where air you going?" "Don't care if you are preachers," she went on, filling her pipe again and scratching a match on her shoe sole. "When I want to smoke, I smoke; when I want to chaw, I chaw; when I want to dip, I dip."

"The whiskey we make ourselves is mighty good," she explained later. "It's much better than this store kind. We call this imported stuff 'bust head whisky.'"

"Church? Yes, I 'low I'll jine church when I get a little bit better fixed. And when I do I'm going to live right."

Aunt Polly was seventy-eight years old and full of yarns about feuds, big revival meetings and adventuresome revenue officers. Wouldn't story writers take delight in her? As a matter of fact, it is from just such exceptional characters, "old timers" like Aunt Polly, that our stories about the "poor whites" are gleaned. Stories that are often true, but always exceptional.

Travel now through the Appalachians and you won't find many Aunt Pollys. You won't see any feuds except perhaps a movie feud "made in California." There isn't as much disorder in a whole year in the Southern Mountains as there was in Boston in one night. If you are looking for wild "life," you'd better go back to New York or Frisco.

But if you are looking for the most interesting, most hospitable, and in some instances, the most needy folk, "allow me to introduce" the mountaineers of the south.

Where shall we find them? In the Southern Appalachians, scattered over 20 counties of southeastern Kentucky, several counties of Virginia and West Virginia, 24 counties in western North Carolina, a dozen counties in eastern Tennessee, and a few counties in northern Georgia and Alabama.

Incidentally you can find mountaineers also in New York, Boston, Chicago, Oklahoma, and Flanders Fields.

During the last ten years so many mountaineers have gone out of the mountains, and so many railroads have gone into the mountains, changing the mountaineers—that a census is difficult. The number of southern highlanders today is given variously, from two to five millions.

Simon-Pure Americans

IT is the grossest insult to call these people the "mountain whites." Of course they are white. Some mountain people have never seen a negro. The mountaineers have a better claim to the title of "real Americans" than anybody except the American Indians. The slur that goes with the name "mountain whites" is pardonable only because it is a sign of the ignorance of the speaker.

The mountaineers are Americans of the kind that left the Old World and braved the unknown dangers of the New for religious

and political convictions. They are of the same stock as the Pilgrim Fathers and the First Families of Virginia.

Numbered among the early mountaineers are Daniel Boone, Davie Crockett, George Rogers Clarke, George Sevier. These men were not "degenerates" certainly. They were as fine ancestors as anyone could hope to claim. But their descendants got "side-tracked" off the road of progress.

From the coasts of the Carolinas and the historic valleys of Virginia they climbed up into the mountains to get cheaper land and larger farms. The plantation system of farming along the coast, with large holdings and cheap "indentured"—and later cheap negro—labor, crowded them out and up.

As the tide of population flowed westward, these people stopped "where the axle-tree of the wagon broke down," to quote John Fox, Jr. Their descendants became as isolated up there in the Appalachians, as though they were surrounded by a Chinese wall.

Jonathan Day Says

EAST of them along the coast, manufacturing sprang up. South of them, the cotton industry developed. West of them in the Mississippi Basin, the wheat lands were cultivated, and the prairie dwellers rode forward on a wave of prosperity and progress.

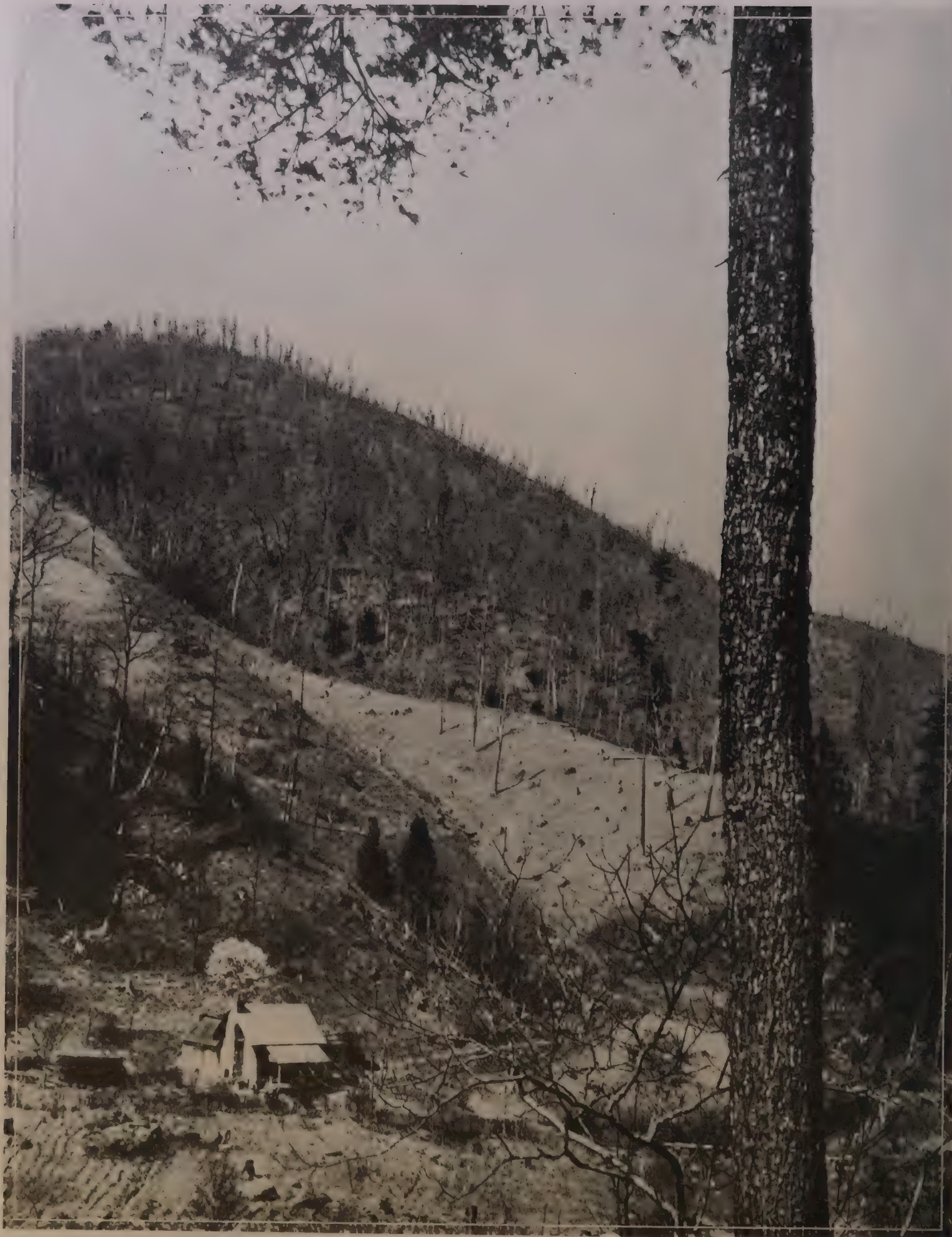
"But in the mountains nothing changed. The people found themselves beyond the reach of mails, schools, churches. They were stranded above the tides. Every great movement that swept over the country swept around the mountains. The educational wave, which gained impetus from the work of Horace Mann, accomplished great advances in the matter of public education—everywhere but in the mountains. The religious revivals of 1811 left the mountains unchanged. For generations, the mountaineers experienced, not evolution but involution."

The greatest handicap of the mountaineers has been their isolation. The railway systems follow the long valleys and creek beds, leaving many counties "off the railroad." Low taxes—and taxes must needs be low where poverty is so grinding—low taxes won't pay for expensive road building up peaks and down dales. Poor transportation means home-made products, houses, clothes, tools, machinery, religion, whiskey. One boy excused their "possum stills" by saying:

"We can't haul our corn out over the mountains, so we make it into whisky and fight it out."

Living at a Standstill

FOR generations the mountaineers lived in the most primitive fashion. They were the Rob Roys of the American highlands. They enjoyed the most perfect freedom, lived and died untrammelled by civilization. There was game a-plenty, venison, wild turkey and squirrel. The creeks teemed with fish.



NEAR a lonesome house on a lonesome mountain. All of which is typical of the far-in and way-up mountain counties. There are homes like this 50 miles off the railroad, miles that go up and down, across fords and in rocky creek beds. Such a farm is an independent

The Lonesome Pine

economic unit. Everybody works the farm but the latest baby. Sheep, hogs and father's rifle provide the meat. "Sugar trees" and sorghum provide "sweetnin'." Nowadays the mail-order catalogues provide clothing. And the "revenooers" provide excitement.

Sheep and hogs waxed fat on the acorns and wild nuts. The women sheared the wool and spun and wove the rough "linsey" of which all the clothing was made. They cured hides and made crude shoes. They even made their own lye by leaching water through wood ashes. And then made soap with this lye and "home-grown" grease. There was practically no contact with the outside world, no progress.

The old religion of the mountains did not inspire progress either. Now there are Presbyterian and Methodist and Episcopal and other mission churches. But for years the old mountaineers belief in Predestination made them as fatalistic as Mohammedans. Their attitude toward destiny was much like that described in the verse,

*"You can or you can't
You will or you won't
You'll be damned if you do
You'll be damned if you don't."*

Such a cramped outlook was responsible, probably, for the reckless disregard for law which prevailed in the mountains. If a man was "predestined" to kill his neighbor, he would murder him. If one was "predestined" to have a still, he would have a still, revenue officers to the contrary notwithstanding.

This moonshining habit is not excusable, perhaps, but we can understand it more sympathetically when we realize that in the narrow lives of the mountaineers, there was no news, no travel, no visitors, from outside, no recreation, no vent for any upreaching thought or emotion — except moonshine whiskey and fights.

Photo by W. Barnhill.



Prohibition in the Moonshine Country

THE new nation-wide prohibition won't affect the mountain stills. They have always been against the law. What's one more law? In some districts of the mountains, notably near the big schools, the moonshine practice is becoming less common. Which proves that to rout out the stills, we need, not prohibition but education.

How do the mountaineers get a living? In many instances "get a living" is correct. For some of them do not earn money even today.

They plant corn and potatoes. Year after year till the soil is exhausted. Their sheep graze on fields tipped almost vertical. They raise some razor-backed hogs, and cure their own pork over hickory logs in a smoke house. There are some mountain farmers using the same sort of wooden plow the first pioneers did. There are families still who grind their own corn meal, and saw their own logs.

On the other hand, there are water mills springing up everywhere. The railroads bring work. Work in the lumber camps, in the coal mines and coke ovens, and on the railways themselves. The railroads bring a market for timber, railroad ties, dressed lumber, axe-handles, wooden furniture. Farmers are building silos and breeding better cattle.

In the old days the economic status of the mountaineer was tragic. The outlook improves in direct proportion to the number and scope of the schools.

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WE hear about the "road of progress." Roads are progress. Good roads, railways, transportation, mean markets, industry, civilization. It was because the Appalachian counties were inaccessible that the Appalachian people lagged behind other folks.

Hard Sledding

But today railroads are snorting up into the southern mountains after the coal and lumber wealth. The ship-by-truck idea is hitting the farmer of Kentucky as it did the farmer of Connecticut. Today this primitive sled has to take to the even-rougher roadside while a motor yawps by.



THERE are two kinds of mountaineers. In the broad valleys, on rich farms or in the thrifty cities, are a class of people as prosperous, intelligent and progressive as any similar group the country over. But the other half, way up in the mountains,

A Mother of Mountaineers

far from centers of wealth and culture, live the simplest of lives full of hardships and privations. Isolation has made the mountaineers individualists, reticent, careless of appearances, but with a keen sense of the great realities.



SO little immigration has invaded the Appalachians that many families show signs of the purest English blood. Other coves shelter descendants of Scotch-Irish settlers, while names like Napier serve as reminders of the early French Huguenot colonies.

BUT the mountaineers are American. In nine counties in Tennessee, on the edge of the Great Smokies, there are only 211 foreigners out of a population of 168,649. Of the 22,296 people in Sevier County, only seven are foreign-born.

In these same nine counties, not one person in ten is colored.



MOUNTAIN children are the finest raw material in the country. But in one mountain county there are 7988 children of school age, of whom 3272 have never attended school. That is not typical of all mountain counties, but neither is it an exceptional case.

IGNORANCE of hygiene is another handicap mountain youngsters have to fight. Kiddies the world over have to grow up through measles and mumps and things, but among the mountaineers on some creeks, 80% have trachoma and 75 to 80% have hookworm.

A Race of Rip Van Winkles Is Waking Up

(Continued from page 23)

The county is the unit of government. The county with the least amount of taxable property has the least taxes. Hence, the poorest-paid teachers, the shortest terms, the most illiterate ministers and the greatest variety of freak religions.

I wonder what would have been the educational result if the people of a county in Indiana or Massachusetts had had only a four-months school term for the past fifty years. The small amount of taxable property in many southern mountain counties allow for only such a school. A short term generally means the use of a teacher living in the community, a product of that same local school.

One such teacher was asked if it is necessary to know long division to teach school.

"I know short division," she said, "and I'm getting along all right."

Another such teacher located New York City "On the mouth of the Amazon River."

Still another teacher, on an examination paper, wrote, "The Strait of Gibraltar is an insurance company." Which answer would no doubt have been approved by an English diplomat.

In answer to the question "How and where is the food digested?" a candidate wrote, "The food is digested in the stomach by the gymnastic juice."

In one county there was a man who taught school, farmed, managed a cross-roads store and "preached around" on Sundays. Another preachtteacher asked if the English people speak the same language that we use. Such a question is proof of their isolation rather than of their ignorance.

Nothing is Typical

LEST you get a wrong impression, it is only fair to say that these are not the average but the exceptional teachers, and in the more isolated mountain counties. The higher up you go into the mountains, the lower down are the school standards. Sixty per cent of the schools in one section are taught by people without a teacher's certificate. The county superintendent issues a "Permit" rather than leave the schools without any teacher.

Valley counties in the Appalachians are rapidly improving their schools: Some have reached a splendid degree of excellence. Probably the best rural high school in the United States is in that part of the country. Nevertheless any money spent by our churches on missionary schools in the mountains is well spent. "Help them to help themselves," is a safe missionary policy. That is what the church-schools in the mountains are doing. They are training teachers for the public schools. One mission school alone has trained for the mountain people, 550 public school teachers.

They are skeptics always who question the right of educating a group of young people up above the level of their environment. "It only makes them discontented with their lot. Creates in them a desire to live better than their surroundings."

Yes, but the mission schools in the mountains go further than that and teach young people how to *fulfill* that desire.

The mission schools are of all kinds. Little one-room cove schools, and academies, agricultural and manual training schools, domestic science and normal schools. And they are of all denominations. There are at least a dozen mission boards supporting work in the Appalachians, and those schools represent the most worth-while work that has ever been undertaken by church missions. Because they teach the young people how to live *in the mountains*. How to *raise* the level of their environment. How to *better* their surroundings.

One of our church workers said, "The call of the southern mountains to me is something I can't get away from. I see the picture everywhere,—a mother standing in the door of her little two roomed cabin, holding her baby under her arm with her other children pulling at her skirts. I feel she needs me."

A preacher tells the story of stopping at a mountain house for the night. He asked the mother how many children she had.

"Five girls and eight boys."

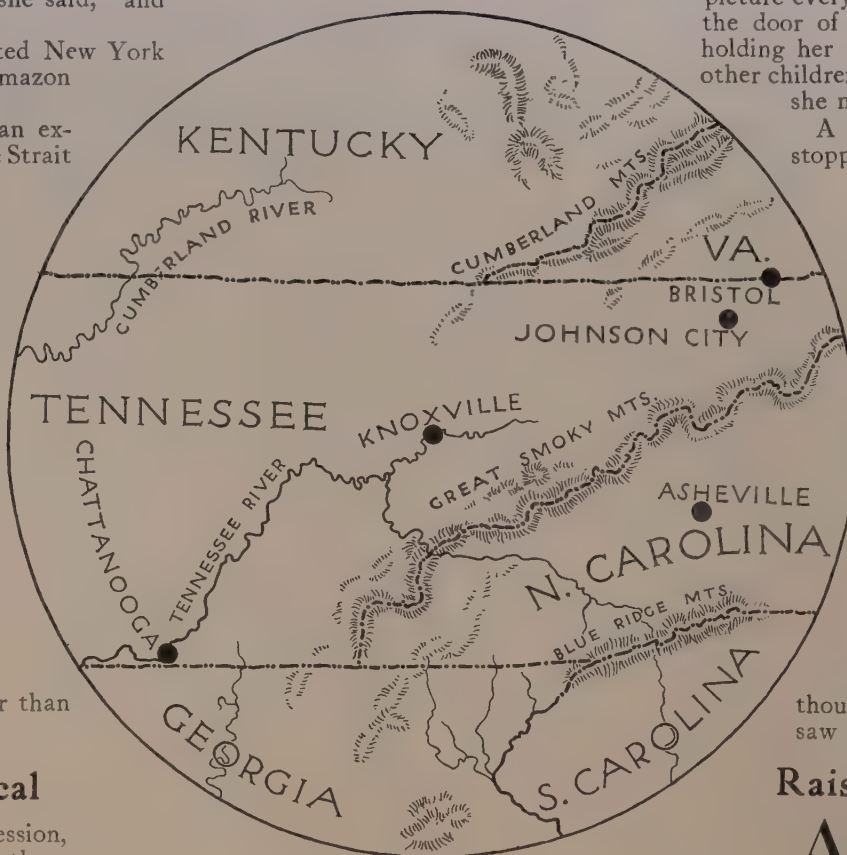
"Nice large family," the preacher commented.

"We had good luck with our girls," the mother answered. "Raised all of them. But we have only raised one of our boys."

At this point the father took the stranger's bag into the "Spare room."

"I hope you won't catch cold tonight," the host said apologetically. "There's a pane gone out of the window."

I wonder what he thought in the morning when he saw the windows all open!



The Core of America

WITH Knoxville, Tennessee, as center, and a radius of 125 miles, a territory containing two and a half million people is circumscribed. In that circle are no cities larger than Chattanooga, Asheville, Bristol and Johnson City.

But those two and a half million people are the largest body of *native* Americans to be found anywhere in America—Americans of the stamp that left the old world for their religious and political principles, and have remained almost untouched by outside forces.

one of our mission boards estimated that two out of three of the women in her county did not have medical attention at the time of childbirth.

"What are you doing for Annie?" a preacher asked in a home where the daughter was sick.

"I can't find a bit of medicine in the house of any kind," the mother said, "but I'll look again."

Finally, on a shelf near the fireplace, in a brightly colored cup, she found some medicine. She didn't know what it was for but as it was the only medicine in the house, it was given to Annie, for what ailed her.

On the walls of most of these humble homes among the post cards, old calendars and chromos, is the brightly adorned motto: God Bless Our Home. How does God do it? All kinds of ways.

(Continued on page 32)

Raising Babies By Luck

AT the table, the mother fed her thirteen months old baby, green corn, ham, greasy gravy, turnip greens and hot biscuits. (They had had *bad luck* with their boys.)

Of course, it must be remembered that many of these mothers have not had a chance to learn the simplest hygiene. Doctors live far away, and trained nurses are nowhere to be found. A woman worker of



"PIGS is pigs" wherever they are, but a mountaineer boy begins to be a different person when he goes to a mission school. Many boys suffer from hookworm when they first come. The treatment for that, and the

School Mates

change of diet from the monotonous fare of many mountain homes, sometimes transform a child's appearance so his parents hardly know him when he goes home for Christmas holidays.



WHEN they've finished the chicken-house, they'll probably begin carpentering a dormitory. Mission schools are always overflowing. There are more pupils than there are mattresses to put on the floor. A package of publicity matter to be used in recruiting stu-

"Applied Design"

dents was sent to one of our mission schools for Southern Highlanders. The president returned the circulars saying that he spent about a fourth of his time informing parents that no more students could be accommodated. He didn't dare advertise.



"THE gentle cow" entirely surrounded by mission school students learning to judge her points. Both cow and boys are of the new order reigning in the highlands. Young men of this type become the prosperous farmers and the leaders of their districts. And cows of this

Judging Stock

type soon make thier dairy record known the county over.

The farmer who tickled the hillside with a wooden plow, and the lean and hungry cow who did not pay for her keep, are fading into the same past that swallowed the old feudists.



THIS should be called "Then and Now."

But the "then and now" are simultaneous, at the Asheville Farm School. The old wooden plow and the gasoline tractor, working side by side, provide graphic proof of the value of modern methods in agriculture.

New Plows for Old

Students come to the schools from miles around, in wagons, ramshackle buggies, on horse-back, or a-foot. They pay their tuition not only in money but in sorghum, turnips, sweet potatoes or by labor in the school.



THE missionary-farmer-teacher giving a "close-up" lesson.

Answering Questions

Our schools teach not only boys and girls, but coves and counties. Whole towns spruce up and build better houses after the pattern of the mission buildings. Whole districts

wake up and use better seed and breed better cattle. And under the guidance of the domestic science and hygiene work, a whole generation of better babies will rise to thank the mission schools for their being.



PRACTICAL work in pruning trees at Brevard Institute, North Carolina. This school has 200 pupils, most of them from the mountains, some from the cotton villages of the "level country."

Students in the graduating class are about 20 years old, whereas they are generally 16 in the corresponding class in northern high schools. The reason lies in the inadequate public schools in the

Cutting Deadwood

mountains. They are few and far between, built of logs, poorly heated, and have rough boards for desks. In some schools the dear old Webster Blue-back speller is still doing service. In many districts the public school term is only four months long,—starting in August, closing for "fodder pulling" in October, and closing again in January on account of the roads.



THE educational mission work for girls is just as real and vital as that for boys. It will lift the standard of mountain homes of the next generation. The primitive living conditions of many mountain districts cause the spread of such diseases as malaria, hook worm and tuberculosis. Mission school girls are trained in hygiene, nursing, dietetics, cooking and all the branches of domestic science. "Home making" means to them literally making

Building for the Future

home furnishings. A book case is generally the first object to be made, for an empty book case in the home is an incentive to gather books.

Mountain youngsters save up for months and present themselves at the mission schools with resources that would be comic if they were not tragic. One boy, when refused admission for lack of room, said, "I didn't come down here to board. I came to get an education. I'll sleep on the floor."

A Race of Rip Van Winkles Is Waking Up

(Continued from page 26)

Through the most varied and ingenious missionary work to be found the world over. I'll cite some instances.

A visiting nurse sent by a mission board has organized a "Health Campaign" for a whole county. She is giving "Health Talks," conducting a "Better Babies Campaign," promoting "Baby Shows" at community fairs, and planning the hot lunch at rural schools for undernourished children.

A young Ohio school teacher was sent to the Cumberland Mountains, to a small community seven miles from a railroad, seven miles from a grocery store, from a doctor, a post office, from everything but loneliness and need. In the homes of that "settlement" now you will see canned vegetables and fruit that she has taught them how to save, to vary the winter diet.

A rural route, which she secured, brings the daily mail. A good road runs through the community. She is also responsible for a weekly religious service and a six months school. There is no way of knowing how much an educated and consecrated young woman can accomplish in one of these communities.

The Literal Leaven of Missions

THE primary interests of the "Community Workers" sent there by our churches is to give the people a chance to help themselves. One missionary imported some pure seed corn for the farmers. Another made the neighborhood yeast to induce the people to use "light bread." One missionary walked over eleven mountain counties carrying a stereopticon lantern giving illustrated lectures on the harmful effects of the house fly and persuading the people to screen their homes. A minister in Kentucky helped his community to pave the roads to pave the roads to his church. A pike road to church is an invitation that anyone can understand.

One missionary in response to the requests of the voters, is the auditor of the public money of this county. He has installed a new financial system and during the past two years has saved his county seven thousand dollars in maintenance expenses. He has signed checks for the spending of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of county money for road improvement. He also has a chance to improve the schools and secure well-prepared teachers.

It was a missionary of the church who raised the salary for the first County Agricultural Agent in the mountains of Tennessee. Now the thirteen adjoining counties have County Agents paid out of state funds. It was another missionary who started the Canning Clubs in the mountains of North Carolina and promoted them for four years until the state took over the projects. It was under the auspices of the church six years ago that Community Fairs, now quite popular, were started.

What about the additions to the church? Mission Boards are trying to help each community to secure a well-equipped resident pastor. When this has been done people unite with the church. In one section of the mountains where the churches have recently been well equipped by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, one of the foremost agencies in this field, the membership is increasing ten per cent a year.

"Are the people capable of development? How do they show up?" someone always asks. Meaning, of course, "we're from Missouri."

What the War Did in the Mountains

WELL, look at Sergeant Yorke. No article about mountaineers is complete without him. And Sergeant Yorke is not exceptional, but is typical of the character and strength the mountains produce. The war merely stimulated the outburst of genius and ability which brought him and many others into the limelight.

This generation will witness great changes in the Appalachians. The men of soldier-age were snatched out of the narrow environment of their homes, and thrown in contact with men from every where. The physical training and medical attention cured many of them of hook worm, a scourge of the South. Some men got their first schooling in cantonments. They saw the wonders that motors and tractors and road-building machines can accomplish.

"I hope I get discharged before the first of November," an overseas veteran complained, "Cause, if I don't, I can't get home till next spring. I'll have to walk fifty miles from the railroad, and you can't get over the roads in the winter."

How long will he live in the mountains before urging good roads? And schools? And all the other institutions of civilization and democracy he saw "out in the world."

The mountain people only need a chance. When given it, they succeed. One day a preacher proposed to a houseful of young people that if any of them would save money enough for their railroad fare to get them to college and provide for their clothes for the year, he would get the money for their tuition. A bright young woman soon accepted the offer. She began making her clothes and getting ready to enter Berea Academy ten months hence. Her enthusiasm became contagious. At the end of those ten months of preparation seven young people from that one community entered Berea, five went to a college in Tennessee and one to a normal school in North Carolina. Thirteen young people, from one community in one year "working their way through college" shows that these people appreciate a chance to improve. The big work of the church in the mountains is to give the young people a chance.

Where Whole Villages Go Blind

By Helen Rue Gould

OUTSIDE a mountain cabin a mother sat under a shade tree, weeping, and her tears fell on the face of her baby boy. She did not know that those tears were carrying to her child the same affliction she was now enduring — trachoma.

Whole communities in the Kentucky Mountains have trachoma, that most painful and dangerous disease of the eyes. The victims sit all day in the dark windowless cabins, most of them without occupation or diversion. At twilight they come out and stumble up and down the rough hillsides, visiting with their neighbors, gossiping, talking politics. Then home again to a sleepless night.

Dr. Stucky, of Lexington, when he made a tour of investigation, at the instigation of a mission school teacher, found many localities where from 60 to 80 percent of the people were infected with trachoma.

With several other volunteer doctors and nurses, Dr. Stucky set up a clinic at the Hindman Settlement. They had a three-roomed "log hospital" and a little colony of tent work-rooms. When it was "norated around" that the "eye doctors" were there, patients came by the hundreds. Men, women and children poured into Hindman, riding mules, riding nags, bumping along in "jolt wagons," or walking. Nearly all of them wore black bandages, or bonnets and hats pulled low over their sensitive, suffering eyes.

One old man said he had never been without acute pain for twenty years. The trachoma-roughened lids had scraped over his eye balls till the sight was hopelessly gone. Many children could not remember whether they had ever been able to see distinctly.

For three years the volunteer doctors and nurses came back twice a year to continue the treatment and make the cures permanent. A new hospital, with twenty-two beds was built, so that the Settlement nurse could keep patients under continual treatment.

Finally the work grew too big for the twice-a-year clinic and the United States Public Health Service established permanent free clinics in three mountain counties. Trachoma is being slowly wiped out. As a whole community or county is healed, the hospital moves on to another district.

Next month World Outlook's special topic will be KOREA. Splendid Korean pictures and an authoritative article by Frederick Boyd Stevenson, on "The Truth about Korea" will cover fifteen pages of the December issue.



Photograph by Horace W. Scandlin

A better class street in the Arab quarter of Tunis, North Africa. Behind these white stone walls, the Mohammedan woman dares to remove her veil, and peeps out through the latticed windows.



Photograph by Horace W. Scandlin

A street urchin of Constantine, North Africa, who shows in her face the sullen, sodden outlook of Mohammedanism.



Photograph by Horace W. Scandlin

All in rags and all in tags, little Arab children of the poorest class come to the Mission rooms in Constantine to learn sewing. It is their first contact with the civilization process.



Photograph by Horace W. Scandlin

*"A wandering minstrel, I, a thing of rags and patches,
Of dreamy songs and snatches —"*

playing and singing to a group of prosperous farmers and merchants, on the streets of Constantine, North Africa.

Would Japan Care to Be Fully Understood? In Too Big a Hurry with The Negro. The Use and Abuse of Eclipses. Shall the Ministers Go on Strike?

And notes concerning happiness, a million dollars,
a good lesson, a tea party, and the six-hour day

by Willard Price

A Busy Million Dollars

When you are inclined to fancy that the liquor fight is now a thing of the past—just remind yourself that the liquor interests in their National Convention in Atlantic City last summer appropriated one million dollars for a five-year campaign to promote non-enforcement of and dissatisfaction with the prohibition law.

That million is hard at work right now.

Let Us Forget the Tea Party

"Where is Boston?" inquired the Prince of Wales. Which indicates that knowledge is not hereditary, for the Prince is a direct descendant of George the Third who was, in his day, thoroughly informed concerning Boston.

But, after all, it is just as well that the famous tea party, symbol of international friction, should now retire into oblivion, and its place should be taken by the tea party that is the symbol of hospitality, typifying the spirit of friendship which has been deepening so rapidly between the United States and Great Britain in recent years.

TAKE your choice. Hard work or hard times!

In Too Big a Hurry with the Negro

Let us not be too impatient with the negro. No race has ever climbed farther in so short a space of time.

Africa was the day before yesterday and slavery was yesterday.

In a lawsuit in New York a few weeks ago a will came to light, dated 1812. It recalls the time when New York had slavery. Part of the will reads thus:

"To my beloved wife Mercey I bequeath \$500 a year, also my black girl Sarrah, a good horse and a chair, also one-half of my dwelling house—so long as she shall remain a widow and no longer. I also bequeath my black boy Isaac to my eldest son David."

If a man's life is "but an infinitesimal moment between two eternities," then slavery was not yesterday, but only a moment ago in the age-long history of a race. Give them time.

What right have we to expect the best from those who expected and got from us the worst? Goodness knows we have a long way yet to go on the path of penance before we will be rid of the disgrace of the days of "my black girl Sarrah, a good horse, and a chair."

When a negro is burned at the stake, it is a vicarious sacrifice; for, as a matter of fact, it is our own self-righteousness which ought to be roasted to death over those fagots. When the negro offends, we shall do well to sprinkle ashes of condemnation on our own heads and draw the sackcloth of a shameful memory closer.

Be patient. Give them time—and help!

A member of a committee in Arkansas studying the race riots, refers thus to the leader of the negroes in this "race war:"

"He simply played upon the ignorance and superstition of a race of children, most of whom could neither read nor write."

True. But doesn't it occur to the people of Arkansas to ask themselves whether any possible fault attaches to them in this matter? Have they performed their full duty toward this "race of children?" What about education? How does the sovereign state of Arkansas explain the fact that most of her negroes can neither read nor write? Does Arkansas seriously expect to get peace and order without giving education and opportunity? If you keep the eyes of a race blindfolded, have you the right to indulge in a holy rage when it stumbles?

One more thing. Rome was not built in a day but it was burned in one. The development of a race is a matter of centuries, but the spoiling and brutalizing of a race can be accomplished very speedily by the sort of outrageous tyrannies which have occurred in the United States during the past year.

How Americans Pursue Happiness

We saw recently a house full of gimcracks which had been bought by a newly-rich.

The whole pile of them did not seem equal, in terms of enjoyment, to a log seat beside a camp fire in the Canadian woods. There came to mind the comment of Socrates when articles of luxury were spread out before him: "How much there is in the world I do not want!"

America needs a revival of the all but forgotten doctrine that a man should carry his own happiness around with him. He need not depend for it upon a thousand externals—tables, chairs, houses, lands and motion picture shows.

Those engaged in the modern money-rush should step back for a moment into the calmer philosophy of the ancients.

Aristotle said: "To be happy is to be self-contained."

Epictetus: "Men are not influenced by things, but by their thoughts about things."

Metrodorus: "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings."

What accompanies a man when he is alone is more essential to him than everything he may have in the way of possessions.

Of course we believe in progress. But we refuse to believe that all progress should follow the river bed of materialism. Some of it—may we say the greater part of it?—should be turned into mental and spiritual channels.

More thoughts and not so many things.

More refinement and less furniture.

Larger souls and smaller houses and perhaps no limousine at all!

The Use and Abuse of Eclipses

This fascinating anecdote comes from an excellent and honored missionary in Africa:

"Do Wy, Konyo! Do Wy, Konyo!" ("Good morning, Lord") sobbed Cofa Kye, Kru Methodist, her arms clasped around the missionary woman's neck, her body trembling like a leaf. Prone on the ground lay Cofa Siah, choir leader, clutching the

missionary man's ankles while she shook and prayed aloud. Close by stood the king's wife, old Juah, stiff with terror. Up the hill to the Mission other women came running from their farms, singing, praying, quivering with fear. The Mission children clustered around us with staring eyes and awed faces. The sun was passing under eclipse and Kruland was in abject terror.

"The noonday darkness deepened and the flames of the burning farm near by shone redly against the gloom. Suddenly our Bethany bell rang out and there was borne to our ears a great outburst of singing and prayer from that Christian town. In the heathen villages the old chiefs ran to and fro, shouting, God, you see me. I do you plenty wrong. But don't kill me this time." To our church people they appealed, 'God has taken the world away from us. What must we do?'

"A few minutes later the light returned, radiant and bright. But in every town where the Mission has established churches our Kru people remained in prayer all night. This May watch-night service was God's seal to a revival which for two full years we had longed for, prayed for, labored for. Prayer brought down upon the solemnized Krus the convicting, converting power of the Holy Spirit. And before the revival closed, more than a hundred converts were to declare that God had indeed 'taken the world away' from them, giving them that glorious substitute of Hebrews 11:16 and Hebrews 12:22-24."

It is evident from this story that the natives interpreted the eclipse as a direct manifestation of the wrath of God. They fled to the missionaries in a spirit of terror and repentance. One hundred were converted.

Was their conversion genuine, or were they frightened into it by a misunderstanding of a natural phenomenon? Did the missionaries act wisely in accepting them as converts? Or should the harmlessness of the eclipse have been explained and no evangelistic effort allowed until the people had returned to a normal frame of mind?

Is superstition a proper opening wedge for Christianity?

The tendency of the missionary program around the world is not to conceal the acts of science, but to illuminate them, and great systems of mission schools, colleges and universities are fulfilling this purpose. And yet, occasionally, there comes from a land like Africa or India, a statement from some missionary to the effect that methods which would be quite unsuited for use among practical-minded Americans are not only appropriate but necessary in dealing with barbarian animists or Hindu mystics; and that superstition is so much a part of the warp and woof of the minds of these people that it is better at first to make use of it as a means to salvation, and abolish it afterwards.

Will not some of the readers of World Outlook express themselves on this point?

Shall We Have a Six Hour Day?

Lord Leverhulme, the founder of Port Sunlight, England, of Sunlight Soap fame, advocates a six hour day. He believes it would be profitable to employer and employee alike.

May we ask two questions—one on either side of the subject:

If history was wise in reducing hours from fourteen to twelve, twelve to ten, ten to eight, why not reduce now from eight to six?

Assuming we do not wish to continue this process until we reach zero, just where shall we stop?

If it is hard to do, the chances are it is worth doing.

Why Unlearn a Good Lesson?

The War Labor Board has been forced by lack of funds to conclude its work. This Board had settled more than 1200 labor disputes.

Why should not this Board, or one like it, be constituted a regular bureau of the Government?

Shall the Ministers Go On Strike?

English clergymen are advocating a "ministers' union" which would set a minimum limit to salaries.

Well, why not?

Are we agreed that ministers should have more salary? If they should have it, why should they not try to get it? If it is right for them to make this effort individually, why should it

not be right for them to combine their efforts and, in order to force the issue, even discontinue their work for a short time, if necessary, that is, "go on strike," until the increase is assured?

Why should preachers of righteousness and justice belittle their own teaching by being a meek party to constant unrighteousness and injustice?

But suppose the drastic methods of unionism should be impossible in this case. Suppose they would lack dignity, and be impracticable as well. Then what is the way out?

We shall welcome letters on either or both phases of this two-fold subject:

What need is there for a change? How may the change be accomplished?

THE last war has been finished. (The next one has not begun yet.)

Would Japan Care to be Fully Understood?

Japan complains that she is not understood. True, she is not. It is a little difficult to understand certain of Japan's actions in Korea, Shantung and China.

In the course of an interview in Tokyo during the summer of 1915, Premier Okuma said to the writer:

"I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that Japan has a mission in helping to bring this about."

Suavely and diplomatically worded. But analyze it, and what does it mean? Would a statesman of more blunt speech have put it as follows:

"The entire East must subscribe to Japan's way of thinking; and it is Japan's task to bring this about."

During the same year we interviewed Count Terauchi, then Governor General of Korea, later Premier of Japan. He admitted his belief that Japan could do for China something of the sort that she had already done for the development of Korea, and that the Chinese would be greatly benefited thereby; but he added that it was better for Japan not to dream too seriously of such an ambition because of the envy of other Powers.

A Japanese University professor writing in a leading Japanese magazine described Japan's program in China, and then went on to speak of India. For the present, he said, it would be better to let Great Britain dominate India. It was just as well for Japan that India should be under British control for the time being, because this would keep the country quiet and stable. **After Japan had worked out her destiny in China, said the professor, then it would be time enough to think about India!**

Perhaps these statements merely imply the desire of Japan to secure domination over the commerce and ideas of the East just as the United States holds the dominating position in the commerce and ideas of the Western Hemisphere. Is it just this? Or is it the itch of imperialism?

True enough, we do not quite understand Japan! As a matter of fact, Japan probably does not understand herself. There, as here, many different factions pursue many different notions. There, as here, there are strong currents of good, as well as of knavery.

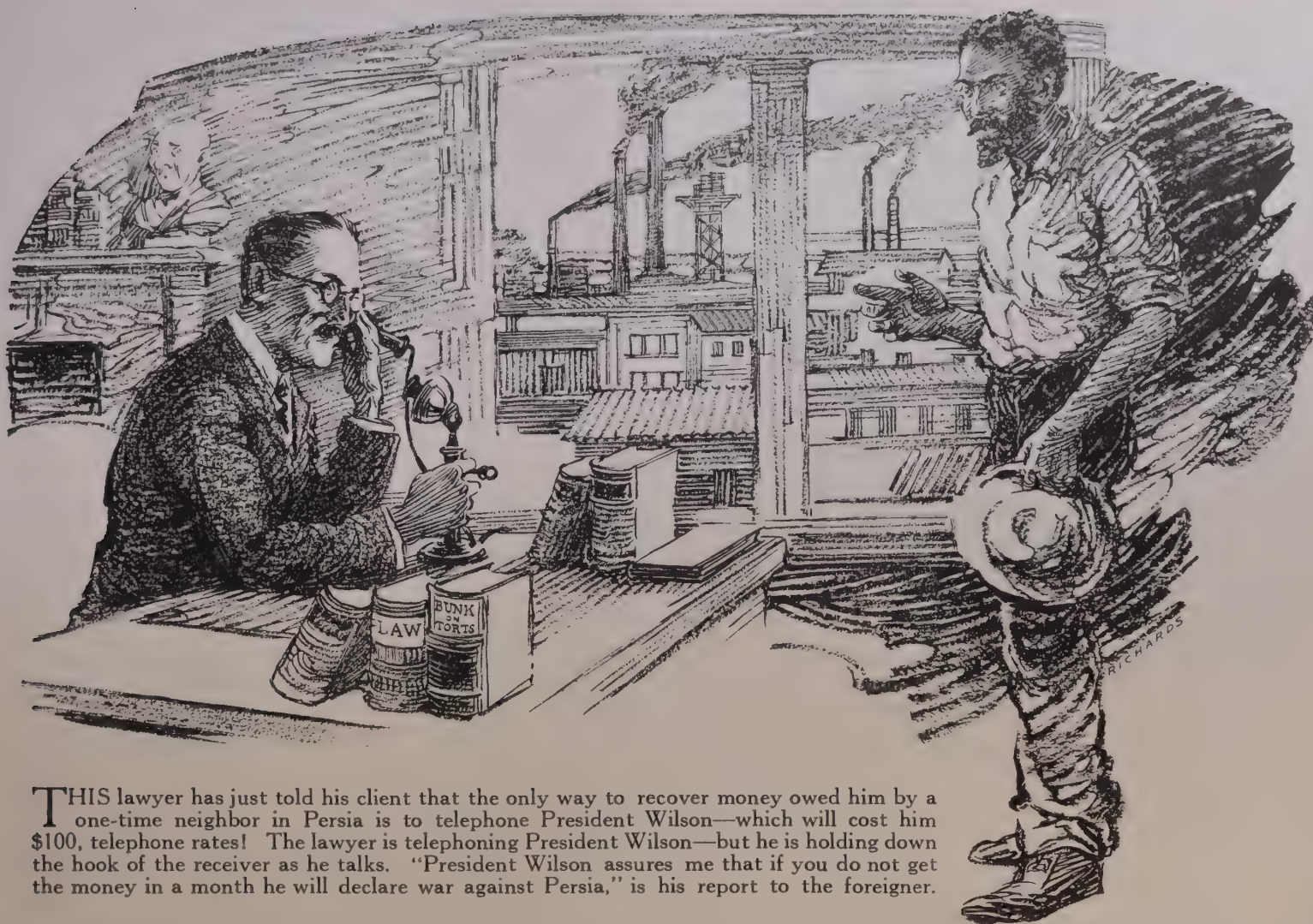
No one can look at Japan's progress since the time of Perry without profound admiration. No one can examine without great respect, the record of the material development which Japan has given Korea—respect clouded now by stories of atrocities. No one can deal much with Japanese firms without discovering that, although their products may be cheaply made, their business methods are no more crooked than those of firms of any other nationality. One dealer says he finds it far more necessary to beware of business swindlers in Boston than in Tokyo. No one can question the fact that Japan's political dealings with Western powers have been at least on as high a plane of honor as their own political dealings.

And yet, the world is losing confidence in Japan. Why? Because the Japanese do not seem able to agree on any one great common principle. Come, Japan! If you wish to be understood and to understand yourself, fix your principle. State it to the world, and then stick to it.

What is it to be?

Imperialism or Fraternity?

Kultur or Culture?



THIS lawyer has just told his client that the only way to recover money owed him by a one-time neighbor in Persia is to telephone President Wilson—which will cost him \$100, telephone rates! The lawyer is telephoning President Wilson—but he is holding down the hook of the receiver as he talks. “President Wilson assures me that if you do not get the money in a month he will declare war against Persia,” is his report to the foreigner.

Why Not Missionary Lawyers?

They are needed in our country to protect the interests of the ignorant. How can we achieve Christian Americanization when renegades of the legal and medical professions are mercilessly exploiting the unsophisticated foreigner?

By Floyd H. Adams

MUST have hunderd dollar qweek. Feller got my cow shut up and police say me pay hunderd dollar, 'cause she eat feller's corn."

It was a Hungarian Christian appealing to his pastor in the great Calumet steel region in Northwestern Indiana. Investigations showed that business was dull in the office of the so-called "Justice-of-the-Peace," and he and the constable had "framed up" this plan to extract money from a poor, unsophisticated foreigner. They sent one of their lackeys to unfasten the door of the Hungarian's barn and let down the fence into the neighbor's corn field; the cow did the rest.

When our foreign friend went to milk his cow, she was gone. Then the constable appeared telling him his cow had been seized and shut up awaiting his payment of one hundred dollars damages.

The innocent Hungarian, knowing nothing of American law, would have paid the hundred dollars at once, even though it was more than the cow was worth, if he had had the money.

"Me no got hunderd dollar, what me do?" he ventured to plead.

Then they threatened to butcher his cow, sell his household goods and put him in jail. He appealed for a chance to go to friends and borrow the money. They let him go not knowing that he would turn at once to his American pastor who was familiar with such schemes.

To their consternation they learned where he had gone; the lackey returned the cow to the owner's barn with some haste; the

constable hied away to the office of the "Justice" and the case was dropped.

In the "Magic City," Gary, Indiana, a Persian workman entered the office of a lawyer and said that a former neighbor in Persia owed him quite a sum of money and would not pay it, and ended the narration of his tale by asking the attorney, "Can you make him pay?" The attorney looked wise and dignified, asked some questions, then rendered his decision.

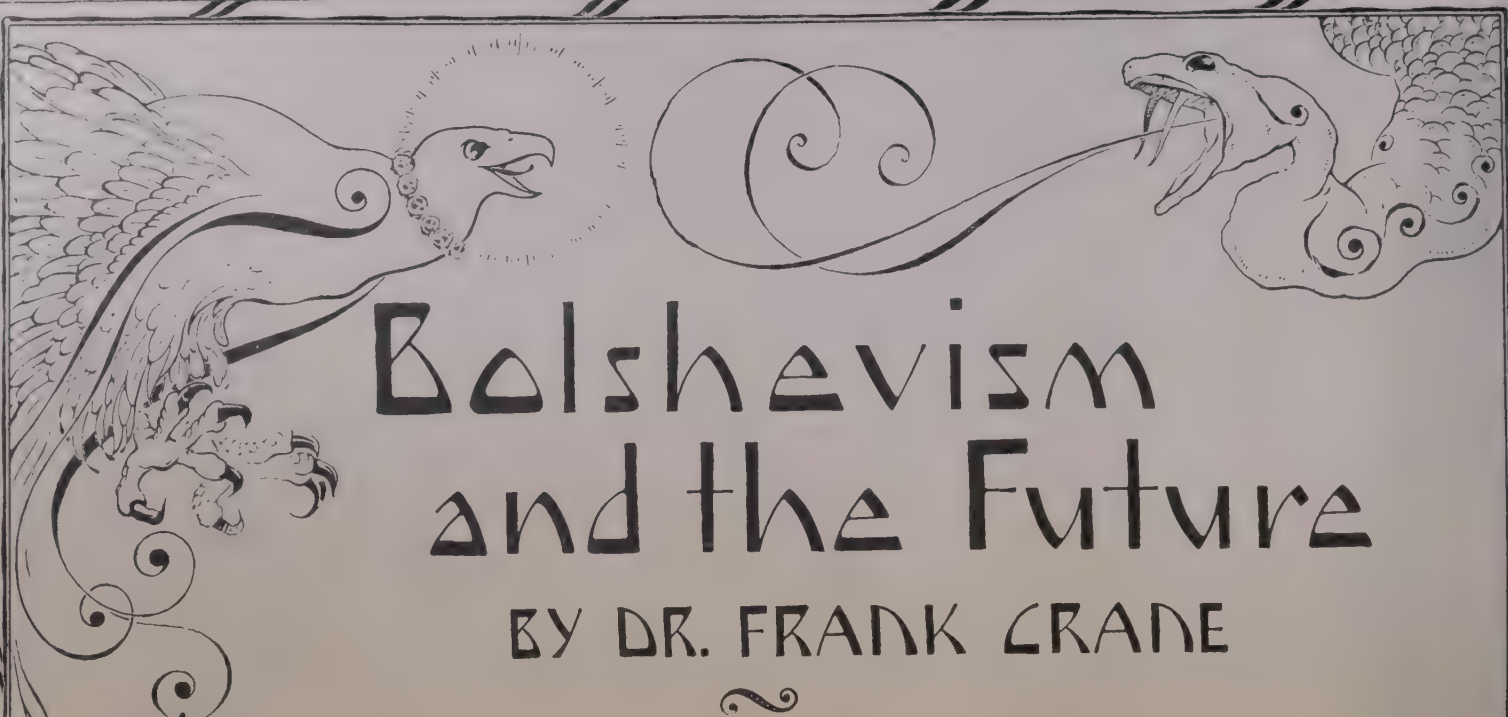
"The only thing to do is to take this matter up with President Wilson by telephone. It costs one hundred dollars to telephone to Washington. You pay that, and I will charge you only fifty dollars for my services."

The Persian went out, and after much difficulty borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars, returned and laid the money on the desk. Then the lawyer took his telephone, removed the receiver, but held the hook down with his finger, so as not to signal central, and pretended he was talking with President Wilson.

After finishing the supposed interview with Washington, the lawyer turned to his anxious Persian client and said, "President Wilson assures me that if you do not succeed in getting the money in a month, he will declare war against Persia."

The foreigner went away quite satisfied. But the money did not come, there was no war with Persia, and the client returned to his legal adviser, who expressed his regret and surprise and after

(Continued on page 59)



Bolshevism and the Future

BY DR. FRANK CRANE



HE word Bolshevism furnishes an example of the curious twist that sometimes occurs in the career of a word. It meant, originally, Majority. It has come to mean Minority. Starting out facing East, it has turned squarely around and faces West.

Bolshevism in Russia, its home, is government by a quite small band of politicians, a few thousand out of Russia's many millions.

They got control by military force. By that force they remain in power. The masses of Russia are no more Bolsheviks than the masses of America.

The condition there is precisely as it would be here, if at some breakdown in established conditions, a small group of radicals, headed by Eugene Debs, Max Eastman and Upton Sinclair, had seized the reins of government, got control of the small standing army, and proceeded to carry out their peculiar convictions.

BOLSHEVISM is the same, in its essence, as Czarism. Both are Government by Class.

Under the Czar it was the Aristocratic Class; under Bolshevism the extreme Socialist Class.

A copper cent may be heads on one side and tails on the other, but it's all copper.

Bolshevism is not Democracy, has not the slightest kinship to Democracy, is exactly the opposite of Democracy.

For Democracy is a Government "by the people," the plain meaning of which is "by the majority of the people."

THE root of Bolshevism is Government by a Class.

To Democracy the rule of any Class is intolerable, fatal; whether it be the Proletariat Class, or the Capitalistic, or the Educated, or the Nobly born, or the Religious, or any other Class.

For this reason the recent strike of the Boston policemen was an axe stroke at the very root of our institutions. It would be the end of Democracy if its police or army, or other group of public employees, acknowledged obedience to a Labor Union, or to any other body, in precedence to the People and their legally chosen officials.

Soviet government is government by representatives of workmen's Classes. Of Democracy the unit is the Human Being, without reference to Class.

Labor Unions have their place. They have done good in securing for the workers improved conditions by means of concerted effort. But the moment they go beyond this, and presume to dictate to the people what shall be their laws and government, and to carry out their will because they are a compact political unit, they will commit suicide.

The American people will tolerate dictation by the Labor Unions no more than they would dictation by Lawyers' Associations or Preachers' Conferences.

Any group is free to change this Government if it can. But it must do so by peaceful means, and by persuading the majority. For any minority to impose its will upon us means death to the U. S. A. and all it stands for.

THE trouble is, we find it hard to realize Humanity. A little Class or Group passion seems to be as far as we can go.

The bitter attempts to defeat the League of Nations are due to the fact that we can feel a National enthusiasm, but not a Humanity, a World, enthusiasm.

And men can feel loyalty to a Labor Union more easily than to the Nation.

Always the small passion is the easier.

The greatest factor in the enlargement of our hearts, in the development of our Human Nerve, our World Sense, is Christianity.

WIPE out the old and overthrow the existing was the first commandment in the Bolshevik Code of Destruction. Czarism and the Church stood out like gleaming targets for the attack.

Thousands of priests were murdered. Some of these victims were buried alive; still others had their eyes gouged out or their ears and noses sliced off before they were put to death. Nearly every conceivable manner of execution—shooting, hanging, drowning, burning, crucifixion—was practiced by the vengeful terrorists.

In contrast we glimpse the unmolested, sequestered life of Russian priests in America—at the right a group of monks preparing their soup in the monastery grove; below a procession of High Church dignitaries and their followers on their way to the monastery to pray against the Bolsheviks.



ARCHBISHOP PLATON, who today stands in the position of Pope to the Orthodox Russian Church, is the only one of Russia's higher priests to escape death at the hands of the Bolsheviks.



In Christ there is no Nation, no Class. He alone had the original World Outlook.

The League of Nations is the first effort to express this Christ Outlook in politics, to consider the world as Human, not National.

So the best antidote to Bolshevism, and to the whole Class madness, the fruits of which are contention and destruction, is the influence of Jesus, which is the vital force of co-operation and construction.

The remedy for narrow radicalism is not to punish and imprison its advocates, nor is it to argue with them, so much as it is to go on spreading Jesus' point of view, and making men realize they are Brothers, not Enemies.

The Way Out is to Get Together.

"Men," cried Rousseau, "be human; it is your first duty!"

All men are fair. They would be if they knew how.

Let us believe in "all men everywhere." That is Democracy.

And he that believeth not shall be damned.

THE meaning of this whole period of unrest we are in, is that the human race is endeavoring to give birth to Democracy — political, industrial, religious Democracy — and the parturition is agonizing. Humanity, as a feeling, is being born.

But fear not! For "thy Maker is thy Husband." It is God's will that is growing.

In the fiery furnace with us walks one whose form is as the Son of God.

Now, in our turmoil of reconstruction, as yesterday in our turmoil of war, we are going forward, Humanity is marching upward

"With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!"

Copyright, 1919, by Frank Crane.

The Magic Carpet

DO you remember the magic carpet in "Arabian Nights?" Whoever sat on it was transported in an instant wherever he desired to go. We have a new kind of magic carpet—all you have to do is to read the words printed on it, and you will find yourself on the frontiers of Christianity, sharing in the high adventures of the mission fields.



In the Doctor's Ante-room

OFFICE hours at the one mission hospital in Inhambane, East Africa, bring together all kinds and conditions of men. First there is Tizore, the king of the Christians. He is bare-footed, but is dressed in a Prince Albert coat and has much the air of a drum major as he goes about among the other patients instructing them in the routine of a Christian dispensary.

Then there is old Jack, the story teller. He walked ten days to get to the hospital. In the old days he wrapped himself in a magic robe—in other words a red blanket—and told tales which made the bravest warriors tremble. But now he has told his last tale, for he came to the missionary with an incurable disease, and now it is the missionary who tells him a story, the strange new story of a religion of love.

Chief Ponda, dressed in a leopard skin and armed with spears, bows and arrows, is the next patient, and following him is Managasa, the man of valor and husband of many wives.

In one corner are the women, some of them carrying bright-eyed pickaninnies who hide their eyes at the sight of the white doctor. They are dressed in skins, for this is the land where daddy literally goes a-hunting to get a little skin to wrap his baby bunting in.

Among the women is Talita, whom the white doctor cured of a tumor. Hers was one of the cases which was noised abroad through the Inhambane country, and which helped make the dispensary a power-house for good in Africa.

Japan's "Best Sellers"

IN a single year Japan published 24,448 books and 24,733 periodicals of all kinds. At the top of the list come books on industry, with 6,697 publications, proof positive of the modernism of the Empire. Next come the 6,132 books on politics, which include the Japanese equivalent of the "Congressional Record," but which nevertheless show an interest in all matters of government and politics. The publication of 2,895 books on religion indicates that Japan is recognizing her need of a deeper spiritual life. Religious books are more numerous than even books on education, or the books which were classed as "literature," but which constitute one of the most pernicious influences in the nation. In this revived interest in religious books Christianity can claim only a small part, for the total number of Christian books published in a year was forty—less than two-tenths of one per cent of the total number of books printed during the year.

Where Wives are Wealth

IN Central Africa the number of a man's wives indicates his financial standing as accurately as Dun's or Bradstreet's gives the rating of a New York merchant. That is why Mwata Yamvo, Lord of Death to two million Africans, sent word to all his sub-chiefs that they must bring him a hundred girls. The ones he wants, he will keep in his own harem; the others he will rent out by the year to those who pay him liberally enough. This traffic is the chief source of the royal exchequer.

Occasionally the wives are distributed rent-free. One of the missionaries tells of such a case. A foreign teacher was resting in an African village during a long cross-continent journey. Early one morning he was awakened by six or seven hundred young women who marched up and formed a circle around him. The Chief came with them to explain that the whole tribe wished him to stay with them and teach them, so they had brought their

young women that he might choose a wife and settle in their midst.

The white man was cornered, but declined, giving as one of his excuses the fact that he did not wish to stir up jealousy by selecting any one. "That is all right," said the headman, "Take them all." The next morning the traveler left, but the people of that tribe are still waiting for someone to teach them.

Volunteers Who are Immune

WE have nurtured college women for four, five and six years, have gotten them into medical schools, and then have seen them go drifting onto the reefs of matrimony," said a Woman's Board official, "Now we want some missionary candidates who are immune—business women, teachers, trained nurses."

So that woman has planned a "drive" among professional women. The plans include speeches by "four-minute" women, and posters. One of the posters has for its motto Edith Cavell's challenge, "Patriotism is not enough." This poster talks to doctors, talks in figures—which can't lie. "One hundred million women in India, and one hundred and fifty-nine women doctors. Two hundred million women in China, and only ninety-three women doctors. Fifty million women in Africa, and only fifteen women doctors."

The plan promises to be successful, too, for fifteen thousand sets of posters were ordered before they even went to press.

The H.C.L. in Africa

EXPENSES have soared in Africa just as they have in America. Here are "parallel columns" from the mission finance accounts at Nana Kru, Liberia.

Cost of supporting one student for one year:

	1914	1919
3 bags rice.....	\$11.52	\$54.00
2 bags salt.....	.60	1.92
1 tin kerosene.....	1.50	5.04
4 shirts.....	1.84	9.60
1 pair khaki trousers.....	1.32	1.92
	\$16.78	\$72.48

The Church the Cannibals Built

KABONGO, lord of a kingdom just south of the equator, was a cannibal in the days when Belgium first began to rule in the Congo. But under the influence of the Belgian territorial official he reformed, and passed the zeal for reformation throughout all his villages, for his word was law, and he said that all who practised cannibalism should be made prisoners.

About that time a missionary went to Kabongo's village to arrange for the opening of a station. The chief listened to the white man's story of what a mission would do for Kabongo-land, and decided two things: first that what the white man said was true, and second, that here was a good chance for him to use his cannibal prisoners.

So the cannibals were set to work building the church while the missionary went back to Elisabethville to arrange for the opening of the station.

Every morning at Kabongo's village the prisoners were lined up and either the Belgian official or the old chief himself lectured them on the sins of cannibalism. Then they went out into the jungle

to get bamboo poles for the frame work of the church or to cut grass for the thatched roof.

At the same time the cannibals were making the church, Kabongo's wives, there are two or three hundred of them, were at work building a house of sun-dried bricks in which the missionary might live. By the time the new missionaries had made the five-hundred-mile trip from Elisabethville — by train, by bicycle, and on foot — the mission compound was all ready, and now, just across the banana grove from Kabongo's home, the missionaries are carrying on the work which the Belgian official began.

The Missionary's Department Store

MISSION headquarters are a sort of a department store as well as receiving station for our contributions and paymaster for the workers abroad.

Here is what one visitor found in the shipping room of one mission board:

"A steam pump for a station in the heart of Africa, a windmill for China, an array of agricultural tools for India, a box of hymnals just off the press for a tribe in Micronesia, medical supplies for sundry hospitals, blackboards, crayons, pencils and other school supplies, a sewing machine, a typewriter, no end of shoes, cases of soap, and even a pair of mail-order eyeglasses for a missionary who is a thousand miles from an oculist."

Mission-made Literature for India

A FEW years ago a band of missionaries in India pledged themselves that each of them would do a piece of writing to raise the standard of Christian literature in India. Now several of these books have actually been written, and the reviews in Indian magazines have been, almost without exception, favorable.

One of the books is "The Heart of Jainism" by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson. Not long after its publication one of the most prominent Jains in all India called on Mrs. Stevenson and asked her, in the name of the Jain leaders, whether she would allow them to republish her book with the omission of all references to Christianity. They wished to use it among their own followers. Mrs. Stevenson declined to have her book printed without any mention of Christianity, but at the same time she recognized that the offer was a triumph for Christian scholarship in India.

Another book which has received wide recognition is a study of Zoroastrianism by James Hope Moulton. Two Parsee editors in reviewing it joined issue with Professor Moulton on the subject of his Christianity, but agreed in asking all Parsees to read the volume.

A Matter of Pronunciation

MONSAY" they call it in Korea, while in Japan it is "banzai," but that difference started much of the trouble in Korea about the first of March. In itself the word is harmless enough, for the Chinese root means simply "ten thousand years," but both Korea and Japan took the Chinese word for their special form of "Hurrah," or "Long Live the King." Only they pronounced it differently, just as we say "porridge" while the Scotchman says "parritch."

After Japan took over the Korean government, they insisted that all Hurrahs should be pronounced their way, and the Koreans objected. And that's the way the trouble began.

Just now matters are quieter over there, and most of the Koreans are saying "banzai" if they shout at all. But there's very little shouting, for the fact that forty-seven national leaders are still in prison facing charges that mean death or life imprisonment tends to keep patriotism in the background. Still, the missionaries say, there is a deal of thinking, and the Koreans may again insist that the proper way of shouting is to say "Monsay."

The Crumbling of Caste

INDIA is in the midst of one of her greatest famines. Grain is twice as high as it was in 1900, but in spite of this people are not dying as they did then.

A missionary gives two reasons for the lower death rate:

In the last twenty years the people have learned to work — formerly one or two members of a family supported the rest. Now all who are able to work earn something, and so during the

years of plenty something has been saved up — not much, but enough to help a little.

Another reason why India is in a better condition now than in 1900 is that the caste system is breaking down. Now you will find men and women of many castes doing work which formerly was done by one caste alone. High caste Hindus are coming to see that manual labor is not a disgrace.

Home Missions in China

LAST summer at Kuling, in the Lily Valley, a band of Christian Chinese from all denominations and from all parts of the Republic gathered together to talk about what they could do for their country. Being the product of mission work, they decided that the best thing they could do was to send out missionaries of their own. The place for their work, they decided, should be Yun-Nan, down on the south-west border of China. The first missionary was Pastor Dun Li-Nei, organizer of the first Chinese Student Volunteers. After a preliminary investigation he expects to return to Kuling to make a report of his work and to enlist other workers.

Re-Treeing China

DO you remember Joseph Bailie, the Irishman who decided that the best way to cure famines in China was by not having them? His remedy was trees, and his demonstration station was the University of Nanking. Now his work has grown beyond mere trees and takes in cotton plants and silk-worms. Also he has two American and three Chinese assistants. As for students, there is no trouble about getting them. In the province of Shansi the governor recently held competitive examinations to determine who should hold the government scholarships in the departments of agriculture and forestry at Nanking. Eighteen qualified. And Shansi is only one of eight provinces which are giving state support to the University.

A Convention for Each County

TWENTY-FIVE hundred conventions between January and May with a hundred and fifty trained speakers devoting their entire time to the campaign — that is the program formulated by the Life Work Department of the Interchurch World Movement, at a meeting held September thirtieth. The aim of the conventions is to give vocational guidance to young people of high school and college age and also to graduates. Some of the meetings will be held in connection with Christian Endeavor associations, Student Volunteer Conventions and other established agencies. Some of them will be held independently, but it is the hope of the Life Work Department that each county in the United States will have at least one meeting in which the claims of Christian service may be presented to selected groups of young people.

Prescribing for the Rural Districts

OFFICERS of the Rural Survey Department are already at work finding out the religious conditions and needs in seventy representative counties. Each state is represented by at least one county, and where conditions are diversified by more than one. It is hoped that this work will be completed before the first of the year and will serve as a basis for the discussion of rural problems while the rest of the survey is being completed.

Four Hundred Millions for Missions

THE General Committee of the Interchurch World Movement met in Cleveland, Ohio, September 23-26, for the purpose of outlining plans and approving methods of work. Among other things, the question of denominational relationships was discussed, and it was decided that the number of representatives from each denomination should be determined by the General Committee in consultation with the authorities of the denomination. In order that every branch of each denomination may have some representation the Committee decided to provide for certain members at large. The number of these members may not exceed one-third of the membership of the General Committee.

Four hundred million for missions. During the Interchurch General Committee meeting at Cleveland, representatives of twenty-eight denominations decided upon this as a tentative benefit for the united simultaneous financial campaign during April or May, 1920, in which each denomination will determine how much it will raise. Means will be developed for a concerted appeal. A percentage of the funds in each case will go to defray the expenses of the Interchurch Movement. It is understood, however, that any denomination which does not care to participate in this united drive may refrain from doing so without losing its share in the other activities of the Interchurch Movement. This provision was made especially for the benefit of denominations which have recently conducted extensive financial campaigns.

The Moral Issue in Labor

ALARGE part of the discussion at the Cleveland General Committee meeting related to industrial conditions. The plans of the Industrial Relations Department embody the Labor platform of the Interchurch Movement. Through this department the Interchurch Movement proposes to

"Affirm the principles as taught and lived by Jesus Christ and entrusted to his followers. These principles must be the dominating force of the proper adjustment in industrial relations. They condemn all conditions repressive of human liberty and social advancement. They equally condemn desertion of duty to public safety by sworn servants of the law. They work for mutual understanding and co-operation by the irresistible force of justice and love. The Church must demonstrate that these principles can be applied to actual conditions of the present day."

In the practical working out of its proposals the Department plans to "study the underlying causes of present industrial disputes and suggest where feasible to local churches and other Christian agencies methods by which they may relate themselves to the securing of just settlements," and also to "give publicity to plans in actual practise which have been conducive to bringing about harmonious relations," and to "study the co-operative movement as developed in Europe and America and standardize the best methods for the conduct of co-operative societies."

German Missions Under Allied Domination

THE National Lutheran Council has made a request to the Peace Conference that the stations previously operated by German Lutherans shall be turned over to the American Lutherans. The treaty with Germany provided that the property of Christian religious missions previously maintained by German societies shall continue to be devoted to missionary purposes. Under the treaty these properties are to be intrusted to a board of trustees which holds the faith of the mission whose property is involved. For this reason it seems logical that the American Lutherans should assume the control and support of German Lutheran missions. The American church not only feels this obligation but also recognizes in it a great opportunity for world evangelization.

Chinese Women Break Into Politics

CHINESE women are rapidly becoming a power in the politics of their country, we learn from various Far-East publications, but, according to some of these same journals, they merely constitute a new kind of "yellow peril." Feminine interest is defined as "feminine interference" — we seem to have heard those words somewhere before — and it is pointed out that even in the most advanced Western nations woman still holds a subsidiary position in the affairs of state and it is "still considered impolitic to allow her anything like a predominating voice in many problems. If that is the case in the West, what can we expect in China, where women have been kept very much in the background for centuries?"

Mission Study at First Hand

ADEPUTATION of thirty women have recently started from this country for a six-months study of every phase of mission life in the Far East, especially as this life relates to women. The deputation was organized by the Federated Women's Council of Foreign Missionary Societies and is interdenominational in its personnel. The Interchurch World Move-

ment is represented on the deputation and is to use the findings of the party of women as part of the basis for a world program for mission work.

Two college Presidents, Dr. M. Cary Thomas of Bryn Mawr, and Dr. Ellen F. Pendleton of Wellesley, are members of the group. President Thomas is now in Egypt, but will join the others in Japan. There the deputation will divide itself into separate commissions to study every phase of mission work from public health education to the adaptation of American hymns to the Chinese tom-toms.

In January the women will assemble in Shanghai to confer on their findings. They expect to return to the United States in May.

Phonograph Pastors

PHONOGRAPH pastors" are suggested by the Presbyterian New Era Conference as a means of filling pulpits left empty for lack of financial support. The present day, highly improved phonograph, is far different from the nasal-toned atrocity of two decades ago. It is capable of genuine oratory and could send out its message to an audience of several hundred persons — more than usually gather in the smaller churches.

Moreover, as the St. Louis Star aptly suggests, "Will not congregations prefer to hear the 'canned' voice of a \$20,000 a year minister, representing the highest intellect and the finest expression of religious thought to be found in the Church, rather than the 'firstlies' and 'tenthlies' of a man who struggles under the martyrdom of \$600 salary and preaching ability to match?"

Missions Versus Intervention in Mexico

MEXICAN Protestant pastors and missionaries from the United States seem to have no doubt on the subject of intervention — they are solidly against it.

Intervention in Mexico by the United States would mean the destruction of all American mission work, according to a prominent Mexican pastor, quoted in "The Christian Work." This pastor says:

"We have suffered for a long time the taunt of other Mexicans that we have been bought with Yankee gold . . . We have swallowed our pride and continued in the employ of American mission boards because we believed that these boards were representative of the best Christian spirit and were trying to give to Mexico the pure Gospel of Christ, our country's greatest need. When the Mexican revolution began the Protestant churches threw themselves into it almost unanimously because they believed that the program of the revolution represented what these churches had been preaching through the years and that the triumph of the revolution meant the triumph of the Gospel.

"The people of Mexico have seen that the Protestants were in favor of the revolution and were willing to fight for its program. All of the liberal element have therefore come to have a new respect for and a deep interest in the cause of evangelical Christianity. Never in the history of Mexico has there been such eagerness to hear the Gospel. All of the meetings in my church are crowded to the doors and the same can be said of practically all the churches in the other cities of Mexico.

"Now, what will be the result if intervention comes from the United States?"

The Wayfarer May Visit You

THE Wayfarer," a great "pageant of the Kingdom," is to be presented in Madison Square Garden, New York, for about five weeks beginning December fifteenth. After that it is to visit other cities in the United States, and then, through the generosity of some wealthy Japanese gentlemen, it is to go to Japan for a week.

This great spectacle in which the Interchurch World Movement presents the age-old problems of man and the old-new solution through faith in God is the largest production which has ever been staged. More than 5,500 participants are required for the New York production. Some of these form alternating casts and choirs, but nearly 3,000 take part in each performance. The cast includes three real camels and a flock of sheep. A symphony orchestra of seventy-five pieces plays throughout the unfolding of the story.

The idea of the performance is entirely new — a pioneer in a field which offers great opportunities.

Where the Ol' Clo'es Man Is a High Financier

THIS gypsy girl of Salonika is merry in spite of her tatters, because she has just been told that the American Red Cross is about to distribute fresh clothing to replace the five-year-old rags that are the present style in Salonika. If her luck and the soap hold out, she may even get her first bath since before the war. The terrible epidemic of typhus that the American Red Cross is fighting so gallantly in Salonika, as well as in Siberia and all through eastern Europe (there were 100,000 cases in Siberia alone last year) has its source in these rags. The ol' clo'es man is the only person who can afford to be hale and healthy in a community where second-hand shoes sell for \$50 a pair, and a cast-off suit is a bargain at \$150.

Take a look at this Salonika tenement and ask yourself how you would like a job as Martha-by-the-day in it. The American Red Cross is taking the brave contract of restoring cleanliness and the health that depends upon it not only to this house nor to this street, nor this city, nor this nation, but to all those parts of the old world that cannot do it for themselves. Years of starvation and utter poverty have made the people there forget that there is such a thing as kindness, so that they rebuffed the Red Cross workers when they first came with soup, and soap, and fresh clothes. When they were convinced that these were not second-hand peddlers with bills up their sleeves, their gratitude was hardly greater than their wonder.

"But only God gives things away!" they said. *"You must come from God!"*



Photographs by Lewis Hine,
American Red Cross

False Retentions or Something

By Ellis Parker Butler

WELL, me and Bony and Swatty we thought we hadn't done all we ought to do to make the war safe for democracy, because all we had done was to buy thrift stamps to make it tough for the Germans, but we hadn't done nothing for the Red Cross, to make it safe for anybody. So we thought we had ought to do it. So we did.

First off, at the beginning, we didn't know what to do. We sat around a lot, on the edge of my porch or somewhere, and talked about it, but we couldn't think of any good way us boys could raise a hundred thousand dollars, or ten dollars, or anything.

"We might —" Bony would say.

"Might what?" Swatty would ask him.

"How do I know what?" Bony would say. "I was just thinking, wasn't I? How can I ever think of anything if you burst in on me and talk and talk and ask questions every time I start to try to think?"

"Well, then, don't be saying 'We might — We might —' all the time," Swatty would say. "I was just thinking of something we might go and do and raise about a million dollars, when you had to go and say 'We might —' I bet you and George would feel mighty proud if we raised a million dollars and just went and handed it over to the Red Cross and said 'There, take that money; we raised it.'"

"Geel! a million dollars!" Bony would say. "What was it you was thinking of that we could do to raise it?"

"Aw! how do I know now?" Swatty would say. "You went and made me forget what I was thinking of, didn't you?"

So then they would say to me:

"Aw! why don't you think of something, if you're so bright?"

They said that because I am the brightest at school, like everybody says I am. So that is why they always pick on me when they can't think of anything. So I said:

"Well, why didn't you ask me, if you wanted to know what to do? How did I know you wanted me to tell you? You don't think I'm going to open my mouth and blatt all over town when you want to be so smart and think up everything yourselves, do you?"

"Aw! then, what can we do, if you're so smart?" Swatty asked.

"Well, we can have a show, can't we?" I asked them.

For a minute they were crazy about it. Swatty hit me a lick with his fist and said it was great, and Bony said it was great. Then they kind of cooled down and Swatty said a show was no good, because we had had a lot of shows and the most we ever could get anybody to pay was ten pins.

"Well, I guess the Red Cross needs pins, don't they?" I asked him. "I guess if we got about a hundred thousand pins the Red Cross would be mighty glad to have them, to pin up everything."

So Swatty said "Aw the Red Cross didn't pin up things — they sewed strings on them and tied them up, because the pins might stick into a soldier or something, and wound him, or maybe give him blood poison in his thumb." He said he had an uncle once that got his thumb wounded on a pin and got blood poisoning in the end of his thumb, and they had to cut the end of his thumb off. So then the blood poisoning got up into the rest of his thumb and they had to cut his whole thumb off. So then the blood poisoning got into his hand and they had to cut his hand off. Then they had to cut his arm off, because the blood poisoning got into his arm. So, then, he didn't have any arm, Swatty said, and they hoped that settled it, but the blood poisoning had run up his arm and got into the upper part of him, and they had to cut off the upper part of him. Swatty said there wasn't anything left of his uncle then but the part of him from his belt down, and they did hope he would be all right now, but the blood poisoning got into the lower half of him, too, and they had to cut the lower half of him off.

"But there wasn't any upper part to cut the lower part off from," said Bony. "You said they cut off the upper part of him —"

So Swatty sort of bent down and picked a piece of grass and chewed it awhile. Pretty soon he said:

"Well, he wasn't your uncle, was he? I guess, if he was my uncle, I ought to know what happened to him, oughtn't I?"

So we told him that was right, because we didn't want to have a fight just then — we wanted to talk about how to raise money for the Red Cross, so I said:

"And, anyway, if we won't take any admission pins but bright, new pins, and we get about a million of them, we can get some paper like pins come in, and we can stick the pins in it, and roll them up into packages and sell them for five cents a package. We can do that, can't we?"

"All right! You do it! You stick them in, if you want to," said Swatty. "You and Bony go ahead and do it, if you want to. I don't want to get in jail."

"In jail? What for in jail?"

"That's all right what for!" Swatty said. "Maybe you'll find out what for, when you go and do it. False retentions or something, that's what for! You just go and put your old pins in a new paper and go and sell them for new pins, and you see what happens! That's getting money under false retentions or something, and you get put in jail for it."

Well, me and Bony seen how that could be, all right enough, because if you went and sold old pins and said they were new pins it wouldn't be the truth.

"But we wouldn't put in any old pins," I told him. "I said we wouldn't take in anything but bright, new pins, and if we put just bright, new pins in the papers —"

"Yes, but what if Bony was taking in the pins at the ticket window, maybe, and he got sleepy and didn't notice that somebody was giving him an old pin —"

"Well, then," I said, "I guess I would notice it when I was putting it in the paper. I'd —"

"Yes, you would!" said Swatty, mean-like. "After you had put in about nine hundred thousand pins, and the sun was shining in your eyes, maybe, and it was an old pin that some slick kid had polished up to look like new —"

Well, we went on fussing about it like that, and I said I could tell an old pin that had been polished up, and Swatty said I couldn't, and I bet him I could, and he got a pin out of his coat and dared me to say whether it was a new pin or one that had been polished up. So I looked at it and said it was a new pin, because it was. So then Swatty said it wasn't. He said it was an old pin he had picked up in the gutter and that when he picked it up it was so rusty it was black, but that he had took it home and polished it. So, if it hadn't been that it was the Red Cross we was talking about we would have fought right then, because what he said was a lie and he knew it. But it was the Red Cross we was talking about and I guessed it would be wrong to fight about it. And, anyway, the end of my nose was sore yet where he had pushed it into my face the two times we had fought already that day. So I just let on like I believed him.

So, after that we thought some more about what to do to raise a lot of money for the Red Cross. Anyway, I guess Bony did. I guess me and Swatty just sat and I thought what a big lie Swatty had told about the pin and Swatty thought what lie he would tell next, if he got a chance. All at once Bony spoke up.

"I know what!" he said.

"What?" me and Swatty both said at once.

"A French soldier!" Bony said. "Georgie can tell Mamie Little to tell her mother to tell her father to get us a French soldier with only one leg or something, and we can put him in the barn and say he is a French soldier with only one leg, and we can charge five cents to see him. And if anybody wants to talk to him it will cost ten cents. And if he shakes hands with them we'll charge 'em another nickel."



Me and Bony and Swatty sort of moved over to the window, because we thought maybe we'd better be going.

"That's the stuff!" Swatty said. "And I'll be the one that stands beside him and—"

"No, I will," said Bony. "Because I was the one that thought of it."

They went on like that quite awhile, but I didn't say anything, because I knew they wouldn't have any French soldier, so it didn't matter who stood beside him. Because it was Mamie Little's father, who is the editor of the newspaper, that got the French soldiers for the Liberty Loan meeting, and I wasn't going to ask any Mamie Little to ask her mother to ask her father to ask any French soldier, because me and Mamie Little was mad at each other. So when Swatty and Bony had talked all they wanted to, I said so.

"Well, then," said Bony, "if you and Mamie Little have got to go and have fights all the time and spoil every good plan I think up, what shall we do?"

"Well, if you and Swatty didn't want to fight all the time about everything," I said, "I'd go ahead and tell you what to have. Because nobody would pay to see a French soldier, because they've all seen them already at the Liberty Loan meeting, and had them to dinner, and everything. But I bet you they would be crazy to see a Belgium orphan."

Well, it was a big idea, and a mighty good idea, and Swatty and Bony saw it was right off. They got enthusiastic about it in a

minute, and decided to have it and pretty soon Swatty was claiming that it was what he had been thinking of right along, only he was holding back until me and Bony had thought of all the no-account plans we could, and then he was going to tell us to have a Belgium orphan. So then Bony said it was what he had been thinking of, only he had made a mistake and said a French soldier when he wasn't thinking. So we all thought a Belgium orphan would be the best thing to have a show with.

Only, when we started to think where to get one we couldn't think where to get it. We didn't know where there was any. So Swatty said maybe we could make an Italian that wasn't an orphan do just as well, because there was plenty of Italians that wasn't orphans in town, but why should anybody pay to see them when they could see them for nothing? So then Swatty said that if he had to be it he would be the Belgium orphan himself. Right away me and Bony said that would not do, because everybody in town knowed Swatty was Swatty.

"All right, then," Swatty said, "if you are so smart and go and think up Belgium orphans, you get one!"

"You get one yourself," I told him. "You said you thought of it first. You get one, if you are so smart!"

"Well, I can if I want to," he said.

"Yes," I said, "you'll get one about six feet high and fifty years old, that nobody will want to pay to see."

"Aw!" he said. "I bet I've got an uncle in Davenport that can get any kind of Belgium orphan I want. I bet he could get me a hundred if I wanted them."

That's the way he always gets to swelling out and bragging when he gets started, Swatty does. So we talked it over and we guessed we'd better have a baby orphan, because if it was a baby we could put it in the show and it would stay there, and a boy or girl orphan would want to go out and play, or see what the town looked like or something, maybe. So then we told Swatty to get a thin one, because the girls and women would feel sorry for it and we would have a box for them to put money in when they felt sorry. So Swatty said he would.

So that was all right. Me and Bony we cleaned up the barn and made some tickets and went and sold them, and every house we went to the lady said "Dear me! One of the Belgium orphans? Of course I'll buy a ticket!" and we sold a lot of them. The tickets, I mean. We sold so many we got frightened. We got so much money we was scared. We kept making Swatty say he would sure have a Belgium orphan, and he said it.

Well, Saturday morning when we were going to have the show in the afternoon Swatty come over to my house and whistled for me, and I was scared, because I guessed he was coming to say he had been fooling all the time and couldn't get a Belgium orphan. But it wasn't that way.

"Well," he said, "I thought she wouldn't come, but she came."

"Who came?" I asked him.

"My sister from Davenport came," he said.

"Did she bring the orphan?" I asked.

"Yes," Swatty said, "she brung it."

Then he didn't say anything for a minute. He just stood there.

"Well, why didn't you fetch it over?" I asked.

"Well, what do you have to be in such a hurry for?" he asked, kind of spiteful. "I'm going to bring it, ain't I? After dinner."

So I looked at him, and he didn't look good. He looked worried.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is it a growed-up orphan?"

"No," he said, "it's a baby orphan. Only —"

"Only what? Has it got the measles or something?"

"No," he said. "It's all right, only I got to sort of steal it."

"Steal it?" I said.

"From my sister," he said. "I got to wait until this afternoon and sort of steal it from her for awhile, because she don't think it's a Belgium orphan."

"Why don't she?" I asked him.

"Well, she thinks it's her own baby," he said.

"I should think if it's a Belgium orphan she would know it was a Belgium orphan," I said.

Swatty sort of wiggled and rubbed his toe in the grass.

"Well, I guess nobody ever told her," he said. "They just let her think it was her own. I guess she sort of got to thinking that way, and they just let her. I guess they thought that if they told her it was a Belgium orphan she would feel too sorry for it and cry about it all the time. So they let her think."

Well, I didn't believe him. I told Swatty so. I told him you couldn't fool mothers that way, because my own mother couldn't be fooled that way.

"Aw! that's what *you* say!" Swatty said. "How do you know?"

"Well, she would know whether I was a Belgium orphan or not, wouldn't she?" I asked him.

"No, she wouldn't," Swatty said. "Not if she was as careless about babies as my sister is. And she wouldn't anyway. What if you didn't live when you was little, and sort of died or something, or a burglar stole you, and your father fetched a Belgium orphan and gave it to her and said it was you. How would she know, when she hadn't got acquainted with you? I never wanted to say it to your face but —"

"But what?" I asked him.

"Well, lots of times I've thought you was a Belgium orphan," Swatty said. "Lots of times I was going to say to you 'Pshaw! you ain't Georgie; you're a Belgium orphan — I can tell by your looks.' Because you look sort of skinny and hungry like one. You're always wanting something to eat, ain't you? I bet you are one, only you don't know it. So that proves it. How could my sister know, if you don't know when you are one yourself?"

I didn't say any more to him. It made me feel sort of sick and funny to think maybe I wasn't myself, but somebody else, and the worst of it was that I couldn't prove I wasn't somebody else, because if my mother didn't know, how could anybody? So I asked Swatty when he would fetch his sister's Belgium orphan over to our barn, so the show could begin. He said about two o'clock, because then she was going down town with his mother, and he had said he would take care of the baby for them.

Well, about two o'clock Swatty came over and he looked pretty sick, because it was almost time for the show to start and he didn't have his sister's Belgium baby. His mother had borrowed a baby carriage and they were going to take the Belgium orphan down town with them. Me and Bony went for him good. He stood it awhile and then he braced up to us.

"Pshaw!" he said, only he said it "Pshor!" like he always does, "You make me tired! If I say I'll get a Belgium orphan I'll get one, won't I?"

"Where will you get one?" we asked him.

"I'll borrow one — that's where I'll get one," he said, and we knew he would do it, because he is that way. When he says he will he does. So he went out of the back gate and pretty soon he come back with a baby. As soon as I saw it I knew what baby it was. It was Mrs. Morgan's baby. I knew it by the clothes. Swatty had borrowed it out of the baby carriage she lets stand by the side of the house with a Swede girl to watch it, only she don't watch — she goes in the kitchen and talks to the Irish girl until the baby begins to squall, and then she goes to it.

"Well, you got one," me and Bony said, "but that won't do. It's too fat. It don't look like a Belgium orphan at all."

And it didn't. It was too fancy in the clothes and too fat in the face. Nobody would look at it and say "Oh! you poor Belgium starved orphan!" and be glad they had paid five cents to see it, and put some more money in the box. But Swatty said it would be all right, and it was. He took the dress off of it and fixed it so its face wasn't so clean, and it looked pretty much like an orphan. So when Mamie Little come to see the Belgium orphan, because Bony had sold her a ticket, she was the first one to come, and she didn't know it was Mrs. Morgan's baby.

"Oh! you poor little Belgium orphan!" she said. "You ought to have some clothes on you."

So Mamie Little went home and got a dress she had when she was a baby, and she put it on the baby. It was a dress that looked like a Belgium orphan's dress. I know that, because Mrs. Morgan was the first that come, after Mamie Little came. We was scared when she come, but her baby was asleep, and when we seen her coming Swatty said we had better dirty the baby up a little more, so we did. Mrs. Morgan come in and looked at it.

"The poor, motherless child!" she said. "I hope now it has a good home."

So Swatty said yes'm, it had, because his sister had adopted it, but she had gone downtown and lent it to him. So Mrs. Morgan looked at it and shook her head and said she feared it was missing a mother's fond care, but it seemed to be well nourished now. So Swatty said yes'm, and Mrs. Morgan put a quarter in our box and

went away. We were glad when she went. So then my mother come out to see the Belgium orphan.

"Georgie," she said, "where did you get this child?"

"It's Swatty's sister's Belgium orphan," I told her. "You don't have to be asking me things all the time when he's here, do you? You can ask him just as well, can't you?"

She said "Georgie! I will not have you speaking to me in such a tone!" and then she asked Swatty. She listened to him but I guess she didn't believe Swatty when he said his sister had lent him her Belgium orphan for the afternoon. When you come to think of it, a sister wouldn't lend us a baby like that. Somebody might, but a sister wouldn't. So then my mother asked him where his sister was, and he said she had gone down town. So she asked me how I knew it was Swatty's sister's Belgium orphan, and I said Swatty told me it was.

By that time the people who had bought tickets began coming, and my mother talked to them and said she hoped it was all right, and told them what Swatty said, but for her part she could not assure any one that it was a genuine Belgium orphan, but maybe it was, but for her part she was going to put on her hat and hunt up Swatty's sister down town and find out if she knew what was going on.

Well, me and Swatty and Bony we went upstairs into the hayloft to talk it over and find out what we had better do. The downstairs of the barn was pretty crowded with people, so we thought we had better go upstairs to talk, because, anyway, we could drop from the hayloft window if we hung by our hands first, because we had done it. And, anyway, Mamie Little thought she was running the whole show, and she was acting like she was the boss of the baby and telling everybody about it. She felt pretty smart, I guess.

The first thing anybody said when we got to the hayloft was what Bony said, and he wanted to go down and shut the barn doors and say the show was over and take Mrs. Morgan's baby back, because if my mother found Swatty's sister they would know it wasn't Swatty's sister's baby. So I said so, too.

"No, we can't!" Swatty said.

"Why can't we?" I asked him. "What can we do?"

"Well, there's only one thing we *can* do," Swatty said. "We've got to keep the baby. We've got to take it and keep it, and hide it in a cave or somewhere, and feed it and raise it. Look at all the money we got for letting folks see a Belgium orphan. Well—"

"Well?" me and Bony said.

"Well," Swatty said, "it ain't a Belgium orphan. So it was false retentions or something and we can be put in jail for it. We got the money under false retentions, and maybe they would sentence us to jail for life, if they caught us. They would send us to jail for twenty years, anyway. That's what they would do! So we dassn't let on, as long as we live, that it ain't a Belgium orphan. We got to keep it, and raise it, and always say it is a Belgium orphan whenever anybody asks us."

It was pretty bad. We all felt pretty sick. We sat there, listening to the crowd downstairs talking and jabbering, and wishing

nobody had ever thought of having a Belgium orphan show. Pretty soon Bony says, sort of hopeless-like:

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Well, how do I know?" Swatty asked, as cross as a bear. "What difference does that make, I'd like to know?"

"Well, if it is a girl it's going to be an awful nuisance when it gets as old as Mamie Little," Bony said. "I won't curl its hair for it. You got it, you've got to."

"We can make it think it's a boy," Swatty said, "then we won't have to curl its hair."

Well, it seemed to me like we had to make it think it was a lot of things. We had to make it think it was a Belgium orphan and a boy and everything. It looked as if we wouldn't have time anymore to do anything but make it think it was things it wasn't. So while we was thinking things like that, all at once Bony says:

"Say!"

"Well, say it, can't you?" said Swatty.

"Say!" Bony said, looking white and frightened. "We stole it!"

We didn't say anything, we just looked at each other.

"When Mrs. Morgan gets home," Bony said, after awhile, "she'll know her baby is stole, and she will go to hunt for it, and your sister will say it ain't her Belgium orphan, and we'll be arrested for stealing it. I'm glad I didn't steal it. Swatty stole it."

"Well, that won't do you and Georgie any good," Swatty said. "If they prove it's her baby they have to prove it ain't a Belgium orphan, and then you and Georgie will be put in jail for false retentions or something, because you said it was a Belgium orphan when it wasn't. So what does it matter? The only thing we can do is to get it as soon as we can, and go off and hide with it, and raise it like I said."

It was mighty slow work, sitting there in the hayloft waiting for the folks to go out of the barn so we could take the Belgium orphan and clear out with it. It made me feel mighty sick to think I had to go away from home and never see Mamie Little or anybody any more, and to have to raise a Belgium orphan that wasn't one. I wished I was dead.

I was wishing it when all at once I heard somebody laugh downstairs, with a laugh that was like a scream.

"Oh! for the land's sake!" she laughed, "Did you ever in your life! What won't those boys be doing next!"

It was Mrs. Morgan, and me and Bony and Swatty sort of moved over to the window, because we thought maybe we had better be going. Then I heard my mother.

"I have been down town and I met Clara Dooling, and she says this is not her orphan, because she never had one—"

"And I should think it wasn't," Mrs. Morgan said, "because it is my baby, and I came here and looked at it and never knew it was mine! Ola telephoned me that the poor child was stolen, and the minute she did I knew—"

"I'll attend to one of those boys," said my mother.

So then I thought it was a good time to drop out of the hayloft window. So I did, and Bony did. And so did Swatty.

We thought that was the best thing to do just then, so we did it.

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How Can the Christian Church

American Christianity has always been in danger of two grave heresies about God, namely, that God is a Baptist or a Methodist, or some other sort of an 'ist, and also that God is an American.

S. Earl Taylor

The Other Nine

For every evangelical Christian in the world there are approximately nine adherents to some other faith.



Many of us here in America have been satisfied with the belief that denominational loyalty is all there is to Christianity. We have forgotten that all the world is not Christian. Yet a recent estimate shows that for every member of an evangelical

church the world over there are approximately two Confucianists, one Buddhist, one Hindu, one Mohammedan, and four who are either indifferent to religion or are adherents to some other faith. The task of the Christians is to reach the other nine.



The Thin White Line of Christians

After a century of missions, we have scarcely begun the evangelization of non-Christian lands.



India has only 1,500,000 Christians among 315,000,000 people.



In China there are about 437,000 Christians among 400,000,000 people.

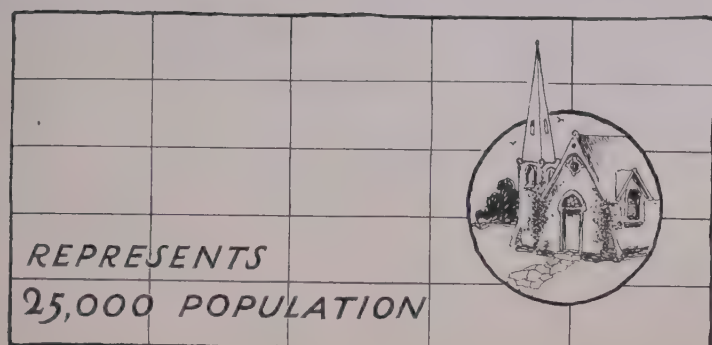


Missions have won 116,000 Japanese out of a population of 54,000,000.



North Africa and Central Africa have 553,000 Christians out of a population of 120,000,000.

Churches Meet Their World Task?



Where Churches Don't Mean Strength

A survey of the various denominations here at home shows that much of America is either over-churched or under-churched. To give just one example:

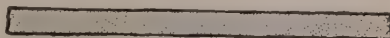
In one community in West Virginia there are 25,000 people with only one church, yet in California there is another community with only 1,600 people which has fourteen churches.



New York Against the World

The preachers, doctors and trained nurses which these unbusinesslike American churches have sent out to the entire world would not be enough to supply New York City. The latest available figures show that

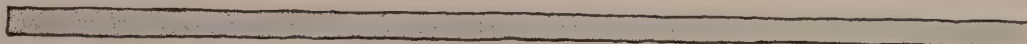
New York has 3,616 clergymen.



The United States and Canada have sent to the entire foreign field 2,678 clergymen.



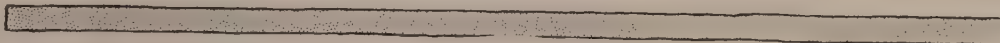
New York has 8,241 doctors.



The mission fields have only 515 doctors from the United States and Canada.



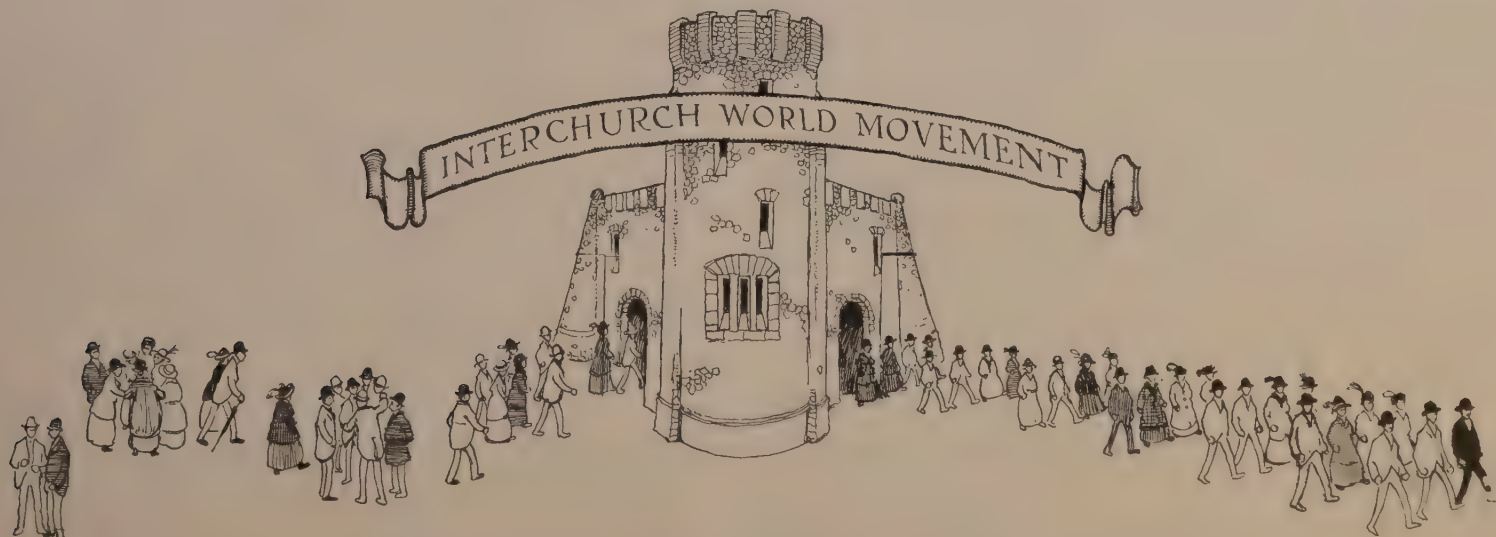
New York has 8,021 graduate nurses.



Foreign mission stations have 130 graduate nurses from the United States and Canada.



Marching Orders



In many cases the churches have been so busy with petty denominational discussions and disputes that they have forgotten the great aim of Christianity—world service. The result is that they have not gone as far as they might and some critics have said, "The church has failed."

The purpose of the Interchurch World Movement is to train the whole church for its whole task—it is the armory in which individual denominations may be drilled so that each may know just where to fall in line in the battle for the kingdom.

THE STRIKE ~

An International Disease



Editor of World Outlook:

Why is all the world striking just now? Where is this striking to lead, and whom is it to benefit? Are really the laborers, themselves, behind this world-wide movement, or are they the dupes of a mass epidemic, and perhaps even, in some instances, of a trick of capital, itself? Do they really want to pursue their

mad course, as individuals, and if not, why do they not refuse to pursue it? In other words, why don't the *strikers* strike?

You will understand that this matter is really a vital one to me when I tell you that in all probability I, myself, will soon be striking, willy-nilly, and dreaming of a deferred pay envelope which, because of my months in the army, I very much need.

I am one of the few doughboys who did not get all the way to Berlin. Nevertheless, while I was in Germany I heard rumbles of the great labor storm that was shaking Berlin at the time.

On Memorial Day I reached Paris. It was my first visit to the metropolis, after months with the army of occupation and six months at the front. All that time, as I ate the army slum, I had dreamed of the food that I would get in Paris. But when I reached Paris I found every restaurant closed, because of a general strike, and if it had not been for the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross eating-places, the day would have resembled an advance march with the mess kitchens lost somewhere in the rear.

I continued into Italy during the rest of my leave. The labor troubles there were at their height during this time. There were street car strikes all over the place. They were striking for higher wages, chiefly.

We came home by way of Marseilles, and stopped for coal at Oran. There was a general strike of laborers there, and we had to sit for five days in the blistering, dirty little harbor before we could get the coal loaded. The striking habit had penetrated even to the edge of the Sahara.

After my release from the army, I visited my home in the west. Seattle was as strike-bound as Turin had been. Here the laborers were asking for higher wages, in spite of the fact that they were getting the dizziest pay and the shortest hours ever known in the somewhat lurid history of my home city.

On my way back, I got to Chicago just in time for the strike. So far as I was able to learn, that strike accomplished just one thing—a 7-cent fare for the capitalists. All that the strikers got out of it, I believe, was the privilege of having their families pay a higher fare.

Then, there was our own subway strike, and there was—but the list of them all would take up too much of your time. I have studied these strikes, with an anxiety whetted by the fact that my own industry seemed about to join all the others in a grand orgy of striking.

Can you, or anyone, tell me what it is all about, or where it is going to end? Will the strikers ever strike?

Returned Doughboy.

When Should a Church Go Out of Business?



Editor of World Outlook:

I am the pastor of an evangelical church in a village of less than two thousand. My church has a membership of 236, only about half of whom are anywhere near effective. We hold Sunday school regularly, also Sunday morning services at which we have from fifty to a hundred present—the number depending

upon the season, the weather, and the prevalence of new dresses.

In the evenings we usually preach to about three members of my official board, ten good women, and half a dozen courting couples who want to meet at the church so that they can walk home together. At the midweek services we have about the same crowd minus the courting couples.

In our town there is another church differing from my own in certain matters relating to predestination and free will, but preaching a gospel which would save any man in the county. But my members will not go to his church except for weddings and funerals, nor will his come to mine.

The pastor of that church is facing the same difficulties that I am except that he represents the prevailing denomination in our part of the state, and therefore has a larger and more influential membership.

Both of us are receiving money from our mission boards, and both of us know that if we were merchants instead of subsidized ministers, competition would either kill us both or drive one of us out of the village.

What I want to know is this: what sort of "holy coercion" can I use to make my church abandon this charge and to induce my members to attend the other church?

Your Brother.

Is Japan Bringing Back Opium to China?



Editor of World Outlook:

After many years of heroic effort, the Chinese finally threw off the opium traffic, and purchased \$14,000,000 worth of the drug and burned it. After all this sacrifice, the opium trade is now being fully re-established, owing to Japanese domination.

From the North China Daily News, the most conservative and reliable British newspaper in China and the mouthpiece of the British Legation, the Literary Digest of April 12 quotes the following:

"Eighteen tons of morphine were smuggled into China in one year, largely through Japanese postoffices. The Japanese open post-offices in every part of China, and the Chinese authorities cannot control them.

"In South China, morphine is sold by Chinese peddlers, each one of whom carries a passport certifying that he is a native of Formosa, and therefore entitled to Japanese protection.

"Japanese drug-stores throughout China carry large stores of morphine. Japanese medicine vendors look to morphine for their largest profit.

"Through Tairen, morphine circulates throughout Manchuria and the province adjoining.

"Through Tsingtao, morphine is distributed over Shantung province, Anhui and Kiangsu provinces.

"From Formosa, morphine is carried with opium and other contraband by motor-driven fishing-boats to some point on the mainland, from whence it is distributed throughout the province of Fukien and the north of Kuangtung. Everywhere it is sold by Japanese under ex-territorial protection.

"While the morphine traffic is large, there is every reason to believe that the opium traffic, upon which Japan is embarking with enthusiasm, is likely to prove more lucrative.

"In the Calcutta opium-sales Japan has become one of the considerable purchasers of Indian opium. She purchases for Formosa, where the opium trade shows a steady growth and where opium is required for the manufacture of morphine. Sold by the government of India, this opium is exported under permits applied for

An open forum, in which World Outlook readers discuss the danger of re-introducing opium into China; the problem of the subsidized rural church; the fact that even in these days of decreased production there are still men unemployed; the difficulty the returned chaplain finds in getting re-established in the ministry; and the uncordial welcome which the world gives the ex-convict.

by the Japanese government, is shipped to Kobe, and from Kobe is trans-shipped to Tsingtao.

"Large profits are made in this trade in which some of the leading firms of Japan are interested. It must be emphasized that this opium is not imported into Japan. It is trans-shipped in Kobe Harbor, from which point, assisted by the Japanese-controlled railway to Tsinanfu, it is smuggled through Shantung into Shanghai and the Yangtze Valley. Two thousand chests smuggled in this way sell at \$20,000 a chest, making a total valuation of \$40,000,000.

"Upon this amount the Japanese authorities levy a tax, which does not appear in the estimates, equivalent to about \$5,000 a chest, a total for the two thousand chests of \$10,000,000.

"The customs officers, where smuggling is done, are wholly under Japanese control. Moreover, Japanese military domination would forbid in both ports any interference with the traffic in which the Japanese authorities were interested, either officially or unofficially."

In the Missionary Review of the World, May 19, 1919, E. W. Thwing, of the International Reform Bureau, says: "Eighteen tons of morphine sold to China in one year."

In "Asia" March, 1919, Putnam Weale says: "Japan imports twenty tons of morphine a year into China."

Many statements of this sort appear in Millard's Review and the Far Eastern Magazine.

Under the ten-year arrangement made with England in 1907 the Chinese cleared all their provinces of native opium in seven years, and then the Indian opium trade was supposedly stopped; but tacitly smuggling was still allowed. And now, under Japanese domination, China must submit to the full re-establishment of this vile traffic. Shall America indorse such Hunnish acts toward a sister, friendly, allied republic, by signing the Treaty in its present form?

Dr. W. E. Macklin.

Shall We Profit by the War's Lesson on the "Man Unfit for Work"?



Editor of World Outlook:

The problem of unemployment is still unsolved. And, in view of the fact that an increase in the production of wealth is the supreme necessity of the moment, it is a very real and stern problem.

1. Many men are *physically incapacitated* for work. They are sick, but not sick enough for the hospital. Some of them have just been discharged from the hospital, but any prospective employer, looking at their pale, wan faces, or at their emaciated forms, would never think of giving them a job. If he did they would drop in their tracks within an hour. They have lived so long beneath the subsistence line that their physical power has been sapped away. It should never be forgotten, moreover, that unemployment has a terribly deleterious effect upon the stamina and personality of a man. He becomes unused to work. His bones and muscles become set in such a way that makes work difficult. His spirit becomes broken, and his self-respect damaged, sometimes beyond repair.

2. Men join the ranks of the unemployed because of *growing age*. Pathetic beyond words is the plight of men who have been guilty of no other crime than growing old. In the war time, when the chance was given, vast multitudes of men of over fifty sprang to the front instantly, and by their splendid efforts and efficiency shewed what a terrible injustice society has been per-

petrating during recent years in scrapping so much valuable productive power.

3. Men cannot obtain employment because of their *shabby appearance*. With living costs so high, the moment a man gets out of work his savings begin to melt with awful rapidity. And how can a man keep up a decent appearance when he has no money, no home, and none of the little comforts or decencies of life? An unkempt, unshaven, unclean, ragged, dusty applicant for work, even of the most menial character, will be turned down.

4. *Seasonal employment* is still a troublesome feature. Especially now when the high cost of living quickly gobbles up savings.

5. The difficulty of getting men to settle in the country, where they are so much needed, is greater than ever. Farmers do not make the profits that enable them to make agricultural labor an alluring proposition.

Yes, unemployment is still a problem. Perhaps in your Open Forum we may be allowed to discuss possible remedies.

John G. Hallimond.

Are We Making or Curing Criminals?



To the Editor:

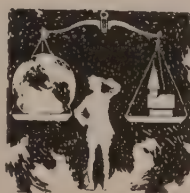
For a good many years the writer has been thrown closely in touch with a very large number of men who have served prison terms. Those few men who try, are called upon to make a terrific struggle to win back a place on the honest side of the street of life. That struggle is one of the most pitiful, most difficult tasks that a person can face.

True a disappointingly small number make any great effort to go straight along. The surprising thing is that *any* of them do, in view of the obstacles.

Perhaps there is a man or men, whose eyes may chance upon this little appeal, willing to undertake to help back and *keep back* a man who otherwise must pay for the rest of his life the price of one wrong step. There are many thousands who need such aid.

An Interested Onlooker.

Can the Church Afford To Lose Live Men?



Editor of World Outlook:

I should like to mention in your columns the matter of employment of chaplains discharged from overseas service.

Of the chaplains I knew over seas, one has gone on the lecture platform, another is a clerk in a government office, a third has entered business with his father, a fourth has gone back to theological school in the hope that there he may get in touch with a church which needs his services.

All of these men would have preferred to enter the active ministry as soon as they were discharged, but the opportunity did not offer itself. Now I am afraid that two of them will be permanently lost to the ministry. And the Church cannot afford to lose such men — men who have had actual practise in ministering to men with all the camouflage off.

Probably the trouble is simply that the churches which need ministers do not know how to get in touch with these men. In that case the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains will help. The Committee may be addressed at 937 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Chaplain with Wildcat Division.

From Prince Albert to Overalls

By Walter Spooner

Brown Brothers, Photograph



HE was not content with judging labor problems second-hand, this Congregational preacher,—so he threw aside his Prince Albert coat, donned overalls, and reported for work as a common laborer.

IT was the monotony of the workingman's life that "got" Mr. Spooner. Fifteen hours a day at his own profession, with interesting and diversified work, seemed far less irksome than ten hours of the unchanging, mechanical labor of a machine shop. On the other hand, he met men and women without camouflage—and they treated him "white."



I SUPPOSE you would be too proud to push a wheel-barrow or to use a broom," challenged my friend, the boss millwright. I had just said that if I knew anything about working in a big industrial plant, I would apply for a job during my vacation. I wanted a chance to meet men as a man—for many people seem to think that a parson is not a real man. I wanted to study Labor and Capital at close range, to become a part of the throbbing industrial life of the country.

Here was my chance, so I said that I was not too proud to push a wheel-barrow, and it was all settled. Early in July I changed from Prince Albert to overalls and reported for my job as laborer.

When I reached the plant, the boss was at his wits' end. His oiler and beltman was leaving at noon. As most of the other workmen were Greeks of low mentality, he wanted me to tackle the job.

"It's rather dangerous," he said, "but it will take you all over the plant."

It did. I was at the beck and call of every Tom, Dick and Harry in the works, but that was exactly the kind of a job I was looking for.

For a month I carried oil cans, climbed ladders, threaded my way among electric wires and overwhirling belts of electric motors. Sometimes I scared the old hands stiff with my amateurish ways, but I learned more about machinery than I had ever dreamed of knowing. I know precious little now, but when I left my boss told me he could make a millwright of me in six months.

I learned many other things too. I saw men and women without their camouflage, and they treated me "white." One of the things I most admired in my fellow workers was their kindly attitude to a "green hand who was willing to learn."

One millwright got into real trouble by helping me out one day. I was having difficulty with a mean little water belt, so he came to adjust it for me. In doing so he almost tore his thumb nail off. He had to quit for three days, and as a result lost his bonus as well as the pay for the time he was off. Yet he is still my friend.

Another thing I found out during those days was the value of prayer. I learned more about prayer in a month of oiling machinery than I had in a decade of pulpit praying. Prayer works when God is helping a green beltman. You may believe it or not, my hard-headed reader, but I know that it does. I stayed on the dash-boards of street cars, fixed belts, found hard oil caps and so prevented hot boxes, and stopped streams of blasphemy, just by prayer.

During the month I was beltman I decided that the crux of the whole "labor problem" is the monotony of the work. The workers get "dead tired" whether they are in constant motion around the shop, as I was, or whether they have to stand on a cement floor fifty-nine hours a week, drilling, drilling, drilling, or filing, filing, filing.

Now I am working fifteen hours a day, but my work is interesting and diversified and is not as tiring as the ten hours of shop work were.

This very fact of the monotony of laboring conditions is one reason why so many workers become alienated from the church. Often the process is almost unnoticed. The workmen are away from home twelve or fourteen hours a day all week. On Sunday they follow the line of least resistance and simply relax. They amuse themselves by gardening or visiting and gradually become uninterested in religious activities.

Yet Christ holds a big place in the hearts and conversations of these men today. More than once while I was waiting for the whistle to blow, I heard them speak reverently of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Which brings me to the matter of profanity. Men and women swear for two main reasons — because of a limited vocabulary, and because they think others expect them to be profane. Not once during the four weeks I was in the plant did I rebuke a man for swearing, but times without number profanity ceased when the men realized that I was not profane.

One foreman whose language had been unnecessarily emphatic as he told me about a broken belt, said when he learned that I was a preacher.

"Gee! I wouldn't have spilled the stuff I did to him if I had been wise to that."

The men with whom I worked had no idea that I was a preacher. To them I was "Belt," "Shorty" or "Fatty." Only five people in the plant knew that every Saturday after work I sprinted for a train and during the week-end became minister in a town eighty miles away. These five promised not to tell until I gave them the word.

Fifteen hours before I left, I said, "Tell everyone you want to that I am a preacher."

The news spread through the plant like wild-fire. A few of the men were "mad clean through" that a preacher had "put one over on them"; others were painfully deferential to me; many of them were, and still are, simply my friends.

During those last two days I was impressed with one reason why many laborers

never advance. The boss had me breaking in a successor. He was badly scared and did not want to get too close to the motors, belts, and wires with which I had become familiar. I showed him how to throw a belt off moving pulley and then replace it. At last I told him that when he did it for himself, I would give him the beltman's badge. That meant a five-cent raise, but he said.

"No, no, I like my life better than money."

He is still a common laborer.

As a result of my experience I am an optimist. Many adjustments have to be made, to be sure. For one thing there is the matter of the union. I have often deplored the excesses of unionized Labor, and I still believe that its autocracy might be far more perilous than that of organized Capital, but I am now an advocate of organized Labor under government supervision.

The Wife's Side of the Question

WHAT do the wives of the strikers think of it all?

In the December World Outlook an Italian steel-striker's wife—just an average, uneducated foreign woman with a limited knowledge of English—will tell in her own words just what the strike has meant to her. Read her story and get a new understanding of the labor situation.

Then read Charles Stelzle's article in the same number on "The Down-sitting of the Conservatives."

World Outlook is immensely interested in the labor question and is glad to publish opinions from every viewpoint possible.

Above All Strikes —Humanity

(Continued from page 19)

win to a sane and constructive view of society the people who had been alienated by labor strain and unrest. They agreed that if only one hundred men would get into the game, they could change the very life of the Province by the application of Christian principles to every-day tasks.

Out of that one church came eighty of the hundred men needed. They met one night a week for supper, study and conference. For weeks and months, they studied the labor situation. They made themselves thoroughly acquainted with industrial economics, until, with the possible exception of labor leaders, they became masters of industrial knowledge.

Then came the task of imparting their knowledge to their fellow employers throughout the city. To have a tangible nucleus, they formed a new employers' association; and provided money for hiring the leading page of every Sunday paper in the city. Through these pages from week to week they passed on the economic knowledge they had gained, and always they preached the doctrine.

"Stimulate social organization for cooperation in the operation and government of industry."

There have been four direct results of the action of this single church. In the first

place the force of the syndicalist revolt in Vancouver was nipped in the bud. When Seattle on the south and Winnipeg on the east were in the midst of strikes, Vancouver had comparative peace. In the second place the Industrial Conference at Ottawa is said to have been an outgrowth of the Vancouver experiment. A third result is a movement among the Canadian universities to educate business men in the principles of industrial economics centering in the universities of the Dominion. At the University of Toronto alone, fifty firms have sent representatives to take courses in the psychology and economics of industry. A fourth practical outcome may be said to have sprung from the activity of the Vancouver church. When the denomination to which that church belongs started upon a great forward movement, they sent to each church a questionnaire which asked,

The shop in which I worked was closed — closed to union laborers. One of my fellow-workmen showed me his union card and told me that if the bosses knew he carried it, he would be told to "get his time" right away. This was one source of grievance among the workers.

Another was the fact that there were both piece and time workers in the same plant. Many of the day workers were as competent as the piece workers yet they could earn only one-fourth or one-third as much. This is a matter which needs adjusting.

Such conditions have made Labor feel that it was not getting a square deal and have much to do with Labor's present demands. These demands may yet become a menace, for if Labor becomes synonymous with brute strength, it may crush the profiteer and the ruthless manipulator of men's energies, but it will also be in grave danger of bankrupting Capital and of alienating the sympathies of the public.

There were just two classes of laborers in my plant, as everywhere else. There were workers and shirkers. The shirkers are a noisy, dangerous liability both to Labor and to Capital. The chief danger lies in their ability to unsettle other workers.

Still I place greater hope in Labor than in Capital for the final solution of their mutual differences. The selfish capitalist is not so amenable to moral suasion as the selfish laborer, and I believe there is less selfishness in the ranks of Labor. Certain it is that during my month of work most of the people I met were four-square men who do their own thinking and try to act straight.

"Have your governing members the respect of the community?"

"Do they make money in accordance with Christian principles?"

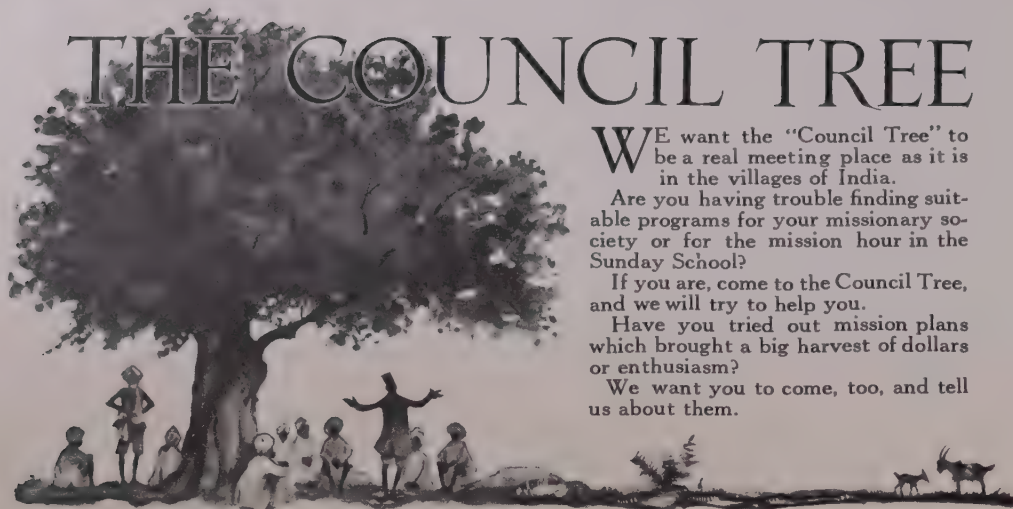
"What are your relations with your employees?"

The spirit resulting from a study of this questionnaire was something indescribable. One of the members remarked, "After that we didn't need to call the church to repentance."

The Vancouver experiment shows how one church succeeded in relating itself to an acute industrial situation. Such a recognition of responsibility by every church member the nation over would soon point the way to a solution of all industrial difficulties.

If the principles of Christianity had been applied to industry long ago, there would not be today the wide-spread industrial and social unrest. Industrial relations are not in any way outside the scope of Christian duty. That has been the trouble all these years. Sabbath creeds have not governed week-day practises. The Churches have just as great a duty in the field of corporate relationships as in that of individual life. The Churches are concerned not alone with the redemption and character-building of individuals, but with the Christianizing of the whole social, economic and corporate life of mankind. In constructively and courageously facing our responsibility connected with the present industrial crises, we will fulfill a most sacred duty.

THE COUNCIL TREE



WE want the "Council Tree" to be a real meeting place as it is in the villages of India.

Are you having trouble finding suitable programs for your missionary society or for the mission hour in the Sunday School?

If you are, come to the Council Tree, and we will try to help you.

Have you tried out mission plans which brought a big harvest of dollars or enthusiasm?

We want you to come, too, and tell us about them.

ALIVE missionary church does not "happen," it demands a deal of work, forethought and patience and requires the constant supervision of one person.

Such a person is L. K. Ferry, Chairman of the Missionary Committee for the First Congregational Church in East Orange, New Jersey. By constant work and much enthusiasm he has originated plans which have proved successful not only in his own Sunday school, but also in others which have adopted his ideas.

Just now Mr. Ferry is conducting an automobile race around the world, a brand-new sort of class contest plus a five-minute missionary program every Sunday.

"Work on the contest idea if you want to succeed in the Sunday school," Mr. Ferry says.

For this particular contest he announced several weeks before hand that the school was going on an automobile trip. The officers and teachers were going in a Ford, and the classes could decide what kind of a car they wanted.

Enthusiasm began right then with a discussion of the respective merits of Dodges, Pierce-Arrows, and Hudson Super-sixes.

On the morning the contest started a large map of the United States — borrowed from the nearest public school — was on the Wall of the Sunday school room. To it were pinned tiny automobiles, bought from a bakery which used them in birthday cakes. Each car was tagged with a class number and the name of the automobile selected by that class.

Then Mr. Ferry read a "newspaper" account:

"First Congregational Sunday School Starts on Automobile Race around World.

"Ford Car Driven by Superintendent Skids as Officers Reach out to Take in Non-Members."

Then followed an account of the route to be followed. A definite goal was set for each Sunday, — Chicago, the first week, then Denver, San Francisco, the Philippines, Japan, China, and so on through the Orient, through Persia and Armenia, over the battlefields of Europe and then back home.

The rules were explained. In this case only attendance and punctuality were counted in the speed record. Each absence kept the class car back a hundred miles, each tardy took off fifty miles, but each new scholar set the car forward two hundred

miles. (It would be equally easy to count missionary collection and mission study in the score.)

The real missionary idea of the contest came during the Sunday "stops." On the second Sunday the cars were due in Denver, for instance, there a member of the school told the children about the Indians of the West, their part in the war, and the way they were now crowding the mission schools.

On San Francisco Sunday a real Chinese immigrant told of his personal experience in coming to this country and of the thousands of Orientals on our Pacific coast.

The plan leads itself to an endless variety of missionary presentations. In the Philippines, for instance, the primary department sand table might be made into a native village of grass huts. For China, or some other country, a junior class might place lighted candles on the map at the places where missionaries are working.

Always there is a chance for pictures and for costumes, which can be rented from almost any mission headquarters for twenty-five or fifty cents. And always files of **WORLD OUTLOOK** and **EVERYLAND** can be counted on to furnish many suggestions for the working out of an interesting little program on any country.

Every Sunday the automobiles are right there pinned on the map, so that each class can see just how near they are to the goal. Mr. Ferry has found that it is better to use sectional maps than one large map. The details show up larger and there is more room for the cars. He borrows the maps he needs from the public schools.

Another of Mr. Ferry's plans has to do directly with the matter of a missionary collection. The school supports a scholarship down among the highlanders of the South — the Lincoln scholarship, they call it. Collections for this scholarship are made during February, Lincoln's birth month, and only Lincoln pennies can go into the collection box. Even the collection box for that Sunday is a particular sort of a box, a miniature log cabin like the one Lincoln was born in. This one was made by one of the school boys. The school always collects more than is needed for the scholarship, for it's fun to gather up more Lincoln pennies for your class than the other fellow has for his — the contest idea again.

"It's easy to keep up an interest in missions in your school," says Mr. Ferry, "All you need is to give it a little thought."

STRIKING NEW BOOKS

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By A. B. CUNNINGHAM

As one reads this easy and delightful chronicle it is as though Hawthorne had come back and sauntered with us through the old town, making us acquainted with its interesting folks and ways. The author refuses to be in haste; his story just grows as he tells us of the minister and his family, the village people, and the love affairs of some of them. Quaint philosophy, quiet humor, and close character sketching make this a book quite out of the ordinary. It has a style and charm all its own, leisurely to the last degree, yet never allowing the attention to wander. Cloth. Net, \$1.50, postpaid.

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—The Methodist Review.

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FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART

By HAROLD SPEAKMAN

To have traveled the long trail from a southern camp to England, France, Italy, and the Balkans; to have been an officer in the 332d Regiment, the one American unit that participated in the final Italian offensive, and of the one Company that later helped to keep the peace in Montenegro and to win promotion through the fine performance of delicate and dangerous duties in Cattaro and Cetinje was the good fortune of the author—Lieut. Harold Speakman. That the author is both artist and poet, that he saw everything with the soul of an artist and interpreted all he saw with the poet's vision is the good fortune of his readers. **FROM A SOLDIER'S HEART** is the artistic portraiture of the realities of a soldier's life. The descriptions are vivid and graphic—so finely etched as to be ineffaceable memory pictures. A permanently valuable contribution to the literature of the great war. Illustrated with original drawings and with frontispiece in colors by the author. Cloth. Net, \$1.25, postpaid.

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Sam Higginbottom, farmer and missionary extraordinary, of Allahabad, India, has just come home on furlough. In a recent letter to him the government commissioner said: "One of my strongest impressions of India is that of your statesmanlike vision and bold practicality. You struck a note which is needed in the Indian symphony. I never think of you without being invigorated, or recall your words and work without renewed courage and hope."

Hyderabad district in India has two co-educational schools. One is a high school where the boys sweep and take care of the garden while the girls cook and wash the school clothes. The other is a primary school where little boys and girls learn to read and play together.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, has gone to Europe to attend a meeting of the World Alliance for promoting friendship throughout the Churches, and also to make arrangements for the continuance of the mission work formerly carried on by German societies.

The Moody Bible Institute is planning to open a course for Russians. The particular object of the course will be to train Russians for Christian leadership and so to counteract Bolshevism at the root.

Not a single Indian Christian has been implicated in the recent nationalist disturbances; on the contrary, many of them have been a great help to the government, says a missionary who has lived many years in the Punjab.

The British Secretary of State for the Colonies has announced that "trade spirits" will no longer be admitted into West Africa. This decision will do more for the uplift of Africa than any measure since the abolition of the slave trade. Before the war twenty-one steamers were engaged exclusively in the liquor trade.

Dr. John W. Wood, Foreign Secretary of the Episcopal Board of Missions, has just returned from a tour of the Orient and is issuing an urgent call for missionaries. The most immediate needs are for four doctors, eight nurses, and nine teachers.

The government of Mysore, India, has refused to recognize the existence of the caste system in its public schools. In spite of the protests of influential Brahmins the officials decline to exclude anyone from school on the ground of caste.

The present cost of exchange makes missionary finance unusually difficult. The Church Missionary Society states that in China alone it could support nine additional missionaries with the amount of income lost in exchange.

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How the Dyer Got the Best of the Pawnbroker

By Florence Peltier

THERE once lived in Kanda a pawnbroker, who was very unpopular, in spite of great riches, for he was parsimonious by nature. His next door neighbor, a man of modest means, was kindly and generous in disposition, therefore, people were always glad to do him a favor. He was a dyer by trade.

Now, a dyer needs lots of sunlight. This Tokuyemon, the pawn-broker, well knew, and, although he possessed an extensive park around his house, he started building a storehouse close to the dyer's drying ground.

When Kichibei found the coolies busy laying the foundations for this new *godown*, he was alarmed and with good reason. Such a building would cast so much shade over his drying-ground that

"I'm ruined!" exclaimed Kichibei.

"Wait outside until I call you, Kichibei," commanded the wise judge. "I will tell you of another way to earn your living."

Tokuyemon went away triumphantly, and Kichibei was soon recalled by his honor, who said:

"You will have to become a goldfish merchant. You'll have no sunlight and goldfish thrive in the shade."

Kichibei was amazed and stammered:

"B-But I d-don't know anything about the goldfish business. We've been dyers only, and for many generations."

"Oh, you can manage it all right," responded his honor. "All you have to do is to go home and dig an immense place to put in



Tokuyemon became alarmed when he saw that Kichibei's workmen had dug so close to the foundation of his godown that the whole building was leaning slightly to one side.

he would be ruined. He begged Tokuyemon to be more considerate and build in some other part of his spacious park.

But Tokuyemon merely remarked:

"I shall build where I choose on my own ground. If you don't like it you can move."

This brutal answer enraged Kichibei, and his workmen, who were hot tempered and rough. They threatened to demolish the scaffolding of the *godown*. Their master had a hard time to restrain them — in fact, they desisted only because he promised to take the matter into court and ask the wise governor-judge, O-Oka, for help.

Very soon Kichibei and Tokuyemon were summoned to court.

"Tokuyemon," said the judge, "according to this dyer's complaint your *godown*, when completed, will jeopardize his business. You have space enough to build elsewhere. I appeal to your good neighborly instinct."

"Pardon me, your excellency," replied Tokuyemon, "but it is a great annoyance to have this complaint made against me. I have already spent much money digging the foundations."

"Well, then," said the judge, "am I to understand that you cannot comply with Kichibei's request?"

"I regret, sire, to displease you, but I can do what I wish on my own ground."

His honor turned to the dyer.

"Tokuyemon will not heed your request."

"Of course, sire," Kichibei answered. "I know he can do as he pleases — but I don't ask for much, only a thirty foot shift."

"Kichibei's request is reasonable," said O-Oka. "Can you not grant it, Tokuyemon?"

"No, sire," replied Tokuyemon.

His honor looked resigned.

"I'm sorry, Kichibei, but you'll have to make the best of it. I can do nothing to help you."

water. Be sure to dig one side of the excavation as close as you can to the line that divides your land and Tokuyemon's. That will be right up against his *godown*, you know."

Kichibei was no fool. He smiled cheerfully.

"Thank you, sire, I'll begin at once," he said, and went home.

He explained to his workmen what was wanted and they started in at once with a hearty will.

Tokuyemon, who had been insolently overbearing since the decision against Kichibei, watched the work on his neighbor's place with idle curiosity that suddenly turned to alarm, when, on the fourth day he observed that Kichibei's workmen had dug so close to the foundation of his *godown* that the whole building was leaning slightly to one side.

Enraged, he rushed over to the dyer's and shouted:

"Here! What are you doing! Stop that digging! You're making my *godown* topple over!"

But Kichibei merely said:

"I can do what I like on my own land."

Now, indeed, were the tables turned. The pawnbroker, in despair, went to O-Oka, and again were these two neighbors summoned to court.

"So, Tokuyemon," said his honor, "you object to Kichibei's digging a large excavation — on his own property."

"Yes, sire. Make him stop. He is imperilling my *godown*."

"I can't help you," replied the judge indifferently. "Kichibei is acting within his own rights." He dismissed the court.

Tokuyemon went home and with bad grace ordered the *godown* moved to a new foundation well away from Kichibei's property. When this was accomplished the dyer exclaimed joyfully:

"This wise judge! His scheme has succeeded, — Now, boys, fill up that excavation. We'll be the same old dyers!"

**Direct sunlight gives goldfish intense pain, for they have no eyelids to protect their eyes. Aquariums should not be placed in strong sunlight.*

Why Not Missionary Lawyers?

(Continued from page 39)

due deliberation decided that the only course was to take the matter up with the President again.

"I will not charge you anything for my services" said the representative of the law, "you simply pay the telephone fee and I will consult the President."

The Persian went to his friends again and in time returned with another hundred dollars. The lawyer conducted another fake conversation with the White House with this outcome. "President Wilson says he has not declared war against Persia because of the trouble with Mexico, but just as soon as that is settled, he will take up your affairs next and you will get your money."

Doubtless the world-war furnished the next alibi for this shyster lawyer.

In the same city two little girls came into a doctor's office for cough medicine. Each had a silver dollar. The physician asked, "Is that all the money your folks have?" One replied, "No, mamma has a five dollar bill in the sugar bowl."

"Very well" said the "healer" as he opened the door, "go and bring me that five dollar bill, and I will have the medicine ready for you." He kept the two silver dollars and when the little girls returned took the five dollar bill also as pay for two small bottles of cough medicine.

On a railroad train going to Chicago this conversation was overheard between two well-known doctors from the "steal" district, one an eye specialist.

"Hello, Doc, where you going?"

"O, I have a Hunkey back here, I'm taking him in to have a piece of steel removed from his eye."

"Well, can't you do that?"

"Yes, but Doc——sent me a case last week, and I promised him one soon, so here goes?"

"But how do you get away with it?"

"Oh, just tell him it's a very bad case and charge him double fee and expenses."

These are fair examples of the way the uninitiated foreigner is preyed upon by renegades of the legal and medical professions.

The field of politics also furnishes ample opportunity for fleecing new Americans. Unscrupulous politicians take these strangers literally in herds to have them naturalized so that they can vote as they are directed. It is a common sight to see a crowd of two or three hundred waiting in the court house corridor for a chance to get into the clerk's office. The oath is administered in English, of which most of them do not understand a word. A dozen or fifteen stand up at once. When their leader holds up his hand, they hold up theirs. When he nods his head, they nod theirs. Each signs his name or makes his mark on the line indicated, and pays the clerk his dollar

(which is the incentive for the clerk). Thus they acquire the right to vote concerning issues about which they know absolutely nothing. In Northwestern Indiana the balance of power is in the foreign vote, and it is only a question as to which party can purchase and control the majority of foreign voters. The price of a vote depends upon the degree of the voter's ignorance. At first they are threatened with being sent back to the old country or with the loss of their jobs if they do not take out naturalization papers, and vote as they are directed. Cases are reported where foreigners have even paid for the chance to vote. Later they learn that other people are being paid for voting, then they demand pay, and the price increases as they realize their power.

A church elder in Hammond, Indiana, tells of a young Russian in his employ being late to work one election day. The employer said to the young laborer, "How does this happen, John?" "Oh, me vote." "You vote? How long have you been in America?" "Me here most six months."

In times of political emergency there are ways of accelerating the process of naturalization until it exceeds the speed limit.

In West Hammond, Illinois, where woman suffrage prevails, the women were told by the politicians that if they did not vote for saloons they could get no mail from the old country. The result was that in a town of six thousand people, in a wet and dry contest in which a large woman vote was polled, there were only ninety-six dry votes, and evidently those were cast by the few American residents who could not be intimidated.

To many Christian people these cases will seem extreme and exaggerated, but if these lines were to be read by the sharks, bunko men, and ward heelers who ply these trades, they would say with gusto and guffaw, "Huh, is that all they've got on us?"

But perhaps enough has been told to reveal the need of a new order of missionaries—missionary lawyers who shall be supported by our missionary societies and devote their time to the protection of the foreigner and the removal of certain barriers to Christian Americanization.

No lawyer can do this work and depend upon his practice for his living. A number have tried out of the goodness of their hearts to do something in this line, but found themselves handicapped by the stern necessity of having to have something to eat occasionally.

We have missionary teachers, doctors and nurses; why not missionary lawyers? There are young men who would gladly devote their lives to Christian service, but who feel that their calling is to the law rather than the Gospel. Why not show them how effectively the two can be combined in the protection of our coming Americans?

WORLD OUTLOOK,

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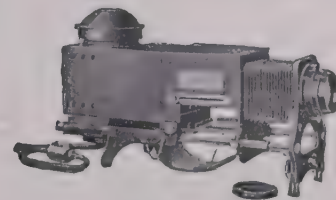
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The Touchstone

(Continued from page 11)

John Copley Hollis, his intrinsic self? Is he the one man in all the world for me? Or am I in love with—

One town house.

One country house.

One string of pearls (unrivalled by any in America).

One set of impeccable Hollis traditions.

One captivating Hollis grandmother.

One flawless Hollis profile.

And

One true-hearted, passionate man's love for me.

Tell me, Lydia. Speak out, straight and fair, to

Your perplexed, unhappy

Edith.

P. S. If I could only be sure that, given time, I would find that he is the man of my love! Even then, that cruel little phrase stings in my thought:

"Henry married for love. And see what he got for his bargain!"

*"The Shingles." Baxter County, Illinois.
Swamp, woods and wilderness.*

Midnight, April the seventh.

Lydia, dear:

Don't gasp, and stare at this letter in a wild surmise. I am not in Bedlam. I am situated precisely as this heading proclaims me to be.

I am seated in a small lonesome pine shack, on a low muddy peninsula, five miles up the Mississippi from Mill Landing, our nearest metropolis. (Population, two hundred and forty-six.) I arrived an hour ago, after two days' travel. It is very late, but I cannot sleep, so I'm writing, as usual, to you.

Three days since, you received a letter dated somewhat differently. From the Venetian palace of Madam Hollis, The Fenway. Just as I was sealing that letter, Fate picked up my little kaleidoscope and gave it a dizzying swing. There was a tap at my door: a hurrying, anxious tap. There stood Wilkinson, Madam Hollis's pontifical old butler. His bland face was full of concern.

"I trust it's not bad news, Miss—" But I had torn the yellow envelope from his hand. From Henry, of course, my brother, my best-beloved. What could his message be? Sickness—accident—death—

Hands shaking, my very soul sick, I ripped it open.

Yes. From Henry. Just nine heart-stopping words.

"Mill Landing, Illinois. April fourth.

"Nobody dead but come at once I want you.

Henry."

Terrify the life out of you, yet tell you nothing. That's Henry Garrison, all over. I sat down, shaking.

"Edith! Is anything wrong? Tell me!"

John Hollis dashed up the stairs. Instantly Madam Hollis's door opened. Their quick sympathy brought me to my senses.

"I must go. This minute. I'll take the midnight Limited. No, No! Nobody need travel with me. Nonsense, I—Oh, please, please don't be so sorry for me, but just help me take that train!"

They did help me. Never will I forget how Madam Hollis packed my bags with her own hands, how John Hollis rushed to order my tickets, how frantically he urged me to let him go with me, how unwillingly he gave way to my refusal.

As for my trip, I pray I'll never spend two crueller days. Hour on hour, I scourged myself with vain imaginings. Was Henry hurt? Had some black calamity befallen the children? Was Barbara ill? Why had he sent for me? Why? Why? Why?

At every step, John Hollis proved his thoughtfulness all over again. Fruit, roses, anxious telegrams, showered me all the way. But until I reached St. Louis, there was not one word from Henry. There a second wire met me, equally non-committal.

*"Take accommodation to Mill Landing
will meet you with launch.*

Henry."

I took the accommodation. There were not ten passengers

aboard the grimy little train. For it is high water along the Mississippi. That means, a river swollen far past its banks, stretching in great yellow lakes across the land; a country all sodden and seeping; miles of flooded right-of-way, where the water swashes against the cars, while the train creeps and blunders over loosened treacherous rails. Another month, and this wet desolation will blossom like the rose, they tell me. It'll fairly leap alive with wheat and corn. But today we crawled through a drowned world.

"S'long's the water doesn't reach the fire-box, we can keep her moving," said the conductor, cheerfully. "Mill Landing, Ma'am? Shucks, that's one lonesome hole for a lady like you to head for! The water is over the levee, and two feet deep around the station. You'll have to wade nigh a block. Oh, you're bound to visit your brother, the Contract engineer? Sure, then, he'll take you off the train with his launch. Or else send the O'Grady."

"The O'Grady?"

"His assistant engineer. The fine upstandin' young feller he is, too. A bit reckless with a launch, though. Only yesterday, I seen him swingin' the Nixie upstream, through floatin' brush thick as raisins in batter, him with his back to the wheel, an' his left hand steerin', whilst with his right hand he wigwagged the course to the green pilot on the Company tug, a hundred yards aft. Myself, I'd prefer swimmin' to cruisin' with him. But he means well. Hello! We're stuck again!"

Stuck we were. Three mortal hours, we sat marooned in that dreary lake. Finally, with much clatter, the train got under way.

"Too bad to lose so much time. But lucky we didn't slide plumb off the rails." Thus the conductor, serene as a May morning. "Yes, we'll be four-five hours late, Ma'am. But what's five hours, in high water? We're lucky if we don't stick in this swamp over night."

I didn't share his optimism. I stared out at the wet gray world, the wet gray sky, and ached, soul and body, with wretched torturing fear.

Inch by inch, the train crawled on. Minute by minute, the leaden hours crept by. Now it was twilight: now, black dark. Now the train stopped at a straggling junction, where torches flickered on the watery earth, and the tiny station stood in water halfway to the windows. Across a bridge of baggage trucks and planks, the conductor teetered gaily. Two disgusted travelling-men teetered at his heels. Now we crept on again, through utter night,—on—on—

"Mill Landing!" Lantern on his dropping arm, the conductor blundered in. The train wheezed, splashed to a stop. Bags and wraps forgotten, I fled to the platform.

The train stood in a black sea. The car steps were awash. But stretching from the dim-lit box of a station to the train was a swaying bridge of skiffs. Dark in the nearest skiff stood a man, his arms outstretched.

My own arms went out to him.

"Henry! Henry!" I cried. And I had all but thrown myself into his grasp when out rang the conductor's voice.

"Evening, Mr. O'Grady! Glad you're here. Watch your step, Ma'am, careful!"

"Don't try to step at all." The man came forward into the ring of lantern-light. In its gleam, he loomed, gigantic. "Put your foot on the car-step, then on the gunwale—Now! Just let yourself go!"

Two huge arms swept me up. Lightly as if he carried a child, the O'Grady stepped back, over thwarts, over gunwales, till he reached the last skiff. Between it and the station yawned a six-foot stretch of water.

"Hang it, the plank has slid off. No, I can't put you down. You'd get your feet wet."

I looked down at that sucking black channel, waist-deep. Get my feet wet!

"Hi, Binn. Bring another plank. Hustle. Here we are!"

Across the plank he trod, lightly as if he walked a tight-rope; into the tiny station, its floor a foot deep with water and mud: and stood me on a seat. From the door, the conductor heaved in my bags and motor-coat.

(Continued on page 62)

We Want You to Meet—

JAMES ISAAC VANCE

Who helped set in motion the vast Interchurch machinery

JAMES ISAAC VANCE is one of the men who sent out the first call to see whether the churches were ready to unite in a joint foreign missionary campaign. Later he sent out a similar call to home mission leaders. The result was the Interchurch World Movement.

Dr. Vance is backed solidly by the men of his church in any proposition he may make. Every Sunday one can see in his congregation from four to five hundred of Nashville's leading citizens, prominent business men, lawyers, physicians, who believe that Vance knows what he is talking about and who stand ready to see him through.

In the opinion of the South James Vance, born and raised in the Tennessee mountains, direct descendant of the first governor of the State, son of a prominent southern lawyer, graduate of King College and Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, belongs to the South. In the opinion of some other sections of the country, it is only fair that he should be "shared." In twenty-five years Dr. Vance has had only two pastorates because, when Newark "got him away from" Nashville, in 1900, Nashville spent much of its time getting him back again. And if you want to know how it feels to be absolutely and altogether unpopular, just go down to Nashville and suggest taking Dr. Vance away again!

Like most big men Dr. Vance has more jobs to the minute than an ordinary man could handle in a month. Besides being pastor of the largest church in Nashville—a church which has doubled its congregation since he went there—he is president of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church, South; chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, chaplain of the Governor's Staff in Tennessee, a member of several college boards and author of almost a score of books.

Political organizations throughout the country seek his constructive advice in solving their problems, frequently taking his opinion as the last word on a subject.

This is the challenge he has thrown out: "The Church has come to the greatest hour in its history. Will it measure up or fall down? It remains to be seen. No such task has challenged the Church since Calvary as that which confronts it today. No such hour has struck in human history as is striking today."

FRED B. FISHER

A Preacher with a Dynamic Business Sense

FRED B. FISHER is an expert salesman, a promoter, an organizer—but for the church.

His habit of getting things done began in the early days of his ministry. He was put in charge of a downtown city church which was clinging to its traditional role as a closed corporation of the "best families." But the "best families" had moved from the neighborhood, and in their place were college students, skilled mechanics and landladies. They were not interested in an aristocratic church, and the congregation threatened to dwindle to the minister and the sexton.

The new preacher set out to discover what the people in the neighborhood were interested in. He got together some seminary students who began a systematic

house to house canvas of the community. A men's chorus was recruited; the seminary students volunteered as a quartette. And Fred B. Fisher preached about every-day things in every-day language. When the people of the neighborhood found out that the church had something to give them, had a live, smiling preacher who liked anecdotes and was quick at repartee, they began attending services. Now that church is a real community center for that section of the city.

Later when the India Mass Movement needed a million dollar fund, Fred Fisher got the money.

Now he has been given a job which will test his ability to the utmost,—the chairmanship of the Committee on Industrial Relations of the Interchurch World Movement. He means that the Church shall have an active part in the whole industrial situation, for he believes that the teachings of Christ offer the one way out. He wants both employers and employees to give the principles of Christianity a practical trial.

"Will he succeed?" I asked one of his friends.

The friend smiled and said, "Watch Fisher."



LEE TO

LEE TO

Christian "Mayor" of Chinatown

NEW YORK'S Chinatown, home of joss-house, gambling joint and opium den, has elected a Christian "mayor." Just what this means only the "mayor" himself, Lee To, can tell.

More than twelve years ago Lee To went into Chinatown as a missionary. He sought out the Chinese he knew to be Christians and began to hold services. The services went on week after week and the original handful of Chinese continued to attend.

But the bulk of Chinatown's almond-eyed population was shuffling past the mission door, on to the joss-houses, with their smug-faced idols and good luck bells.

Then Lee To did the obvious thing. He went where the crowds were—on the street. Night after night he braved the scoffings of the Confucian passersby. Slowly he won converts, so slowly that another man might have grown discouraged and turned his back on the task.

Some years not more than twelve persons would come for baptism and many soon moved away into better neighborhoods. Lee To simply went about winning new converts to fill their places. But gradually he was winning something else beside converts; he was gaining the confidence of Chinatown's citizens in himself as a man, apart from his creed.

So that when the president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association died recently, Lee To was elected to fill his position. Rev. Huie Kin, pastor of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in New York, says, "This position makes Lee To virtually the leader, the 'mayor' of the Chinese colony in New York. For the Benevolent Association is the one organization among the Chinese to which all belong and to which all turn for help, irrespective of their religious affiliations or their political differences."

All of Chinatown is not Christian yet, by any means. But Chinatown has voluntarily chosen for its position of highest leadership a Christian—a man whom it ignored and sometimes derided no less than twelve years ago.

What may not this same man, with the leverage of acknowledged leadership, accomplish in another twelve years?



JAMES I. VANCE



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The Touchstone

(Continued from page 60)

A khaki Titan, mud-crusts from shoulders to hip-boots, the O'Grady stood, regarding me gravely. He is undoubtedly the largest red-headed young man extant. He was gaunt and miry and dog-tired, but a true Kerry twinkle lit in his deep-set eyes.

"Yes. You're quite right. You've reached the jumping-off place, Miss Garrison. Your brother was sorry that he could not meet you. Nothing but his breakdown would have kept him away."

"His breakdown?"

"Yes. Our biggest dredge smashed her hoisting gear, up the first lateral. He and the crew are rushing to repair it before tomorrow's shift."

I struggled with these cabalistic phrases, then gave up.

"But Henry sent for me. Is anybody sick?"

"N-no. Mrs. Garrison hasn't been up to the mark. She has gone away for a while. I dare say he needs you. Rather badly."

Distracted questions jostled on my tongue. But evidently Henry meant to do his own explaining. There was no reassurance in that thought. Instead, a strange and wretched fear.

"Of course Henry will need me," said I, with labored sprightliness. "With five kiddies—"

"Five kiddies, and only Mrs. McTurk to run the place, and she was raised a lady, which complicates things. However, that's neither here nor there. Henry said I should tote you over to the Mill Landing Astor House, and give you something to eat, before we start upstream."

"But I'm not hungry."

"Orders is orders." The O'Grady put out a mighty arm. "Hoots, I can carry you on one arm, your bags on the other. The hotel is only half a block away. And my launch is tied to the porch rail. Here we go!"

Through Egyptian flood and night, we splashed, away to the pallid two-story glimmer of the Landing Astor House. Soon a fat frowsy landlady was setting me down to a table adorned by a red check cloth, and an ancient castor, full of green glass cruets. Puffing apologies, she set before me cold fried pork, cold stewed squirrel, cold slab soda-biscuits, and strong tea, then a dessert of six kinds of preserves, and persimmon pie.

"If I'd knowed you was bringin' me company at this time o'night, Cap'n O'Grady, I'd a'fixed up a regular set-down," she whined. "But, as 'tis, I can't manage no more'n a hand-out."

"Miss Garrison doesn't mind," consoled the O'Grady. "Now, we'll be starting up-river. Stay the night? Of course not. It's no more dangerous now than in broad day. Well, if a log does hit us, we'll swim for it. Evening!"

Against the Astor House's sodden porch, the O'Grady's *Nixie* nosed like an impatient pony. The O'Grady swung me aboard, tossed in my bags, seized the wheel. The engine clamored, the *Nixie* backed, whirled viciously sidewise. The landlord stood, tiller in hand.

"Ready! Let her go, Jim!"

She went. We shot away like a bullet, through darkness that could be felt. Ahead, our little searchlight lifted a pale finger that only served to point out swaying half-drowned trees, black rushing water. Under my feet, the thin planks quivered with every throb of the engine. Against my face the black air swept like black mephitic wings.

"Do we go as fast as this, all five miles? In this darkness?" I quavered.

"To be sure. Yes, it's a bit scary; but there's no danger that we'll be run down. The river is too high for steamboats to risk it. They can't make their landings. And they won't chance having their hulls ripped out by floating trees," said the O'Grady comfortingly.

The launch sped on through solid dark. Only our plucky little searchlight strove against that impenetrable pall.

"I wonder what she meant by a set-down," said I to myself.

"A set-down," said the O'Grady, taking his hand off the wheel and leaving the *Nixie* to steer herself while he tucked the tarpaulin closer over my knees, "is the specific Baxter County term for a meal of sufficient elaboration to justify the participants in sitting down to the table. A snack, grab or hand-out indicates a refectation to be consumed standing up in the pantry. Am I quite clear?"

"You are," said I. "To elucidate further: why did the hostess put on a pink slat sun-bonnet, before sitting down to pour my tea?"

"That I regret that I cannot explain. A-ah; Easy, there! Whoop!"

The launch stopped short with a hideous jerk; plunged sidewise, reared, plunged, staggered. A storm of water struck me in the face. I screamed and clutched the O'Grady's arm. He shook me off, jammed me back in my seat with one powerful fling, then set coaxingly to pacifying the affronted *Nixie*.

"Easy, now. There, there, old lady. Nothing but a blade snapped off our propeller, I reckon. We hit a bunch of logs. Lucky we struck them amidships. Else we'd have had rather a hard jolt."

I said nothing. I'd received what was quite a sufficient jolt, for me. Cooing to his engine like a fond red-headed dove, the O'Grady urged and petted his preposterous craft upstream. Five miles? It stretched to ten, to fifty. At last, far ahead, gleamed a tiny light. It grew, and grew. Suddenly it was a lantern hung on a lonely pier, and on that pier stood a tall shape,—black against the night. Our headlight struck out that figure, sharp and clear; my brother Henry, tall and grave and silent.

At sight of his sagging shoulders, his white and weary face, my heart dropped, lead. That new strange fear tightened my throat. Ringing like a note of doom, I heard again my great-aunt's pitiless words:

"Yes, Henry married for love. And see what he got for his bargain!"

"Here's your passenger, safe and sound," called the O'Grady cheerfully. He swung the launch inshore, picked me up, and tossed me on the pier. "Goodnight, folks." The launch vanished into the night.

"Hello, sis," said Henry, gruffly. He didn't offer to kiss me. He slung the lantern on one arm, then seized me with his

free hand. His fingers were colder than ice; his hard grip clenched on my flesh. "This is mighty good of you. Come into the house."

He led me up the pier, then inside a low door. He set the lantern down on a table. He stood and stared at me, heavy-eyed, silent.

"Henry," said I, trembling. "If you'd just tell me—"

"Nothing much to tell." Henry spoke at length, in a dazed, heavy voice. "It—it's Barbara."

"Barbara!" That horrible dread swooped down, smothered me. I could not speak nor stir.

Henry took a step towards me. He swayed a little; his blank eyes stared into mine. Then I forgot everything in the world, but that my only brother stood before me, my heart's beloved, and that he was in anguish.

"Henry Garrison! You come here!" I choked. Then we were in each other's arms, and Henry's head was buried on my shoulder, and on my cheek I felt something hot and wet—a man's hard dreadful tears.

(To be continued)

Lo, the Poor School Teacher!

Dear Editor:

I am assuming that the question of the public school teacher's salary will soon be settled. For the reason that, if the raise in the scale of her pay isn't forthcoming pretty soon, all teachers will quit the profession.

So I'm going to suggest another reform. Too many teachers have to make use of an agency to get a job. This is not true in New York City, or, I presume, in other large cities. But in smaller cities, and in the thousands of towns and villages, it is true that a teacher has to give 5% of a year's salary to get a job in a public school.

Teachers' agencies are superfluous "middle men." A superintendent of schools, needing a teacher, generally gives more consideration to a candidate suggested by an agency than he does to a candidate who applies directly.

Why doesn't the state maintain a bureau, a sort of clearing house, where superintendents who need teachers, and teachers who need jobs, can get together?

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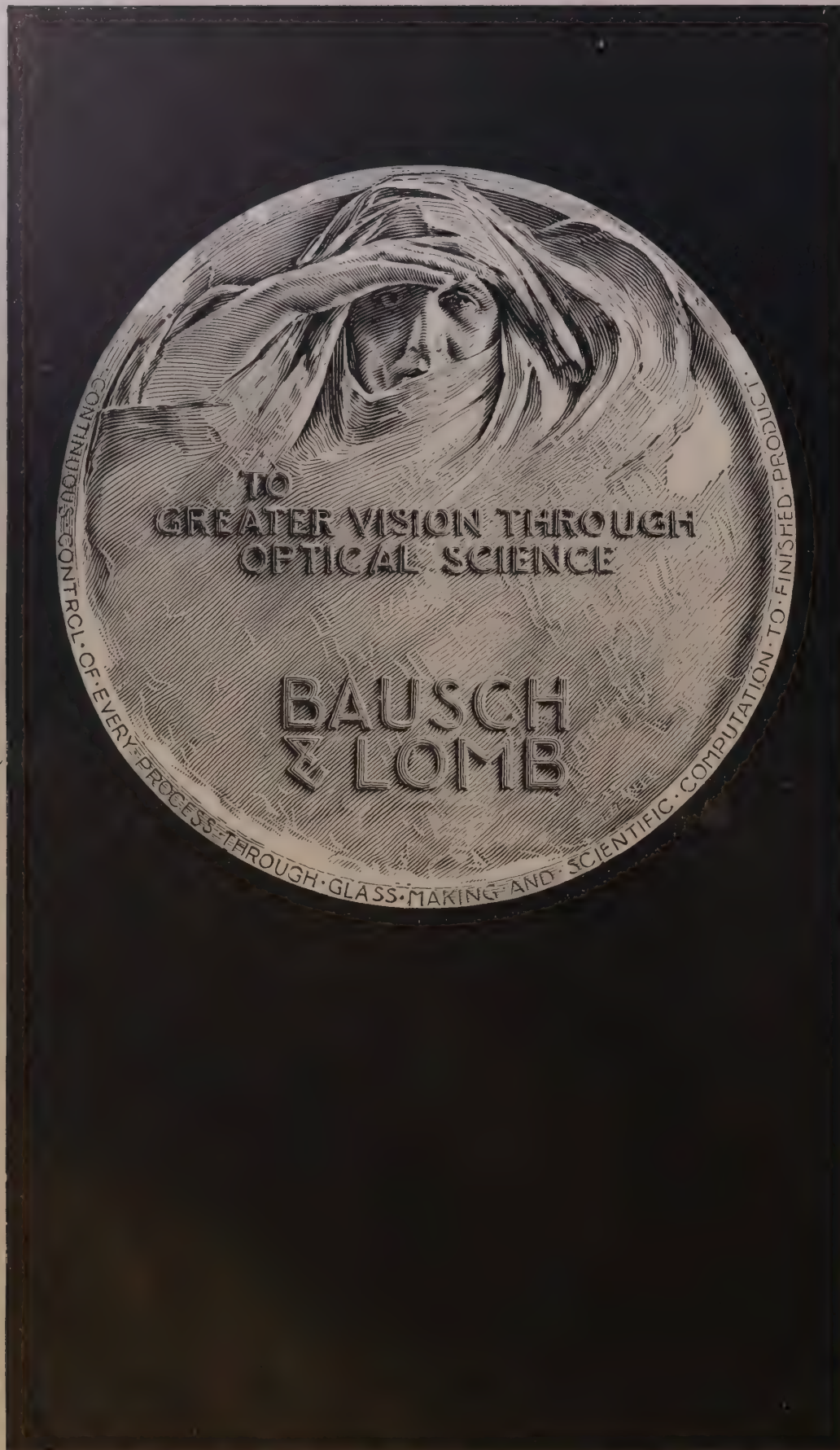
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THESE have been trying times for us. Industrial unrest in New York has struck the printing industry hard—so hard that it has been practically paralyzed.

The periodicals published in New York were compelled to take drastic steps to meet the situation. Some of them omitted numbers, extending their subscriptions to equal the numbers missed.

World Outlook felt that every number it had planned had its own unique value, and could not be dispensed with. But it had to cope with a difficult proposition. The assortment of types and the quality of press work required to give World Outlook its first-class appearance make it hard to find a printing shop capable of handling it. We finally had to go to Ohio.

Long distance printing means delays. World Outlook has had its full share of technical difficulties. The practical reorganization of a whole printing shop has been necessary.

Our rapidly increasing subscription list and the expressed loyalty of our old subscribers have shown us that our constituency is in sympathy with our course—that of maintaining our high standard of quality even at the expense of a little extra delay.

The December number will follow in about two weeks—and we hope January will be on time.

World Outlook in Australia

Mareeba, North Queensland, Australia,
July 8, 1919.

Editor World Outlook:

About a year ago, the minister of the Church of England in this little town lent me a copy of the World Outlook. I do not know now in what month it was published. It was about the Bible and the Bible-seller. It was through reading that World Outlook that I found out what a great book the Bible is; and I have been reading it a good bit since. I would feel very grateful to you if you could find a copy of this special number and send it on to me, so that I could lend it to others.

I am working at a saw-mill, and would like to lend it to other men here. I think it was published during the first half of the year 1918.

Please find enclosed ten shillings to pay for that number, if you can get one for me.

Yours respectfully,
W. LEAR.

"Nothing Like It"

Phalera, India
August 11, 1919.

Editor World Outlook:

World Outlook gets better all the time. A conservative Scotchman, a printer, said to me sometime ago, "There is nothing like it among magazines." But even such words would be only as husks were it not for the fact that God is using the World Outlook to increase vision, as an incentive to full consecration, and to add to the faith of the whole Church in the world program for bringing in the Kingdom,

Sincerely,
A. L. GREY.

The Chinese Side of The Shantung Issue

(Continued from page 6)

JAPAN, in surrendering everything but these "economic rights," gives up nothing in fact essential to her domination of Shantung. The Japanese-held railways, present and projected, will upset the whole distributing trade of North China because the three branch lines are arranged to act as feeders tapping not only the whole of the province but cutting across the territory of the two Chinese Government trunk lines running north and south.

The much-talked about Japanese concession that these lines are to be joint Chino-Japanese enterprises means nothing; in the first place, under German control they were nominally so, and secondly, in actual practice Japanese administration of railways in China has without exception resulted in discriminatory practices which made it difficult for competitors to find the Open Door.

Moreover, Japan is making Shantung a closed preserve so far as mining is concerned, securing a great deal more of the mining resources than Germany controlled at any time and going directly against the German policy of liberalization begun shortly before the Great War. The scattering of these Japanese "economic rights" throughout Shantung brings with them because of ex-territoriality, Japanese administration wherever Japanese subjects settle. It makes inevitable endless friction, these "economic rights" becoming the basis for political interference. This is the more dangerous since the policing of the railways is to be under Japanese "supervision"; for this is one of the resultants of Japanese economic tenancy.

The people of Shantung bitterly resent the decision of the Council of Three. Their special delegates to the Peace Conference stated in America that:

"The people of our Province are not responsible for any action they may take when their territory is invaded or when they are robbed of their lands, not only because they cannot allow their sacred territory, where Chinese civilization was born, to be dominated by a foreign power, but also because their sense of justice and their self-determination cannot permit them to remain submissive.

"Shantung has sent tens of thousands of its citizens to Europe to work in the trenches and help win the war. Many sacrificed their lives. Now, as a reward for their service, the economic rights in their own province are to be turned over to Japan Can we expect these citizens, who have experienced the terror of war on European battle fields and whose national spirit is enlightened, to rest satisfied with the conditions made by the treaty? The Chinese people are known as a peace-loving and law-abiding people. But, under these circumstances, what human beings could endure any longer such outrages and such humiliations?"

Indeed, not only the people of Shantung have been so antagonistic, but the people of the whole country have risen. Throughout China boycott upon Japanese



Briefly stated this weird cartoon from The Taiyo (The Sun), a monthly magazine of Tokio, Japan, tells the world, "The power of democracy is sweeping everything before it."

goods has been practiced. Local disturbances over the decision have been found here and there. If the treaty containing the Articles 156, 157 and 158 at the present form be ratified by all powers without reservations or rectifications, nobody can tell what will happen in China. Although China is not prepared, so nobody need be afraid of her, yet the fact is that the people's self-determination is now so strong that it seems impossible for Japan, militaristic as she is, to force them to obey. China has more than 400,000,000 people, one-fifth of the whole world's population. It is, indeed, not an easy thing to conquer them. If the world desires to make a lasting peace for the East, which will mean the peace of the world, now is the time to do it.

More than a year ago, Japan signed an agreement with China in which the former promised to withdraw her illegal garrisons from the interior of Shantung, where they have been a fruitful source of trouble. Japan's forces are still in occupation; what this means is clear from the investigation made by Charles Hodges, a specialist on Far Eastern diplomacy:

"As to the withdrawal of Japanese garrisons," Mr. Hodges states, "I found the Japanese building in the capital of Shantung, new barracks to increase the forces here by some hundreds of men. Towering above the solid stone structures was the aerial of the Japanese-built wireless stretching for two hundred yards down the railway zone; this is a flat violation of China's sovereignty, just as is the Japanese wireless at Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtse, which is linked to Japan by this station at Tsinan.

"As for the Civil Administration, His Excellency, Dr. Akiyama, Civil Governor of Tsingtao, said: 'I would like to be able to get rid of all friction with the Chinese, but we are not free to act.' He then sent me to the Railway Administration for the rest of the answer, for the arm of the Japanese War Office and Tokyo's plans of state lie here. I talked with those Japanese officials in Shantung who were working out the policy. They were very frank about it, as they showed how thoroughly Japan had foreseen every contingency; how their new railway lines would be pushed westward perhaps to one point, perhaps to another, as the strategies of the situation demanded; how China did not figure greatly in their calculations

as an obstructive factor; and I bore with me as I left Tsingtao for China's capital their polite smiles when the question of the American attitude was raised."

It is our misfortune that China cannot at this time protect her own interests, but the American leadership in world affairs cannot be so discounted. The action of the United States Senate is bringing out the dangers of the Shantung settlement in its present form, not only because China is threatened but because it reacts upon the position of the United States in world affairs. China's cause appeals the world over to liberals and supporters of the new international regime; the Chinese Republic is gaining a new national strength in its opposition to Japan's schemes for the domination of this vital part of China, believing with that great American, Abraham Lincoln:

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The Japanese Side

(Continued from page 6)

not shut my eyes to the dangers involved in the present situation. I fear that there might be a temporary lapse of mutual good feeling between America and Japan, with no slight consequence upon the Chinese-Japanese relations, if the present campaign of slander, abuse and misrepresentation of Japan is left unbridled, for it not only poisons the minds of the American people but is bound to react on Japan.

Japan is now as democratic as America is. Militarism has been dethroned. Autocracy is a name alien to the Japanese people. The party government has come to stay. Public opinion there now wields a great influence. But public opinion is not always intelligent. It is often swayed by demagogues who might seize such an opportunity as this to ply their trade and to incite suspicions and fears of the good American people by propagating similar false stories about America, which we hear so often about Japan nowadays. The result may be the creation of a most unwholesome atmosphere where mutual trust and confidence—the heart of the League of Nations—can hardly live.

I have faith in the sound common sense

(Continued on page 66)

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The Christmas World Outlook will be the best number in World Outlook's history. We say this confidently, for we have in mind—

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Margaret Sangster's poem, "The Spirit of Christmas." It has that deeper quality of tenderness which strikes at the heart of Christmas feeling.

Ernest Thompson Seton's animal story, written especially for World Outlook's younger readers.

John R. Mott's Christmas editorial—full of optimism, yet serious with the importance of present action.

DON'T MISS THIS DECEMBER NUMBER—YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DO.

The Japanese Side

(Continued from page 65)

of the Japanese people, which will enable them to remain calm and to rightly understand the origin and worth of the present entirely unexpected anti-Japanese wave. At the same time I beg permission to appeal most earnestly to the statesmen and leaders of public opinion in this country to vivify and strengthen those permanent interests and forces that make for peace, and thus paralyze the evil elements that act to bring discord.

Church-Cleaning Day

Millport, Pennsylvania,

Dear Editor:

Often the only thing the matter with the much-discussed country church is a few cobwebs. I will tell the story of our own church to show what I mean.

One Sunday when the usual handful had gathered for the regular service, the minister's wife brushed a long cobweb from the organ. That made some of us sit up and take notice. There were cobwebs above the windows and under the benches. The carpet was dusty.

During the week when two of the members met in a store, they spoke of the church and planned to clean it up some afternoon. A man present offered to level the stone walk if he could get help. Then the pastor said that he would mend the leaky roof if someone else would help him.

By this time several people were interested and we decided to have a cleaning "bee." Everyone was asked to help, and the Ladies' Aid promised to serve refreshments.

On the day of the "bee" the men decided the church should have a new roof, and two of them started a subscription by promising twenty-five dollars a piece. Soon we had enough pledged to assure a good metal covering. That of course had to come later, but before the evening of that day the house was clean and the walk and steps repaired.

The enthusiasm of that meeting inspired our pastor to announce an "Every Member Present" service in the renovated church.

That meeting began a new day in our congregation. Someone has said, "Get the spindle and the distaff ready, and God will send the flax," and we in our church believe it.

MAE SMITH.

The Low Cost of Keeping Clean in Japan

In North Yokohama, on the seashore, a commodious white brick building has just been opened. It looks very much like a huge Government or office building. But it isn't.

It is Japan's largest bathhouse. There one can get a bath for a half a cent, a haircut for a cent and a half, and two shaves for a nickel.

Tea is served free in this bathhouse, and all the latest newspapers and magazines can be used in the reading room without charge.



A Touch of Mischief

AND what is an egg?" asked the missionary who was testing his pupils' knowledge of English.

"An egg," answered the young Celestial, "is a chicken not yet."

□

AN evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said, "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I should like to know how many read the chapter I suggested."

A hundred hands went up.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark." — Boston Transcript.

□

WE strongly advocate a plan whereby young ladies attending church in the evening can register their names in the church vestibules, so that the young men who are in the habit of lingering around the church door can see at once whether or not their best girl is present, and thus set a troubled brain at rest. — The Clifton Hill Rustler.

□

THE missionary in Chile who tried conducting a Physiology examination in English says that he knows now what his Spanish must sound like to the Chileans. Here is the description of "Smell" which he received from one of his pupils:

"The nose is an organ, that is open by two little windows, and is divided by the partition of the nose, is in part osseo and cartilaginoso. The olfactory nerve passes to the bone, and after passes by twenty little holes, and the membrana, and is ready to have the smells.

"To take good care of the smell. We must not use the tobacco because it is the worst thing for the membrana, and the nicotina is very bad to the mind, and the boys who are studying must not drink and not smoke.

"When we are cold we cannot smell very well, and we might wash our nose with hot water.

"The nose is between the two eyes, comes until the superior lip, and after goes down."

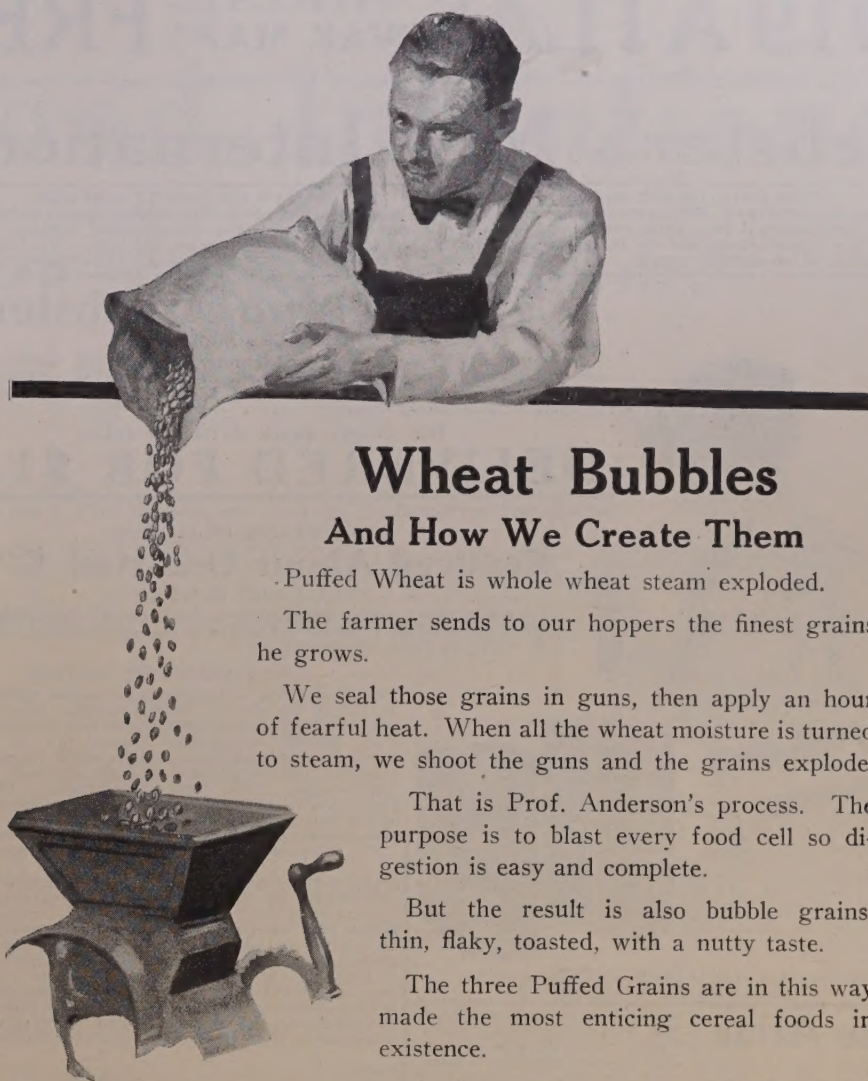
□

OTHER examination papers brought equally astonishing examples of English as she is learned:

Vacuum is a space without breathing.

The compass does not point due north

(Continued on page 68)



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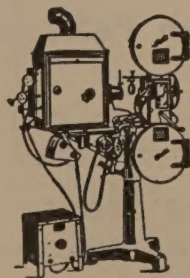


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A Touch of Mischief

(Continued from page 67)

because the poles of the earth are not in the same place they must be.

Manufacturing was formed first in Flanders which was of wood.

In the first crusade the king was Sardine.

The different of the duck and the canary.

The leaf of the canary is yellow and the duck is black. The canary can thing, but the duck cannot thing.

Samuel was the man who oiled two kings.

□

A PIONEER newspaper editor had a reputation for always assuming infallibility and superior enterprise. On one occasion the paper announced the death of William R. Jones, who, it turned out was not dead. Next day the paper printed the following note:

"Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of William R. Jones. Today we are the first to deny the report. The Morning Star is always in the lead."—The Continent.

□

"TO give the face a good color," says an exchange, "get a pot of rouge and a rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there."

□

SUNDAY School Teacher—"Where do all the little boys go who do not put their pennies into the collection box?"

Pupil—"Please ma'am, to the movies."

A Rooter for Americanism

At last I have found her! A contented worker. She is Annie, our Hungarian kitchen slavey.

Annie cannot read, but evidently someone has been telling her the headline news. For she stormed about all one day recently, berating the "working classes."

"What's the matter with them? What do they want? America's a good country. The best country. They get more money here than back in Europe. What they come here for? For the great big money. Now what they want? They try to make America like Europe. Bah!"

All this in a brand of broken language only intelligible to the initiated.

"They not know when they well off. They forget how it was in Europe. If they not like it here, why don't they go back?"

Pointing to our dog's blanket bed, she spat out venomously.

"In Europe, they had not that to sleep on. I had not that to sleep on. But I know now I have a good bed.

"I no can read," she railed on. "I no can write. In the old country no poor people can read or write. If I born here, I could read and write. Here everybody go to school.

"Huh! What they want? They make me sick. America's the best country."

Maybe if the press, particularly the foreign language press, would give some space to the preachings of Americanized folk like this loyal woman, it would open the eyes of some others.

Annie has the right idea. A READER.

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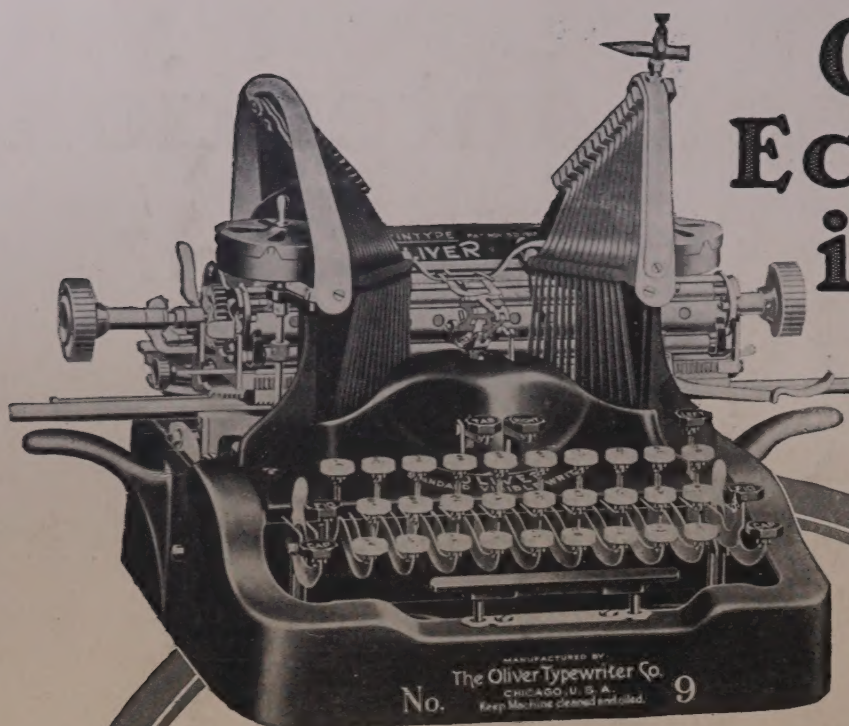
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